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Frontier Times

September, 1967

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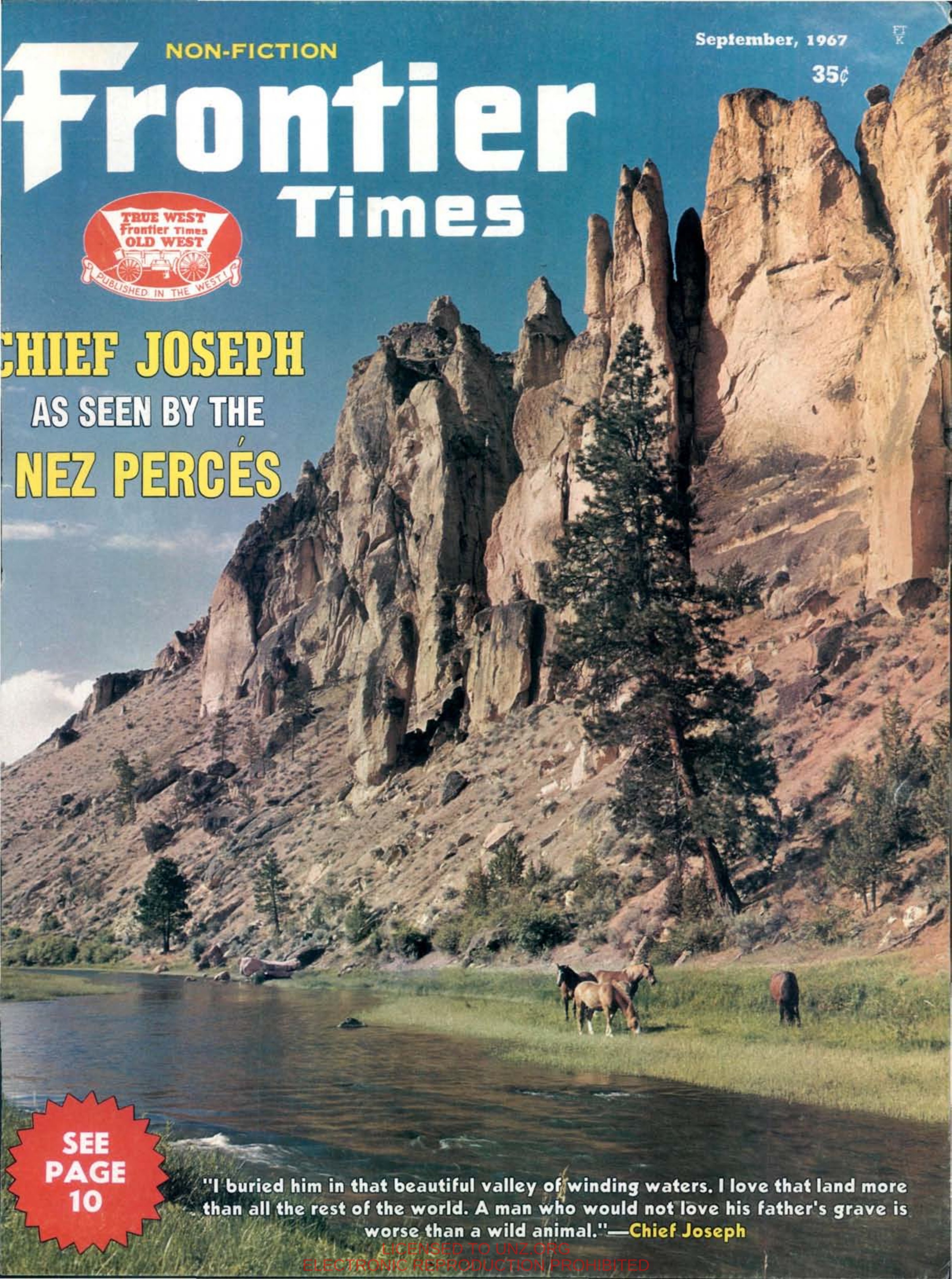

SEE PAGE 10

"I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."—**Chief Joseph**

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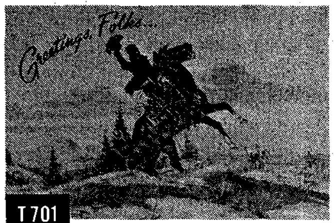
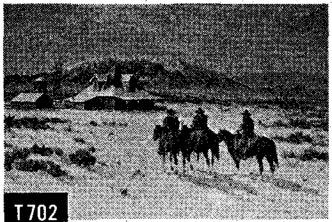
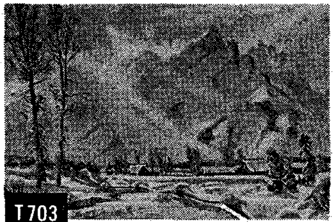


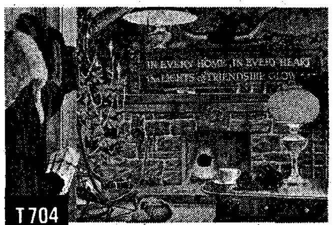
T701 ☐ **Greetings, Folks**—With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to your outfit from ours—**by John Hampton**



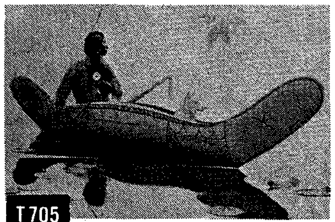
T702 ☐ **Christmas Eve in the West**—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Mel Warren**



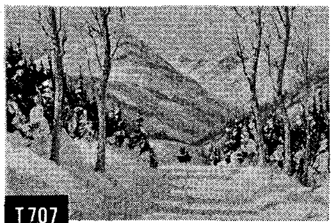
T703 ☐ **"...a shaft of light across the land."**—With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year—**Conrad Schwiering**


IN EVERY HOME, IN EVERY HEART THE LIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP GLOW

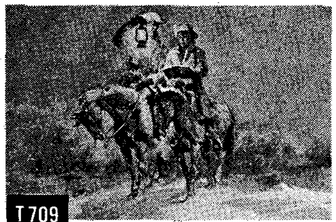
T704 ☐ **"...the lights of friendship."**—Once again it's time to greet the friends etc.—Merry Christmas—**by C. Nicles**



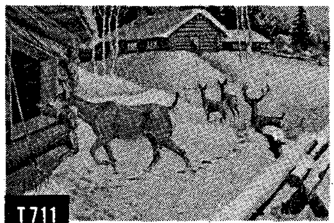
T705 ☐ **Solitude**—May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year—**by Gerard Curtis Delano**



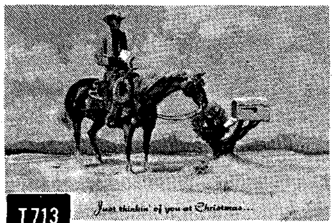
T707 ☐ **Sleighbells in Christmas Tree Land**—Greeting is a cheery, appropriate 4 line verse—**by Roy Kerswill**



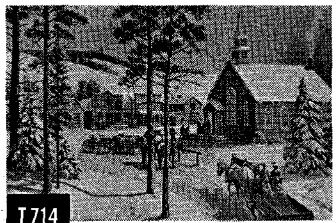
T709 ☐ **From the Two of Us at Christmas**—to you and all you hold dear, a Joyous Yule and Great New Year—**FitzSimmons**



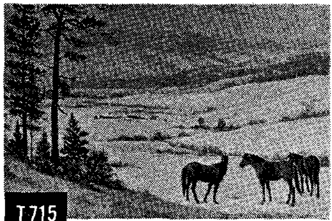
T711 ☐ **Company for Christmas**—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**by Harold Hopkinson**


Just thinkin' of you at Christmas...

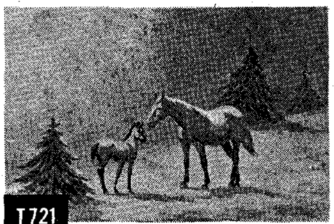
T713 ☐ **Just Thinkin' of You at Christmas**—and wishing you a Happy Holiday Season—**by Art FitzSimmons**



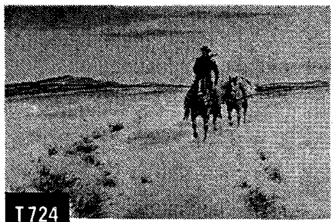
T714 ☐ **"The Charm of Christmas lies in the Thought . . ."**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Bernard Thomas**



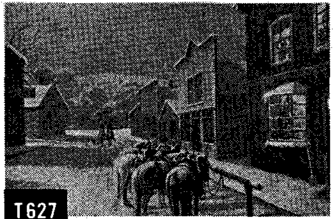
T715 ☐ **Peace in the Valley**—May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the Coming Year—**by Bernard Thomas**



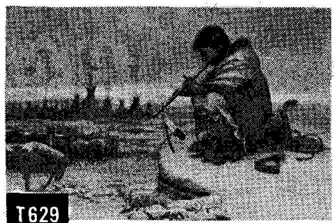
T721 ☐ **"The light has come into the world..."**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Paris**



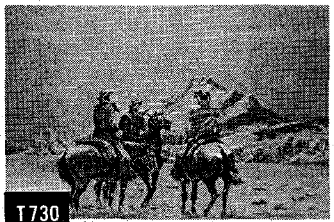
T724 ☐ **Packin' Home for Christmas**—Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse—**by Stanley Long**



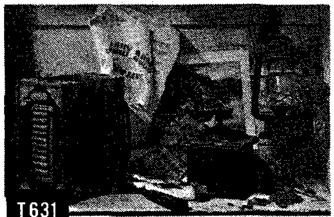
T627 ☐ ***Coming a'calling...***—May the warmth and friendliness of the Christmas Season be with you all the Year—**Thomas**



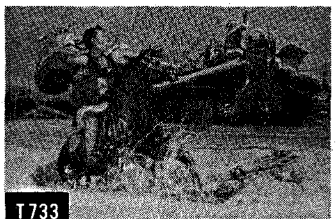
T629 ☐ ***Herdboy and his flute***—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**by Brummett EchoHawk**



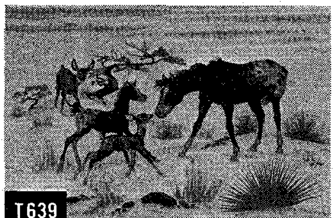
T730 ☐ ***May a Star Lead You***—May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc.—**by Harold Hopkinson**



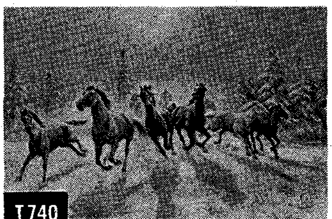
T631 ☐ **Memories of a Frontier Christmas**—*Merry Christmas and Happy New Year*—**by Jean Wilson**



T733 ☐ **A Cowboy's Competition**—*Merry Christmas and Happy New Year*—**by Brummett EchoHawk**



T639 ☐ **New Friend for Christmas**—May the warmth...of the Christmas Season be with you all the Year—**by Charles Lee**



T740 ☐ **The Wonder of Christmas fills the World**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc.—**by Bernard Thomas**

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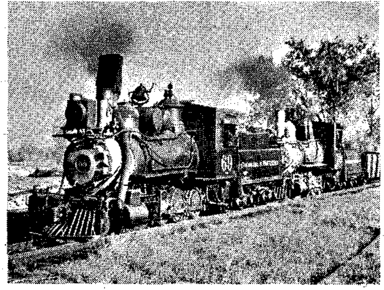

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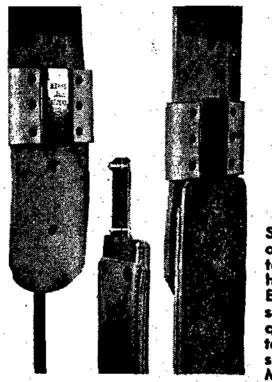

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

August-September, 1967
Vol. 41, No. 5
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In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
THE BAKER BROTHERS' SEAM OF GOLD ..... By John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius 6
THE BEAR THAT CURED RHEUMATISM .... By Claud Hammitt as told to Marjorie Gardner 9
A DIVIDED COMMAND DOOMED THE NEZ PERCÉS ..... By Helen Addison Howard 10
UNLUCKY EXCURSIONISTS IN YELLOWSTONE .... By Edwin J. Stanley 16
REMEMBER ME—THE LONELY ONE .... By Jane Atwater 19
THE DEVIL CHASED HIM .... By John R. Winslowe 22
WHO ROBBED THE MAIL COACH? ...... By Agnes Wright Spring 25
THE PALE-HORSED RIDER .... By Milt Hinkle 26
SMUGGLERS' TRAIL .... By Robert L. Thomas 28
CARIBOO'S DROMEDARY EXPRESS .... Olive F. Spencer 31
BIBLE IN A BEARSKIN .... By Bill Towery 33
THE MARSHAL'S MISSING HORSE HERD .... By Den Galbraith 34
A WILD LITTLE TOWN ON THE PLAINS .... By Robert F. Turpin 36
NUGGETS 38
THE PETRIFIED INDIAN .... By W. S. "Bill" Crosby as told to Hank Givens 41
OLD BELMONT MOUNTAIN'S GHOSTS .... By Andrew D. Walsh 43
TRAILS GROWN DIM 47
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 48
TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Ray Atkeson

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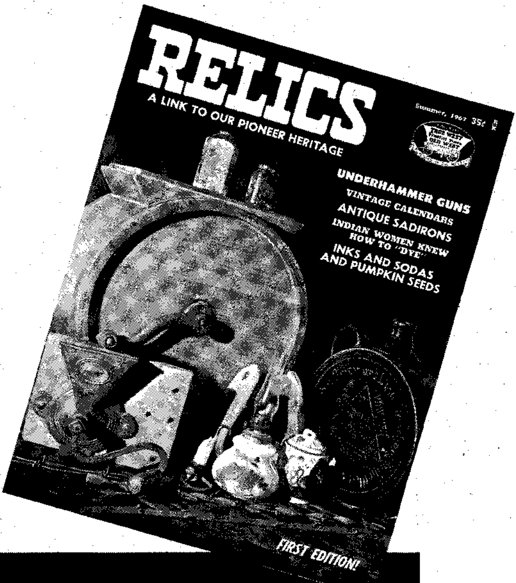
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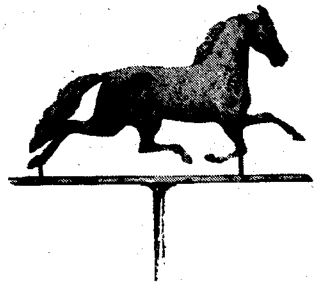

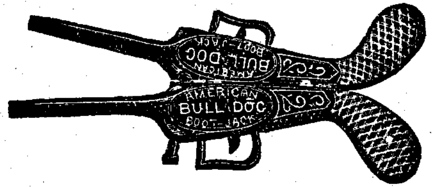
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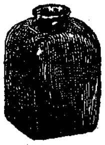


FRONTIER POST

"A" for Good Behavior

Dear Mr. Small:

A copy of FRONTIER TIMES recently came to my notice. In it I found a story, "The Day I Saw the Mormon" by Dan Woods, which story was cause for much excitement and pleasure.

Dan Woods was one of my First Grade pupils in Casa Grande, Arizona, about fifty years ago. Although I have not seen him since, I remember him as a thoughtful, considerate, dependable, pleasant child with an "open face," his wide eyes trustingly looking at me. What a delight to make that contact again even if it is across some 2,600 miles.

I wish you and your magazine much success, all the more so since it brought a very special kind of joy to me personally.—Frieda Iselin Matthewman, 944 Prospect Street, Honolulu 14, Hawaii 96822.

Horse Sense

Dear Sirs:

I just now finished the May, 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. Was a bit amused by "Can Horses Read Road Signs?" by Pablo R. Falcon, in Nuggets. I suppose Mr. Falcon knows horses cannot read road signs, but he is mistaken in saying, "There are no old-timers left."

I only just turned seventy, but I grew up in Wyoming, one of the last states to be settled by homesteaders. I rode the range for several years. I broke my first horse to ride when I was fourteen years of age—no not a barnyard pet, but a three-year-old bronc, fresh off the range, that had never had a rope on it since being branded as a suckling colt. I learned later, after breaking a lot of horses to ride, that one just off the range was easier to break than some kids' pet, raised around the barn.

Back in those days there were no road signs, even if one traveled what few roads there were. But any horse that I ever rode, at least would take his rider back to the home ranch, line camp, or wherever one was staying, daylight or dark, storm or what not.

Years ago, my brother Nate and a neighbor rode twenty-some miles up in the Bearlodge Mountains on a deer hunting trip. It was late November. They stayed with a friend that night and went hunting next morning.

They hunted all day in brush and heavy timber. Just before dark a bad storm blew in. It soon got dark and the snow was blowing so hard, they were lost.

Nate's horse kept trying to go in the "wrong" direction he thought, and he would rein it around. Of course, he thought it was trying to take them home, some twenty miles, so he was trying to steer it to where they had spent the night, only four or five miles. But he had no luck.

Finally Nate said to his partner, "Guess I better let him take us home even if it does take all night. We can't find Tom's place." So he gave the horse his head and he took them to Tom's place where they had spent the night before. That proves horses are a lot smarter than some people give them credit for.

I have spent a lot of years with horses of all kinds, but I still don't claim to know all there is to know about them.—Carson Grey, Box 45, Gillette, Wyoming 82716.

Memento of a Narrow Escape

Dear Sir:

At the outbreak of the Civil War J. W. Patterson, his father and brothers lived near Weatherford, Texas. One day J. W. took a bag of corn to the mill, and while there talked with a group of Confederate soldiers. He hung his bag of corn on a post and rode off with the soldiers to spend four years fighting for the South.

Immediately after the end of the war, the Patterson family moved to Burnet County and were in residence there in 1866 when a move was made by Texans to gather up all Comanches for transport to Arizona and Oklahoma reservations.

Groups of Indians split up into small bands to avoid capture. One small band was cornered and captured on what is now Will Dorsey's farm on Post Oak Creek two miles north of Moran, Shackelford County, Texas.

Patterson and Henry Hill were (in 1866) members of Texas Indian Guard and the two were searching for another small band of Comanches. They found them near the settlement area of Cottonwood Springs (now Cottonwood, Callahan County, Texas).

This band of five mounted Indians jumped them and pursued them. Hill was without ammunition and Patterson only had a loaded muzzle-loader rifle. The two outdistanced four of the five Indians, none of whom had guns.

One Indian had a superior horse and closed up to Hill and Patterson. Patterson repeatedly turned and threatened to shoot, making the Indian drop back each time.

Eventually the other Indians were out of sight. The single Indian decided Patterson's gun was not loaded and came up again to use his lance. Patterson shot and killed the man and took his fast horse and the lance with its four-foot wooden shaft and wrist-thong. The Indian's butcher knife and steel tomahawk were left on the site. In 1911 Patterson revisited the spot and retrieved these last two items, undisturbed after forty-five years!

In 1912 a Burnet County reunion had the knife and tomahawk on display on loan from Patterson. They were never seen again.

The lance eventually lost its wooden shaft but the thirteen-inch steel head was retained and passed down in the family. The lance head is shown in the enclosed photo with a silver dollar to indicate its size. It appears to have been made from a file.—W. E. Fouts. 6415 Forest Hill Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76119.

Tire Shrinkers

Dear Sir:

In Mrs. Walter S. Alf's article on the town of Daggett, California, the blacksmith shop was particularly interesting because of the illustrated tire shrinker shown above her letter. My father, W. L. Burd was a blacksmith here in northern California about the turn of the century. An old picture of the blacksmith shop shows one of these tire shrinkers. Not many people today have ever seen one.

I would greatly appreciate hearing from some old-time blacksmiths who can describe the process of using the tire shrinker.—William Burd, 216 Dwight Road, Burlingame, California 94010.

Country Living

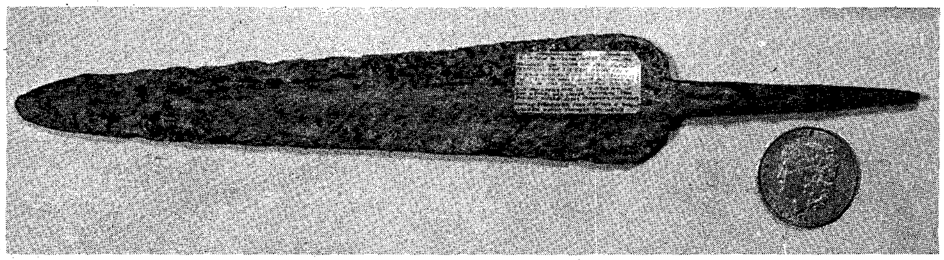
Dear Joe:

I was born and raised around Fredericksburg, Texas. Our home was just a stone's throw from the Pedernales River. Some of the stories in your magazine bring back a lot of memories. Sure wish I could have enjoyed country living more when I was growing up. I just never had any idea how wonderful it was. We always had more time then, an old single shot .22, a riverbottom full of squirrels, and dogs that could find as many of them as you felt like carrying home. We also had good fishing and deer hunting. I guess about the only thing I didn't have back in those days was good sense.

I drive a truck now. Don't have much time anymore for anything else it seems. Of course I always manage for time enough to read all your magazines.—Lee Klein, 7380 Alameda Avenue, El Paso, Texas 79915.

(Continued on page 72)

The thirteen-inch steel lance head, shown with a silver dollar, is evidence of J. W. Patterson's escape from the Comanches.



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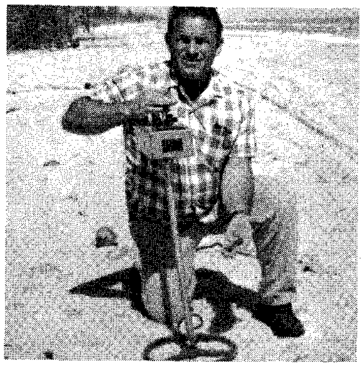
"TREASURE SALVORS, INC." group on the treasure site. Left to right—Shirley Jean Holzworth, Walt Holzworth, Rupert Gates, electronics genius Fay Fields who developed the underwater detector to tell the difference between ferrous and non-ferrous materials, Bill Mahan—associate, Delores Fisher, Mel Fisher, president and spark plug for Treasure Salvors, Inc. with the underwater detector, Nita Williams and Dick Williams.



Left to Right: 1. Members of "TREASURE SALVORS, INC." comb the beaches with their D-TEX detectors searching for coins. 2. Walt Holzworth with Pieces of Eight and his D-TEX at treasure site. 3. Walt and Rupe carefully check coin area near Ft. Pierce. Hundreds of these valuable coins have been found in a two-mile-long beach area near the wreck site.

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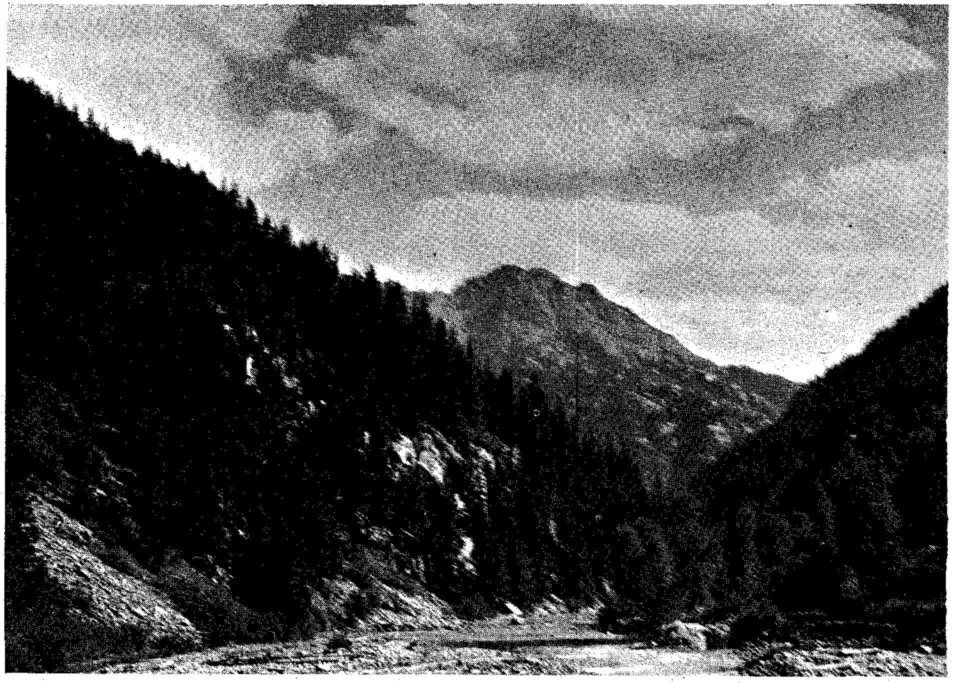
From the book "Golden Treasures of the San Juan" by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius, Alan Swallow Publisher.

Photos Courtesy John B. Marshall



In the area of Lime Creek, near the Continental Divide, lies the lost seam of gold.

Have you ever seen an old friend after a lapse of several years? Something happens to the topography—and it's the same way with terrain when you're trying to find your way back to a fortune!

The BAKER BROTHERS' SEAM of GOLD

THERE is just no logical way of accounting for the actions of human beings in hunting for gold. Some men find gold when they are not hunting for it at all; others actually find it in one place while they are merely hunting for another particular spot in which to look for it. And some men find a rich vein "by pecking at a wide seam in the rock for pastime while resting from climbing the mountain", break enough rich ore from it in a few minutes to exceed a month's wages as a bricklayer, and then walk off and leave the whole project to take a construction job because they are broke and need to "get a job to buy biscuits."

It was just about such a series of incidents that happened to the Baker brothers—Sull and Charley—in the San Juan country in southwestern Colorado late in the summer of the Depression year, 1932. The Bakers were sheepmen, not as partners in the business—each brother had a small herd of sheep that he managed independently of the other—but they worked together a great deal and handled their stock on adjacent ranges.

The Bakers lived in Aztec, New Mexico, and wintered their sheep on the semi-desert area in that vicinity. In the summer, however, in common with other sheepmen of the region, they drove their herds into the high mountains around the mining town of Silverton, Colorado, for the succulent pasture there. Several small, operating mines and innumerable prospectors were working in the area of the Baker's summer range, so it was only logical for them to make friends among the mining people and to gain some knowledge of mining and its potentialities. Gold ore was a commodity that would readily convert into cash, and its value was not adversely affected by the Depression—two mighty rare qualities in those tough financial times.

Like all other livestock men of that period, the Bakers were having difficult "sledding." A long series of drought years in the San Juan country had seriously depleted the open range and had made maximum production in wool and lambs impossible as well as more expensive. The market price of the product was far below the minimum cost of production. Every sheepman in the region was going broke but could do nothing about it unless he contrived some way of getting an income from another source. To the Baker brothers mining was an inviting field.

They were not experienced miners; they had a good friend, however, by the name of Hendersen, who was an experienced miner, an expert on ores of the Silverton area, and a conservative businessman. Hendersen had made a modest fortune in mining in the district and was living in semi-retirement in Silverton at the time. The Baker brothers consulted him about the possibilities of mining and how to proceed.

"The best thing to do is to find a mine of your own," Hendersen counseled them. "Even if the vein is small, if it is reasonably good pay dirt you can dig it out yourselves and make a success of the undertaking. It will be better than the sheep business."

The Baker brothers' next question was how to find a mine. Hendersen had a good, practical suggestion.

SOMEWHERE on the headwaters of West Lime, he said—he did not know the exact spot—was located an abandoned tunnel which had been driven into the mountain on a gold bearing vein by an eccentric old prospector named Flatus.

Flatus had died alone in his cabin during the winter several years before and nothing further had been done with the property. It was open to relocation by anyone who wanted it. Some good ore, he pointed out, had been found in the cabin along with the old man's body. This ore was of excellent commercial quality, if there was sufficient quantity. It would be a good idea to find this tunnel and investigate it. The search for it should not be difficult, because the Bakers would be looking for specific landmarks—the open portal of a tunnel, a mine dump, and a tumbled down cabin—on the surface of the ground, instead of hunting for uncertain indications of a vein as would be the case in prospecting for a mine.

The Bakers, especially Sull, were familiar with the West Lime Creek section; that area lay immediately west of the Million Dollar highway about twelve to fourteen miles south of Silverton. Every spring Sull drove his flock of sheep along the divide between West Lime and Engine Creeks from Engineer Mountain to South Mineral on his way to his summer range at Chattanooga. Chattanooga lay at the foot of Red Mountain Pass on the Million Dollar highway above Silverton. His brother Charley took his herd over the lower driveway across Lime Creek and by Molas Lake. But they both knew the location of that seven-mile strip of mountain territory called West Lime. They decided to have a look.

Being prudent men, they decided to do their searching for the Flatus tunnel at convenient times and on a piecemeal basis so as not to interfere with any other profitable undertaking they might find. They had both worked in the building trade before going into the sheep business, and at this time of financial stress they were watching for any opportunities in that field.

In fact, their first and most memorable venture into the West Lime area in search of the Flatus tunnel was a sort of by-product or supplemental excursion in connection with a trip from Silverton to Aztec to see about a building contract on which they had previously submitted a bid. It was only a four-hour drive, so the Bakers figured that by getting an early start from Chattanooga they could spend a goodly part of the day searching for the tunnel along Coal Creek, a tributary of Lime, and still get home in good season.

It was shortly after nine o'clock that morning when they pulled off the Million Dollar highway at the familiar Coal Creek campground, parked their pickup and camp outfit, and started up the steep canyon on their search. Since they were looking for an open hole in the ground, not a lead that might have to be uncovered, they carried no lunch and no tools except a light, prospecting pick.

The Bakers were looking for a specific thing or set of conditions on this particular mission, went prepared for that one purpose, and gave only minor attention to other occurrences incidental to the trip. They would regret this oversight later.

IT WAS past noon when the brothers crossed the main fork of Coal Creek, high up the mountain slope and not far under the crest of the divide between West Lime and Engine Creek. This was familiar ground to Sull because it was adjacent to his sheep driveway, but it was Charley's first visit into the domain. It was beautiful alpine country, so typical of the San Juan Mountains high up along the timberline zone.

The Bakers were still in the timber, but a quarter of a mile farther up, the forest abruptly stopped and the verdant ridge of the high divide extended in graceful undulations like a green velvet carpet.

The high meadows of the San Juan where the Baker brothers brought their sheep for summer grazing

The brothers climbed up the steep west bank of Coal Creek onto the point of land that extended out as a sort of promontory between the main branch of the creek that turned north at this point and went around a timbered ridge into Red Basin, and the west fork which continued directly back into an open basin at the base of Engineer Mountain.

It was a beautiful spot, a triangular bench lying along the bank of West Coal between the stream and the timbered ridge on the north. Covered with a heavy grassy sod and scattered fir trees it made a wonderful camping place. Its marshy slope toward the creek was slight until it reached the edge of the narrow canyon that constituted the watercourse; here it broke into a steep pitch for a hundred feet or more down to the stream bed itself. Even this precipitous bank was covered with sod except for a few spots here and there where excessive moisture during rainy seasons, or melting snow during the spring thaw, had caused patches of earth to slip or slide from their natural positions on the shallow underlying bedrock.

There were several of these bare spots along the bank, but the occurrence of such phenomena was so common on steep banks in the mountain country that no one paid much attention to them. They were accepted as a part of the natural geology.

"There is no use in our going any farther up this way," said Sull when he and Charley had climbed up on the brow of the bench. "I have been all over the country above here and I know there isn't any old mine up that way. I have often hobbled my horses out to pasture on this little flat," indicating the grassy bench with a wave of his hand. "I'm tired. Let's sit down and rest, and have a smoke." And with that remark he pulled his pipe and tobacco can out of the pocket of his jumper. It required all the tobacco in the can to fill his pipe, and he threw the empty container into a bunch of scrub mountain willows nearby.

"Well, you smoke and rest a bit while I take a turn up the draw and back through the timber on that hillside. I'd like to get a better look at the country above here, anyway," said Charley as he set off across the bench toward the head of the canyon.

Sull strolled leisurely along the edge of the little flat where it broke off in the steep pitch to the creekbed, until he encountered a convenient log to sit on. The log lay right on the crest of the precipitous bank. From this position Sull noticed one of these spots where the covering sod had slipped away leaving the bedrock exposed, and cutting diagonally across the upper side of this open space was a "seam" or fissure of a distinctly different character from the adjacent blue-gray rock.

Sull had seen seams in bedrock before but never anything quite like this one. All the others had been narrow, had followed a winding course, and had never protruded much above the base rock.

This one, however, was eight or ten inches wide, protruded a couple of inches above the bedrock, was of a very different color and texture, and followed

The mining town of Silverton, Colorado is the community nearest to the Bakers' find.

a straight course. Such a freak seam deserved investigating, and investigating it would help to pass the time until Charley returned. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in his pocket, and slid down the grassy bank onto the bare spot. With his prospector's pick he began to break pieces off from the seam.

THE ROCK was hard and brittle but it broke easily and with sharp cleavages. Sull was farsighted and had difficulty in distinguishing details at close range without his glasses: in roughing around on the range he got along well enough, he said, so that he never had his "reading glasses" with him. Sull could see well enough, however, to distinguish that the rock he was breaking from the seam was a rusty, brown color and was thoroughly impregnated with small particles of bright metal. Yet it never occurred to him that it might be gold, or that the seam might be a vein.

He was not hunting for either one of these things on this trip. He and Charley were looking for an abandoned tunnel—and certainly this freak seam was no tunnel.

Sull continued to break fragments from the streak, to look at each one and then lay it down on the pile that he was accumulating on the bedrock. Some of the pieces he broke off were "as big and as thick as a man's hand but they broke to a feather edge on the lower side." He became so absorbed in his unusual pastime that he did not hear Charley approach to the edge of the bank above him.

"Well, where is the mine?" jokingly asked Charley.

"Right here," replied Sull. "I've found it and already got our fortune mined out. Look at this rock and tell me what you think of it," and with that remark he tossed a couple of the freshly broken fragments up to Charley.

"It sure has a different color from the rest of the rock around here, and it's got a lot of metal of some kind in it," responded Charley after a rather casual inspection of the samples. "But come on, and let's get on down to camp and get some dinner. I'm getting hungry, and it is getting late. And we better be getting down country to see about that job. We can look at these samples later."

"Okay, just as soon as I can put a handful of this 'ore' in my pocket," replied Sull as he stuffed several pieces of the freshly broken fragments into the pocket of his jumper.

On their return trip down the canyon to their camp, the Bakers held a course close to the stream bed. A short distance below the mouth of Coal Creek, and not far from the point of discovery of the seam, they encountered a high ledge of rock over which waters of the creek cascaded in a waterfall of several feet, but the brothers could not descend over the bluff at that point. They had to backtrack a short distance and take a circuitous route around the end of the ledge in order to continue their journey.

After they had gotten back to their truck, had gotten their campfire going, and had their dinner underway, they again looked at the samples of rock.

"Let's drop one in the fire and roast it," suggested Sull. "We can get it out of the ashes and look at it before we leave. If that metal in it is gold, it will be sticking out in bubbles by that time and will be easy to distinguish." So Sull dropped a good-sized specimen into the glowing embers.

But they became so absorbed in getting their camp packed back into the truck and in getting on their way to see about the prospective building contract that they forgot all about the fragment of rock in the fire until they were many miles down the road toward Durango. They figured it was too far back by that time for them to return for it, and besides, it was not, they thought, of much importance anyway. Getting to Aztec and cinching the building job would mean some tangible income at least.

It is odd how the little things of life sometimes unconsciously influence men in making momentous decisions, and how some things which seem so insignificant at the time will later prove to be highly important while the important thing of the moment later proves to be so inconsequential, so trivial.

WHEN the Bakers got home that night, Sull hung up his jumper, with the fragments still in its pocket, in his workshop where it remained until the following midwinter. Charley put the two specimens Sull had tossed to him away in a cigar box with other trinkets. And both men promptly forgot all about their specimens.

In fact, the way things worked out for them, they were too busy the balance of that summer and autumn to give any further attention to mining or prospecting of any sort. They got the contract for building a house for a neighbor in Aztec, so between that construction job and looking after their little sheep outfits they were extremely busy until late January, 1933, when the building job was completed.

Their interest in their "find" was renewed, however, one day that winter when Sull removed his jacket from the nail where he had hung it the past August. The weight of the ore samples, still in the pocket where he had put them the day he broke them from the seam, refreshed his memory. He removed them from the pocket of the jacket and examined them more closely—with his "reading glasses" on this time. He was convinced that the metal in them was native gold. Charley, however, was not so certain.

In order to settle their argument, and to satisfy their curiosity, they concluded to take some of the samples and show them to their old mining friend, Hendersen, who was spending the winter in Durango.

Hendersen immediately recognized the samples as being a brown sugar quartz, typical of the free gold bearing ores of the Silverton district. The fragments were rich, he said, mighty rich. Hendersen's verdict could be summed up in his own words: "If you fellows have as much as fifty pounds of that ore, you are financially well fixed."

"Oh, we got that much mined out already," replied Sull.

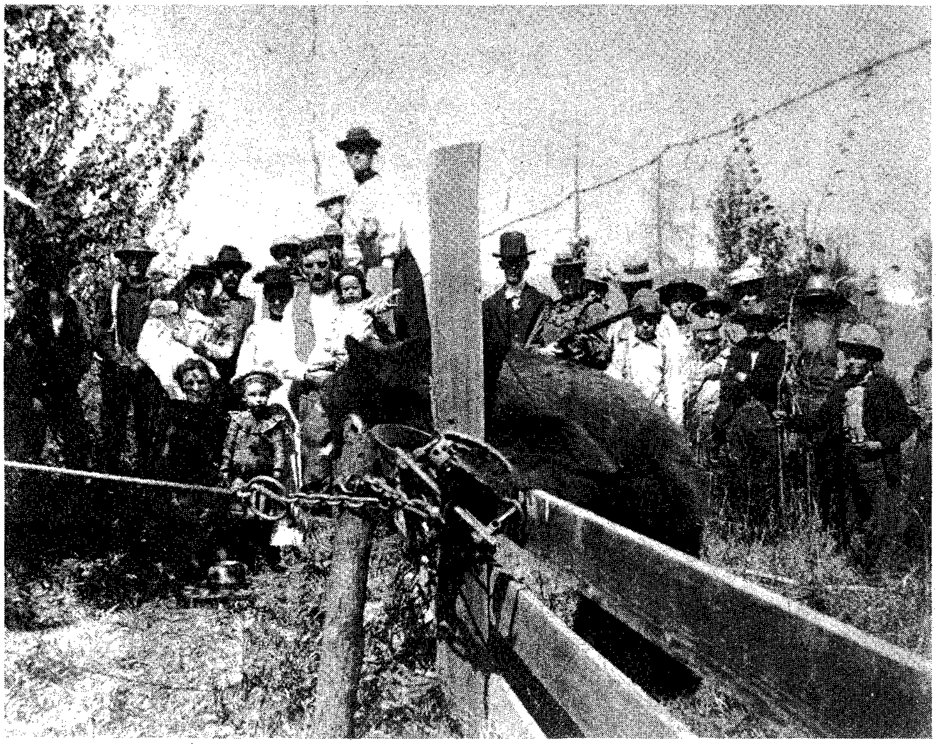
'Where?" inquired Hendersen.

"Up on Coal Creek," Sull said.

"On Coal Creek," repeated the old man almost incredulously. "Man, you

(Continued on page 42)

The BEAR that CURED RHEUMATISM



Many local folk gathered when the news spread across Oregon's Mohawk Valley that "Old Renegade" had been captured. The two girls perched on the fence are the author's sisters.

-- but you were better off to keep the ailment!

By CLAUD HAMMITT
as told to
MARJORIE GARDNER

Photo Courtesy Author

THE LAST TIME I saw Frank Stafford he said to me, "Claud, do you remember how you were cured of rheumatism?"

"Sure do," I answered. "Nobody could forget a cure like that."

It happened in Lane County, Oregon, in the valley of the Mohawk, a tributary of the McKenzie. This was a rich and varied farm land, still heavily timbered, and surrounded on two sides by mountain ridges. The valley was narrow and sparsely populated in 1900, some ranches running to around 600 acres. I was still in my teens and lived in the old family home.

Ranchers in those days were self-sufficient folk and kept mixed herds of livestock which might include from fifty to one hundred head of sheep. My father valued the sheep especially, claiming "the wool money paid the taxes." Speaking of taxes, at that time they amounted to seven mills on the dollar of assessment.

We didn't have some of the problems which beset the modern rancher, but there were a few which defied solution. One was the black bears that came down to gorge on fresh fruit and spring lambs preparatory to winter hibernation. We figured that these visits, like the weather, were just part of farming, and we managed to keep them shot off pretty well, getting plenty of extra stews and roasts for our trouble.

In harvest time my mother actually depended on this addition to her larder. She had to cook for the threshers and she believed in giving them plenty. Huge platters of both beef and bear roasts graced her table. The two meats looked alike, and being equally nourishing, Mother deemed it unnecessary to tell the crew which was which. Bear meat tastes somewhat like pork but sweeter, but we had one hand who wouldn't eat it. He was so afraid of getting into the wrong platter at our house that he stuck to meatless fare.

ONE BEAR always eluded us. This was Old Renegade, a vicious killer, an animal gone loco. Every third night or so he would lumber down from the east ridge, swim the Mohawk, and find himself a dinner. He liked to include a fat sheep. When a flock had been left out, he would slaughter more than he could eat, for the fun of it, and leave them strewn about. This was contrary to the nature of the black bear.

We usually brought our sheep in at night, but we did lose a few. Renegade's favorite stopover, however, was Frank Stafford's orchard which was planted in apples, pears, and plums—all delicacies to the uninvited guests, and especially to Renegade. Frank's orchard had an additional charm—it was the summer grazing place for his sheep, and he left them out. Renegade went completely berserk in this paradise, breaking down tree branches and killing as many as four animals each visit.

My father and others decided this had gone on long enough. At the time, I was laid up with rheumatism, an ailment which had plagued me since a childhood bout with rheumatic fever. Consequently I missed out on the hunting parties which followed, but I didn't miss much. Renegade outsmarted them every time. One night when the men were laying for him, they dozed off to be awakened by the sound of snapping branches. Renegade was visiting. In the ensuing scramble there were only a few hurried shots but the hunters did draw blood and tracked the thief as far as the river before losing him.

We didn't have any more trouble until harvest time. Frank Stafford owned and hired out one of the two threshing machines thereabouts. It was a J. I. Case

(Continued on page 42)

By HELEN ADDISON HOWARD

Chief Joseph's eloquence had a greater impact on the white man than it had on his own people. Indian survivors of the Nez Percé War admit that he failed to persuade in council—that he fought at their sides, but did not lead

JOSEPH
HIN-MUT-TOO-YAH-LAT-KEKHT
CHIEF OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS.
1889

Century Magazine, July, 1893

This life-size medallion of Chief Joseph was sculptured from life by Olin L. Warner. The original is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

A DIVIDED COMMAND DOOMED

CHIEF JOSEPH, the famous Nez Percé who has been called the "Red Indian Napoleon" and whose masterly retreat toward Canada has been likened to Xenophon's March of the Ten Thousand Greeks, has been demoted by modern investigators to the role of Peace Chief and mediocre warrior. He was neither a "war chief" nor a military genius, they declare.

Is Chief Joseph, like many other American figures, a victim of the debunking trend? Earlier historians credit Joseph with planning the Nez Percé campaign of 1877 and directing the strategic retreat from Idaho, through parts of Montana, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and back into Montana where he surrendered at the Bear Paw Battlefield, a day's march from the Canadian border and freedom. It has been often stated that of the eleven engagements fought with various commands of the U. S. Army, Joseph won three pitched battles, tied one, and lost the final conflict after leading his people 1,800 miles over some of the roughest terrain in the Rocky Mountain region.

He was able to accomplish this unique military exploit, older white historians claimed, because he had Napoleon's tactical skill. But what do the Indians themselves—the warriors and other chiefs who survived the war—have to say about the white man's history of their tribespeople?

ALL WARS have remote and immediate causes, and Joseph's life story is intimately tied in with both. He was born, probably in the summer of 1840, in the Wallowa Valley of northeastern Oregon, the son of Chief Old Joseph, also called Tu-eka-kas. He grew up like any other Indian boy, learning how to ride a pony bareback, to fish the streams, and to hunt with bow and arrow. About the age of ten he, in common with all Nez Percé children, went alone to the top of a high mountain to fast and perform the sacred vigil ceremony. He hoped to have a vision whereby his future name would be disclosed through divine revelation. Thunder appeared in his medicine dream so he was thereafter known as Hin-mut-too-yah-lat-kekht, translated as Thunder-Rolling-in-the-Mountains, or Thunder-Traveling-Across-High-Places.

Meanwhile, his father's Wal-lam-wat-kin band of the Nez Percé Nation welcomed the early settlers, who flowed into the Oregon country in covered wagons from the 1840s on, like endless ribbons of white.

Greedy and ruthless men among the emigrants coveted the Indians' hereditary hunting and grazing grounds, and appealed in time to their territorial government and congressional representatives to get the Indians removed onto reservations and to confirm the land titles to them—the white interlopers. The Indians resented such arbitrary actions, but because they had come under Christian missionary influences, they tried to live in peace.

A proposal in 1842 by Dr. Elijah White, a sub-agent of Indian Affairs west of the Rockies, that a supreme head chief be elected over all the many autonomous bands of the Nez Percé Nation sowed the first serious seeds of dissension among this numerous, powerful and proud people. Such rule by majority was foreign to tribal custom. Within each band the individual members were at liberty to accept or reject their chief's counsel and that of the headmen and medicine men.

A war chief, however, subject to the head chief, was elected by majority vote in each band. Ellis, Dr. White's secret choice, won the election as supreme chief; Tu-eka-kas, Joseph's father, was chosen as one of twelve subchiefs. After Chief Ellis' death in 1848, Lawyer succeeded him, but his election was not sanctioned by the entire nation.

AMONG other troubles which laid the foundation for the war of 1877 was the Nez Percés' dissatisfaction with the peace treaty of 1855. Washington's first territorial governor, Isaac I. Stevens, negotiated with all the tribes of the Columbia River Basin to set up reservation boundaries for each tribe, including all bands of the Nez Percé Nation. The government's failure to ratify or fulfill the treaty's obligations further strained friendly relations with the Nez Percés.

Finally, the U. S. Commissioners' arbitrary recognition of Lawyer as head chief and tribal spokesman at the council of 1863 split the nation into opposing groups known as "treaty" and "non-treaty" Indians. Only the chiefs of those bands already living within the boundaries of the Nez Percés Reservation signed the treaty, which reduced the reserve to one-sixth its former size and excluded the Wallowa Valley. By binding these autonomous bands into a rule by majority, the government compounded a grievance, already aggravated by declaring legal, Lawyer's sale of Tu-eka-kas' Wallowa Valley. Old Joseph, as well as several other non-treaty chiefs, refused to sign or recognize this "thief" treaty.

Young Joseph graphically illustrated by analogy the non-treaties' attitude toward Lawyer's sale, deeming it both unlawful and unjust:

"If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the treaty councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the Government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say to him, 'No, my horses suit me, I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbor, and says to him, 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbor answers, 'Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought."

Now it is bad enough for someone without authority to sell your land, but the deed becomes heinous when that same land is sacred to you. Such was the situation in which the non-treaty followers of the Dreamer, or Earth-Mother, religion found themselves, as opposed to the Christianized treaty bands who were pliable to government directives.

Smohalla, as the prophet of the Dreamers, preached passive resistance to all forms of white civilization and urged a return to primitive religious philosophy which taught that the earth was the Indians' mother. Smohalla stated his doctrine in colorful imagery:

"My young men shall never work. Men who work cannot dream; and wisdom comes to us in dreams. . . . You ask me to plow the ground. Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? You ask me to dig for stone. Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it and be rich like white men. But how dare I cut off my mother's hair?"

You can well imagine how this appealed to the warrior element, who disliked labor of any kind anyhow. It is vitally important to understand the Dreamers' religious convictions because during the war to follow the non-treaty bands fought not only for their ancestral homeland but because the same land was considered sacred. This Earth-Mother faith provided a powerful argument for those *tewats* (medicine men), hot young bloods and disaffected chiefs who advocated war in the final decisive councils.

ANOTHER source of friction with the non-treaty bands of Chiefs Looking Glass, White Bird and Tuhulhutsut, who dwelled on or near the reservation when not buffalo hunting on the Montana plains, was the influx of miners. By 1861 nearly 10,000 prospectors had stampeded over the Nez Percé lands to reach the gold of the Clearwater drainage.

One agent reported, "I could fill page after page in portraying the number and nature of the outrages the Indians and their families were subjected to." He did fill several pages describing abuses the miners inflicted on the long-suffering Nez Percés.

During the years of mounting unrest, Young Joseph shared the views of his father, the aging Tu-eka-kas. As his father's infirmities increased, Young Joseph inherited more and more of the responsibilities of chieftainship. In 1871 while Tu-eka-kas lay dying in his lodge, he had this last word for his boy:

"My son, my body is returning to my Mother Earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother."

"I pressed my father's hand," Young Joseph recalled in later years, "and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land.

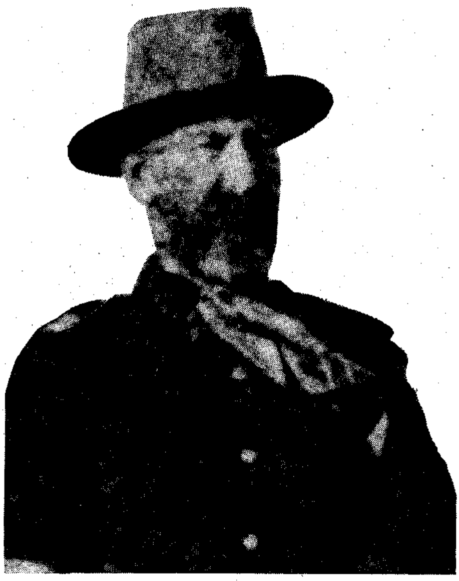
"I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

Amidst intertribal friction between Christian treaty and Dreamer non-treaty bands; disputes between white settlers and Indians over questions of land and stock ownership; contention between the demands of government agents and commissioners who tried to force the Wal-lam-wat-kins to vacate the Wallowa Valley and move onto the Lapwai reservation in Idaho, Young Joseph displayed a

the NEZ PERCÉS

Looking Glass, considered by some to be the greatest Nez Percé war chief.

Smithsonian Institution Photo from BRAVE WARRIORS, by Norman B. Wiltsey, Copyright 1963, Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho



Courtesy National Archives

Captain David G. Perry shown in this faded photo as a major, several years after the Nez Percé War

remarkable ability for diplomacy which won unstinted praise from army officers and politicians.

The young chief steadfastly refused all Government annuities and other benefits, including the white man's churches, explaining to the embarrassed negotiators, "They will teach us to quarrel about God, as the Catholics and Protestants do on the Nez Percé reservation and at other places. We do not want to learn that. We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth, but we never quarrel about God."

Thus skillfully put in their place by an untutored young red man, the commissioners recommended to President Grant that the Wallowa Valley be declared off-bounds to white settlement and reserved for the original owners since the 1863 treaty was not legally binding on them. The President did so by issuing an executive order on June 16, 1873.

HOWLS of indignant protest from the whites deluged Governor Leonard F. Grover of Oregon, who wrote the Secretary of the Interior objecting to Grant's revocation order. Although the arguments advanced were both flimsy and fallacious, they were officially accepted by the Government, which reversed itself. On June 10, 1875, the President issued a new proclamation, revoking his former executive order, and again reopening the Wallowa for settlement. This, despite the fact that Major Henry Clay Wood, Assistant Adjutant General to Brigadier General Oliver O. Howard, new commander of the Department of the Pacific and a member of the commission, had made a survey of the conflicting claims and reported: "The non-treaty Nez Percés cannot in law be regarded as bound by the treaty of 1863; and in so far as it attempts to deprive them of a right to occupancy of any land, its provisions are null and void. The extinguishment of their title of occupancy contemplated by this treaty is imperfect and incomplete."

These strange governmental antics perplexed and angered the valley's aboriginal proprietors. A significant council attended by the disaffected bands took place in 1874 at Weippe Prairie in Idaho, the tribal meeting ground where the Indians annually assembled to dig camas roots and enjoy horse racing and gambling.

White Bird, oldest of the non-treaty chiefs (whose band was second in size—Joseph's being the largest with 500) had already been actively spreading war propaganda among various tribes of the Northwest. On this occasion Grizzly Bear Ferocious, a Nez Percé warrior, confirmed: "Before this council and feast, White Bird had been going to the country of Joseph and Alokut and discussing with them the possibilities of successful war with the white people. Others had gone to Waiilatpu, and others even to the Shoshoni, our old enemies."

Among those present at the secret conclave besides White Bird, were Joseph, his younger brother Alokut, Tuhulhutsut, Looking Glass and their headmen.

After excluding all their treaty reservation brethren, Looking Glass opened the meeting by explaining, "Brothers, you have been called to hear our plans. The question is, if the Waiilatpu (Cayuses, Umatillas, and Walla Wallas), the people of Moses (Sinkiuses), and ourselves shall fight with the white people. This plan is before the council-house today. We have called you to come and speak."

Since the consensus favored peace—the non-treaties' attitude no doubt influenced by the presence of Agent Monteith and his bodyguard, a cavalry troop from Fort Lapwai commanded by Captain David Perry—the parley abruptly terminated.

ANOTHER crisis arose in June, 1876, which illustrates one of the many outrages the Indians were forced to endure. Two white homesteaders mistakenly accused members of Joseph's band of stealing some horses. In the ensuing argument the stockmen shot and killed one unarmed Indian, We-lot-yah.

The Indians held a heated council in which the young hotbloods demanded revenge. While Joseph and the older men pleaded for a peaceful solution of the tragedy, We-lot-yah's daughter quietly entered the circle of men. She held up her hand for silence.

"My friends," she entreated them, "we do not wish other people or our other friends to be killed for the killing of one person, so let us drop the matter."

So intense was the pitch of excitement and so inflamed were the feelings of the younger element, however, that Joseph felt constrained to issue an ultimatum to the whites. He demanded they surrender the guilty men within a week, or have their farms destroyed. Fearfully the whites armed themselves and called for the troops—the "cops" of the Western frontier—to come and protect them from the righteous wrath of those whom they had deliberately shoved around on numerous occasions.

Lieutenant Albert Forse with Troop E, First Cavalry, entered the valley on Joseph's D-day. Being a reasonable man, the lieutenant, accompanied by two whites as interpreters, parleyed with the chief between the lines. Joseph agreed to a truce, provided the settlers would keep north of Hurricane Creek. The cavalrymen encamped in the valley until the end of September and then returned to Fort Walla Walla.

Major H. Clay Wood, who had investigated the conflict of claims to the valley, calmed the red men's feelings somewhat by promising that the accused murderers of We-lot-yah would be brought to trial in Wallowa. When this finally took place at Union, Oregon, a jury of stockmen acquitted the pair. It was the same old story of justice denied the Indians in frontier courts. Thus another festering wound was added to the many covering the body corporate of Joseph's tribesmen.

So perilous was the situation in the Wallowa by 1876 that the Interior Department appointed a commission to meet the Indians in November, "with a view to secure their permanent settlement on the reservation, their early entrance on a civilized life, and to adjust the difficulties then existing between them and the settlers."

The conference was held at Lapwai on the Nez Percé reservation, with the powerful medicine men refusing to vacate voluntarily their ancestral property. Joseph and Alokut went along with the majority stand. In its report the commission recommended that unless the Indians consented to remove to the reservation within "a reasonable time" they should be forcibly put there. The Indian Bureau, through Agent Monteith, ordered Joseph's band to be on the reserve by April 1, 1877.

JOSEPH was shocked. He couldn't believe his case had been fairly presented and still decided against him. He asked for another council with Brigadier General O. O. Howard, who as commandant of the Department of the Pacific with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, would be charged with the compulsory removal of the Wal-lam-wat-kin band. The general agreed to meet Joseph and the other disaffected chiefs—Looking Glass, White Bird, Hush-hush-cute and Tuhulhutsut—at Fort Lapwai, in May.

On this occasion the Nez Percés' spokesman, the old Dreamer chief, Tuhulhutsut, vehemently protested for all the non-treaties the Government's removal order. An air of thinly restrained tension, of dammed-up outraged feelings about to burst forth, pervaded the meetings. Tempers—both red and white—flared.

Tuhulhutsut became defiant in expressing the spiritual supremacy of the Dreamer faith over the Government's temporal authority. Fearing a possible repetition of the Modoc massacre, Howard had the influential old chief confined to the guardhouse. It was a grave error which soon fanned the sparks of resentment into flames of rebellion.

Temporarily, though, it did repress the malcontents, and the council closed with all the chiefs agreeing, under duress, to be on the reserve within thirty days. The time limit was unreasonably short for Joseph's band, as his people had farthest to go. But his men rounded up hundreds of horses and cattle, and then lost many of them to white raiders and to the flood-swollen waters of the Snake River which the animals were forced to swim.

Twelve days before the deadline, the Wallowa Indians reached an ancient tribal campground known as Tepahlewam in Rocky Canyon adjacent to Tolo Lake and near the reservation's southern boundary. Here they joined the bands of White Bird and Tuhulhutsut. It became the first of several layovers which would prove disastrous. In a ten-day conclave the tribesmen rehashed the numerous wrongs they had suffered under white oppression. Tuhulhutsut, "who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war," Joseph has said, "and made many of my young men willing to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace General Howard had put upon him. It required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet, and not to begin a war."

Although Looking Glass sided in with Joseph's peaceable attitude, the powerful Dreamer medicine men taunted the Wallowa chief for being a coward because of his realistic foresight. White Bird encouraged the martial spirit of the medicine men and of the youths' cries for war.

On the tenth day, restive braves staged a war parade through the encampment. Bringing up the rear on a mettlesome horse, rode Walaitits, a popular and youthful warrior whose father had been murdered by a white settler in a land dispute two years earlier. Naturally, the white man's crime had gone unpunished.

Walaitits' horse stepped on some kouse roots which Yellow Grizzly Bear's wife had spread on a canvas to dry in the sun. Angrily the husband rebuked the youth, "See what you do! Playing brave, you ride over my woman's hard-worked food! If you so brave, why you not go kill the white man who killed your father?"

During the night Walaitits brooded over the reproof. At dawn of June 13, he determined to avenge the slaying, although he had promised his dying father not to do so. Taking along his cousin, Red Moccasin Tops, and a seventeen-year-old nephew, Swan Necklace, the trio, significantly all from White Bird's band, set out for Slate Creek. The white man they sought had fled to the mines, but the avengers killed four other whites along the Salmon River who had committed hostile acts toward the Nez Percés. With racial hatred at fever pitch they returned to camp where Swan Necklace proclaimed their sanguinary deeds, and then all three rode away with a larger party. Only one member of Joseph's band joined the marauders on June 14.

THE NEXT two days' foray of murder, pillage and rapine resulted in the killing of fourteen or fifteen more whites, and spread terror among the Idaho settlers. The scales were not balanced even at this, as tribal records state that during the twenty-four preceding years, stockmen and miners had slain thirty Nez Percés. But these acts of retribution, perpetrated by White Bird's young men, would precipitate the tragic Nez Percé war.

While the first raid was in progress, Joseph and Alokut were absent from the village butchering beef for the former's family. His younger wife was giving birth to a baby girl. Warned by Two Moons about the punitive assaults, the brothers hastened back in dismay to find the camp a scene of confusion. Members of White Bird's and Tuhulhutsut's bands were pulling down their tepees and hurrying away to seek refuge with Looking Glass' people on Cottonwood Creek.

Joseph tried to halt the panicked flight. He and his brother rode among the frightened tribesmen pleading with them, "Let us stay here till the army comes! We will then make some kind of peace with them."

But soon most of the people had fled, leaving only five men in one double and one single lodge. Joseph remained near his wife while she lay in confinement. Some of the warriors feared that he and Alokut, both of whom always preached peace, would defect to the reservation and forsake the other non-treaties, so they stayed behind to guard against such desertion.

The rest of the tribesmen joined Looking Glass who, not wanting trouble, immediately moved on to his own assigned place on the reserve along the Clearwater River. Hush-hush-cute's small group did the same.

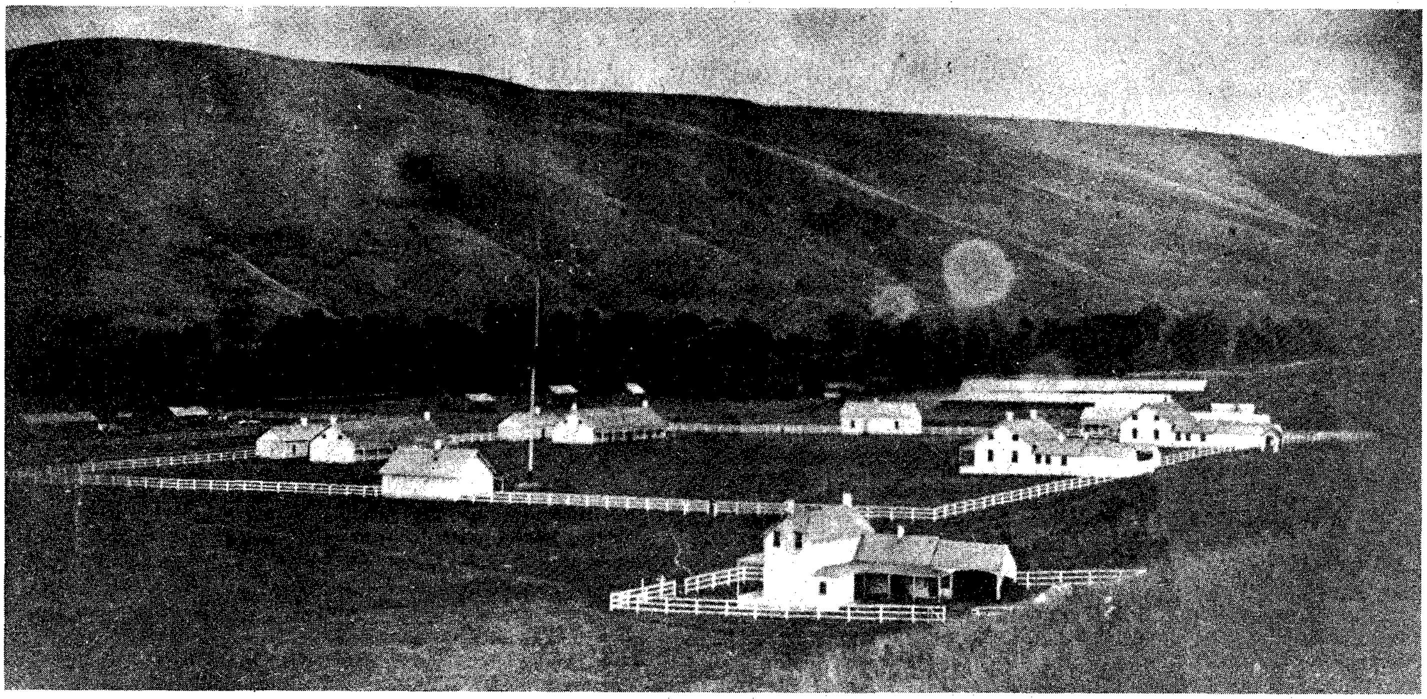
White Bird's and Tuhulhutsut's bands packed up next day and chose a better defensive site at the bottom of steep-walled White Bird Canyon near the banks of Salmon River to await the inevitable conflict. Here the brothers, Joseph and Alokut, realizing they must fight, joined their non-treaty brethren. Joseph foresaw that war could no longer be prevented.

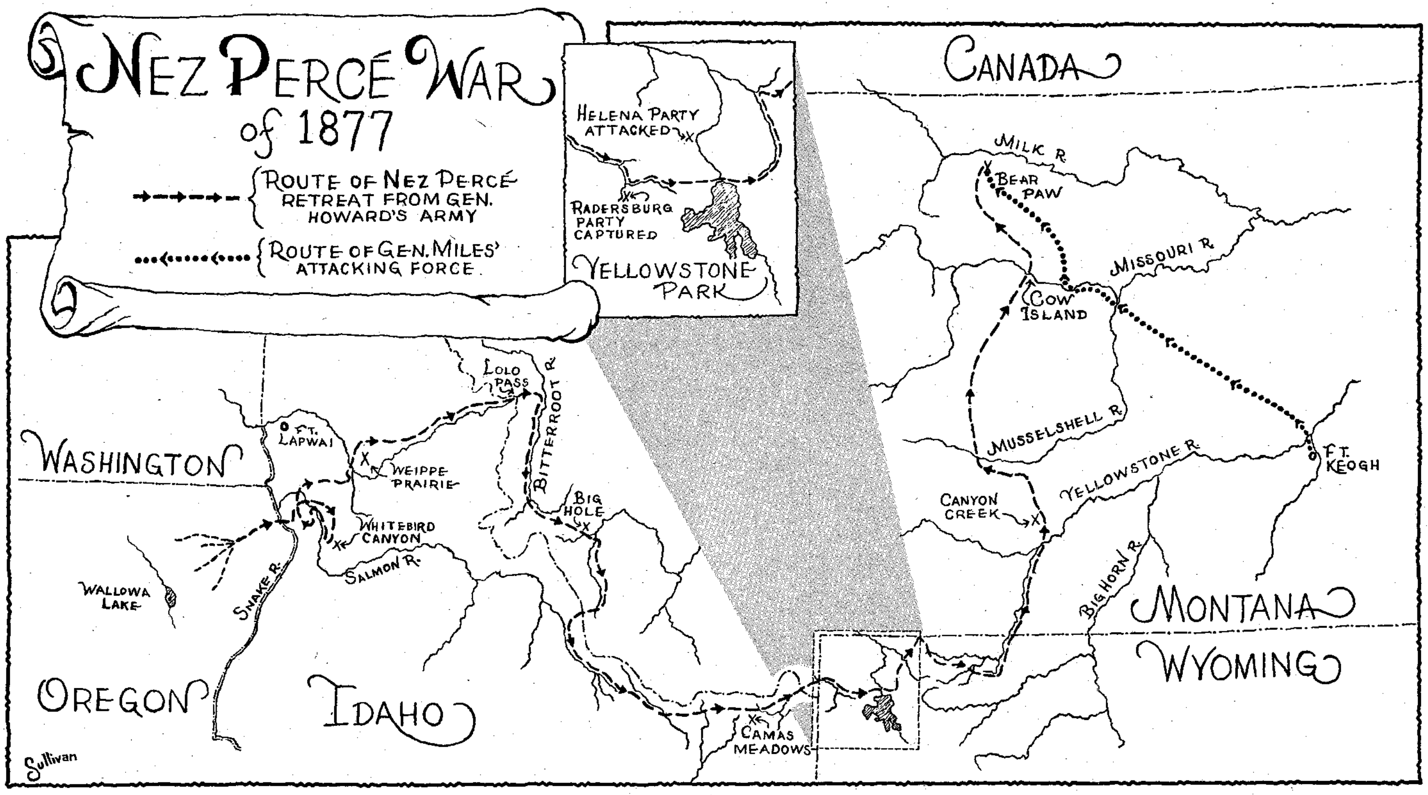
"The time had passed," he said later. "I counseled peace from the beginning. I knew that we were too weak to fight the United States. We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. . . . I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people."

News of the Salmon River carnage horrified General Howard at Fort Lapwai. Immediately he dispatched two troops of cavalry under Captain David Perry to hunt down the non-treaties and drive them onto the reservation. The soldiers and their dozen treaty Nez Percé scouts made a twenty-four hour forced march

Ft. Lapwai, Idaho in 1877

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society





of seventy miles to Grangeville where eleven civilian volunteers reinforced them. Rural settlers and townspeople had "forted up" in the scattered settlements of the menaced region to await military aid.

The citizens clamored for immediate punitive action. Unwisely Perry yielded and ordered his dog-weary command to ride on another sixteen miles to White Bird Canyon, there to make, he hoped, a surprise attack at dawn on the Indian village.

AT DAYBREAK, after a brief rest, the soldiers began the 3,000-foot descent from the plateau down treeless hills into the canyon. Concealed from view behind two buttes at the bottom lay the Nez Percé encampment.

Sentinels had alerted the hostiles to Perry's approach. Joseph and the other chiefs still tried to avert armed strife. With this intention they sent out six men carrying a white flag to meet the oncoming troops. Meanwhile, the sober warriors had stripped for battle and hidden behind rocks and brush and in gullies to watch the outcome of the peace attempt. Many braves who had indulged too freely in whiskey the night before still lay drunk in camp, so the Indians could muster only sixty fighting men.

Perry's advance patrol, including Arthur Chapman, the white interpreter, and Jonah Hayes' reservation Nez Percés, rode confidently forward in the brightening light of dawn. On being hailed by the truce party they halted in uncertain surprise. Apparently suspecting a trick, Chapman fired at them. The peace committee wheeled their ponies and galloped away unhurt. A single shot followed by an answering fusillade came from the concealed Nez Percés—and the battle commenced.

Trumpeter Jones, the first casualty, fell from his saddle. Soon Perry and the amazed soldiers saw ten, twenty empty saddles among their fellow troopers as Indians, shooting from all directions with bows and arrows, old muzzle-loading muskets, shotguns and a few repeating rifles, decimated the army ranks. The civilian volunteers fled in panic, followed by the routed recruits.

Walaitits and his cousin, Red Moccasin Tops, led a mounted charge up the hillside after the fleeing troops. Three Eagles declared Joseph took command at the center of the Nez Percé line while Alokut led the dashing red cavalry on the right flank. Other Indians affirm that although Joseph fought like the other warriors, he did no leading.

The battle was soon over. Perry's centerline, seeing charging Indians and confused soldiers around them, made a wild dash for their horses. Lieutenant Theller and eighteen men tried to escape up a dead-end ravine which proved to be a death trap. They exchanged shots with warriors on the heights above them until the last man fell.

Captain Perry, who had first deployed his men, now tried to reform his disorganized ranks, but only succeeded in fighting a delaying action with small squads as he, too, retreated. Pressing their advantage, the Nez Percés pursued and harassed the troops to within four miles of Mt. Idaho, and gave up only after citizen forces came to succor the beleaguered soldiers.

Then the victorious Nez Percés rode back to the battlefield to divide its spoils. They stripped the slain troopers of their rifles, ammunition, side arms and clothing but refrained from scalping or mutilating the dead bodies, contrary to usual Indian custom.

The army casualties were shocking. Thirty-three enlisted men and one officer—one-third of Perry's command—lay dead. Three or four Indians had been wounded but none killed. Thus ended the Battle of White Bird Canyon, Idaho Territory, on June 17, 1877, a defeat for the U. S. Army surpassed only by the Sioux and Cheyenne victory at the Little Big Horn in 1876. Reasons ascribed by military men for the disaster were overconfidence of the whites, and insufficient target practice and rest for regulars and recruits alike.

Perry's debacle horrified General Howard who ordered reinforcements of cavalry, infantry and artillery to assemble at Fort Lapwai. He feared the uprising might spread to other tribes throughout the Northwest. Although the alarmed citizenry and press loudly demanded action, the general prudently waited until he could march into the field with a force of 227 well-armed men. Later, other troops joined his column, increasing its strength to 400. On June 22, five days after Perry's fight, Howard took personal command and set forth to capture the hostiles.

An air of urgency marked the troops' movements. The non-treaties had decamped and vanished two days after the battle. Their two greatest warriors, Rainbow and Five Wounds, had hurried back from a buffalo hunt on the Montana plains to help the hostiles. At a council of the chiefs the day after the fight, Yellow Wolf affirmed, these two experienced hunters and fighters planned a strategic move to outwit the army.

ALTHOUGH military men, settlers and the nation's press all considered Joseph as the supreme leader from here on, the Indian survivors' testimony is quite otherwise. In his press dispatches, official reports, and later his books and magazine articles, General Howard repeatedly referred to Joseph as the war chief. The other chiefs were almost ignored. White Bird, who was past seventy and whose band was second in size to Joseph's 500 people, had fifty warriors. Joseph could muster fifty-five.

The Dreamer chief, Tuhulhutsut, although past middle age, was powerfully built and reputedly the strongest man in the tribe. He commanded 30 braves among his 183 followers. Joseph at thirty-seven, and his handsome, popular brother Alokut, thirty-four, were the youngest chiefs, and also the most inexperienced in either buffalo hunting or plains warfare. The other two leaders of the five non-treaty bands will be mentioned later.

Their immediate plan of campaign agreed on, the three bands—Joseph's, White Bird's, and Tuhulhutsut's—followed the Salmon River for several miles and crossed it at Horseshoe Bend. This proved a brilliant feat of generalship. Ensconced now in a rugged mountain wilderness, the Indians had three escape routes: they could go south to hide in the inaccessible Seven Devils country; they could cross the Snake River into Joseph's own Wallowa Valley; or they could recross the Salmon to the north, outflank the troops and flee over the Lolo Trail into Montana. Rainbow and Five Wounds proposed they double back and elude their pursuers, which plan the chiefs adopted.

When Howard's column appeared opposite their camp on the Salmon's banks, the warriors sniped at the soldiers until driven off by long range rifles. The troops then laboriously crossed the turbulent "river of no return." Meanwhile, the main Indian band vanished into the wilderness, and then circled back to recross the Salmon twenty-five miles downstream at Craig's Ferry, thus placing themselves in Howard's rear and cutting off his communications and supplies. The general scrambled around for three days in a maze of sheer canyons and steep hills on the river's opposite bank.

Treaty Nez Percés brought Howard word that Looking Glass' band, then peacefully settled on their own reservation land, might join the hostiles as some of his young men had already done at White Bird Canyon. Acting upon this false information, the general detailed Captain Stephen G. Whipple, with a cavalry troop and a small group of volunteers, to intercept this influential chief whose band was third in size. Whipple had orders to surprise and capture them and to turn the prisoners over to the Mt. Idaho volunteers.

It caused a most unfortunate chain of events. Instead of staging a surprise, Whipple's arrival at the village at dawn of July 1 was loudly announced by a bugle call. The Indians, who for days had been busy tending their gardens and grain fields rather than preparing for the warpath, began to parley. Whipple demanded Looking Glass' surrender. The chief's representatives protested they were at peace and had not been involved in the recent hostilities.

Suddenly a volunteer, "Dutch" Holmes, fired at an Indian bystander against whom he bore a grudge. Abruptly negotiations ceased. Startled tribesmen fled across the river, abandoning their lodges, supplies and hundreds of their horse herd. Other warriors seized their weapons and fought grimly so that the women and children could escape eastward to the hills. Three red men were wounded and a teen-age boy killed.

Captain Whipple destroyed the camp and rounded up the loose ponies, while Looking Glass and his forty fighting braves hid in the Clearwater Mountains with their families awaiting a chance to join the other hostile bands. Their reinforcements later rendered valuable aid to the warring faction.

Looking Glass was nearly six feet tall, well-muscled and flat of face. Although aggressive, opinionated and persuasively domineering by nature, he was yet an advocate of peace. A natural leader, his age (forty-five) and experience in hunting and intertribal warfare assured him a major role among the belligerents from that point on.

THE FIFTH non-treaty band of Hush-hush-cute, who was about Joseph's age and a sub-leader of a small Palouse tribe under Chief Hahtalekin, was from the Asotin district of southeastern Washington. Because of the unprovoked assault, he and his sixteen warriors threw in with Looking Glass' people.

Meanwhile, Howard was persistently following the warring chiefs' trail through the Salmon River Mountains for several delaying days, soaked by cold rains and hampered by mud. He sent word to Captain Whipple, who was instructed to guard his supply lines, that Perry was expected at Norton's Cottonwood Ranch with a packtrain of ammunition.

Indian spies also informed the non-treaties of these facts. In order to reach Looking Glass' hideout they would have to intercept Perry, and prevent Whipple's attacking their families as they crossed the grasslands of Camas Prairie. So the chiefs led their people north of Cottonwood stage station, cutting between the two captains' commands.

Alert sentinels killed a citizen scout who had discovered the hostiles' advance guard heading for Camas. When his partner returned to Whipple's force at Cottonwood with the news, the captain dispatched Lieutenant S. M. Rains and ten men to reconnoiter the position and strength of the enemy. Whipple's troop followed soon after.

As Rains' detail rode into a shallow ravine, concealed Indians poured a withering volley into them. Five Wounds, Rainbow and Two Moons led a charge upon the surviving troopers who leaped from their mounts and sought shelter behind rocks, only to be slain to a man by the Nez Percés' lethal fire. Whipple galloped forward to assist Rains but found himself confronted by a superior force of well entrenched hostiles. Prudently he halted in a defensible position near the scene of the massacre and bivouacked for the night.

Next day, July 4, the Nez Percés having withdrawn, Whipple made contact with Captain Perry escorting the supply and ammunition train from Fort Lapwai. The combined forces returned to Whipple's former post at Cottonwood and fortified themselves for an expected attack.

About noon Indians surrounded them and engaged until sunset in sniping from a distance. They again appeared in force next morning and resumed offensive action. Later they attacked a force of Mt. Idaho volunteers who came galloping between the lines to the troops' assistance. Two citizens were killed and three wounded before the besieged cavalry dashed out to rescue the brave would-be rescuers.

(Continued on page 32)

Lake Wallowa, in the heart of the Nez Percé homeland

Scotty's Westerner Photo by Bob Bailey

UNLUCKY EXCURSIONISTS in Yellowstone

Excerpt from *Rambles in Wonderland*, by Edwin J. Stanley, Copyright 1878 (Nashville, Tennessee, 1898, 5th Edition)

By EDWIN J. STANLEY

Photos taken in 1870s by W. H. Jackson, Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

This book was intended to acquaint the country with Yellowstone National Park—an early-day tourist's guide. Fortunately, it also contains an account of the Radersburg party and their encounter with the Nez Percés, written the same year in which the tragedy occurred. Joseph's name is conspicuous by its absence; it seems evident he was not in command.

IN TIME OF PEACE there is no danger whatever of Indians in the National Park. They seem to have avoided it as much as possible in their travels; much less has it been their haunt or lurking place. No area in the Rocky Mountains has been considered more secure from the ravages of hostile bands than this region of country, and tourists have always felt secure amid these solitudes. But during the present year (August, 1877) the hostile Nez Percés, under Joseph, while pursued by the United States soldiers, were compelled to go through the park.

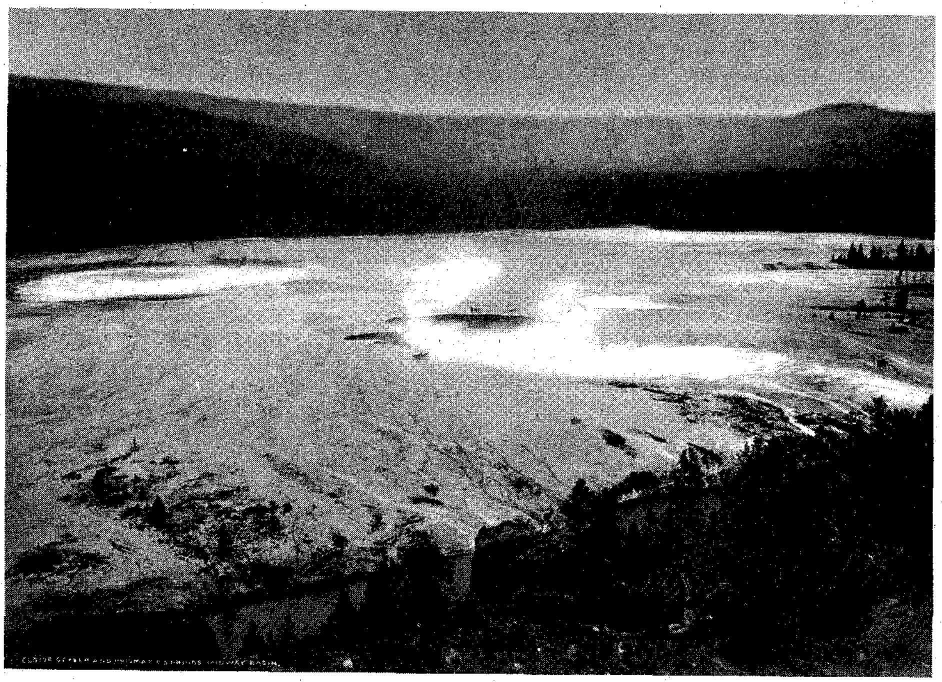
The adventures of the parties of tourists who were intercepted by the Nez Percés, the killing of several of them, the wounding of others, and the trials and hardships encountered by those who made good their escape, are matters of such thrilling interest to the public throughout the entire country, that I have thought it proper to give an account of them in these pages. I have talked with many of the participants in the tragic scenes here described, and the following is substantially correct:

The Radersburg party, consisting of George F. Cowan and wife, and Charles Mann, of Radersburg; Miss Ida Carpenter and Mr. Meyers, of Missouri Valley; William Dingee, Albert Oldham, and Frank Carpenter of Helena, left Radersburg on Monday, the 6th of August, for the National Park. They went by way of Sterling and up the Madison River to the Lower Geyser Basin, traveling by wagon and carriage. Here they made their permanent camp, and left their vehicles, making the rest of the tour through Wonderland on horseback.

They visited the Upper Geyser Basin, and three members of the party visited also the Yellowstone Falls and the lake. It was as cheerful a party as ever went through the park. They lived well, passed the evenings around the campfire listening to music from guitar and violin, little dreaming that a savage foe was approaching so near them.

On the night of the 23rd, having returned to their camp, they prepared to start homeward the following day. About five o'clock next morning, while Arnold

Tower Falls from Point Lookout, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming



Excelsior Geyser and Prismatic Springs in Midway Basin

and Dingee (the only persons up in camp) were making the campfire, three Indians were discovered approaching. They came up and alighted from their horses.

The party was all up in short order and questioned the Indians who, after some prevarications, stated that they were Nez Percés under Looking Glass, that Looking Glass was the friend of the white man, "would not hurt white man, but would fight soldiers," and that his band of two hundred warriors were in camp a short distance below, in the timber.

Many Indians could now be seen, and the party, after consulting with each other, as they had no adequate means of defense, concluded to move out of camp down the Firehole River toward home. They were encouraged to take this course from the fact that one of the Indians assured them that they need apprehend no danger, as they were friends to the white man, and he would himself escort the party safely through the entire Indian camp, when they could go on their journey homeward. This also confirmed what the party had heard before coming to the park, namely, that the Nez Percés were permitted by the authorities to pass through the Territory of the Yellowstone without molestation.

THE PARTY then harnessed and saddled their horses, and proceeded homeward without waiting to prepare breakfast. They were, however, soon surrounded by a large party of warriors who told them that it would not be safe for them to travel on that road, as there were bad Indians behind who would kill all of the party if they met them. They told the tourists that their only safe plan would be to turn back and go with them; that they would protect them, and the bad Indians should not hurt them; and that they would conduct the party to a place from which they could soon reach the white settlements.

While they were consulting what course to pursue, the Indians, who were all well armed, and some with their guns unslung and ready for instant use, compelled the party to turn round and fall into their line of march.

After traveling for about two miles up the east fork of Firehole River, the wagon and carriage had to be abandoned on account of the fallen timber. The horses were unhitched and saddled for Mrs. Cowan and her sister Ida to ride upon.

While the boys were saddling up, Frank Carpenter said he would go to the front, find Looking Glass, and see if he would not let them go on home; and for six needlegun cartridges hired an Indian to conduct him thither. He found the chief eight miles farther on, at the foot of a steep mountain just west of Mary's Lake where the Indians had camped for noon. He shook hands with Looking Glass, and asked him if he were a friend, to which he responded: "Yes—no kill citizens."

While Frank was telling him of the party, up came White Bird (who is also a chief of some note among the Nez Percés), accompanied by a Mr. Shively who had been captured the evening before and was forced to act as guide for the Indians.

White Bird invited him to his lodge, where Frank was plied with questions as to who they were, where they were from, where they were going, etc. He gave the chief full particulars, and asked if they could not go home.

He said: "Yes; no kill citizens, but kill Lewiston soldiers all time—heap kill."

In the meantime the Indians had hurried their captives forward till they came to White Bird's camp. This dignitary informed them that they could return home, but that he would be under the necessity of taking their horses, arms, and ammunition. He told them that he would give them other horses to ride upon, and other guns with three cartridges each in place of those taken from them. This he did, according to his word.

At this juncture the chiefs ordered camp to be broken, and the march resumed. The captives were commanded to depart on the back trail, which order was obeyed without hesitation by the little party who were, however, filled with dread, as they saw that they were followed by forty or fifty savages, the most ferocious-looking in the camp, whose dark, snake-like eyes were fixed upon them with murderous intent; and who, after White Bird confessing that he could no longer control them, had gone forward, and now became insolent, taking their guns, blankets, and other property, and making the woods resound with their hideous yells.

About this time Dingee and Arnold dodged into the brush and made their escape. The party was dogged by the bloodthirsty fiends for a short distance farther, when they were again ordered to halt, and then to turn round and go back the other way. It was now evident that the savages meant mischief, the object of this marching and countermarching being only to let the other chiefs get out of the way. The warriors then took the captives back to a place not far from where White Bird had left them, where they began their bloody work.

COWAN and his wife were riding in advance, when two Indians came dashing down the hill in front of them. The savages halted, and one of them raised his rifle and fired, the ball passing through Cowan's right thigh. He slipped from his horse and fell to the ground. Instantly his wife was at his side bending over him, when presently two Indians came up, one of whom raised his revolver and pointed it at Cowan's head, intending to finish the bloody deed.

Mrs. Cowan, seeing this, threw her arms around her husband's neck and her body in front of his face to shield him from the deadly missile, and implored the Indian to take her life first.

He replied, "No, me kill old ones first," and seized her right hand to drag her from her husband; but she still clung with heroic strength to his neck with the other hand. This gave the other Indian a fair view of Cowan's head, and he instantly drew his revolver and fired, the ball taking effect just above the left temple. The unfortunate man was left for dead.

When the firing commenced, the party scattered and several of them succeeded in escaping to the brush. Albert Oldham was shot through the face, the ball passing through his tongue, but inflicting no serious injury. He fell near the timber and was left for dead, though he succeeded in making his escape, and after four days and five nights, suffering intensely from cold, hunger, and loss of blood, was picked up by Howard's command.

Charles Mann reached the timber with a bullet-hole through his hat, the ball

UPPER FIRE HOLE FROM OLD FAITHFUL

Upper Fire Hole from "Old Faithful"

just grazing the scalp, and was taken in by some Bannock scouts, and returned with Howard to look after the rest of the party who he supposed to be dead. Meyers, though suffering severely with a scalded foot, outran the Indians a fair race for several miles and joined the soldiers. Dingee and Arnold, who got away from the party before the firing commenced, after spending five days and nights in the mountains joined the command near Henry's Lake.

While the firing was going on, Frank Carpenter saw a young chief with his gun cocked and aimed directly at him (Frank). He thought his time had come, and remembering that these Indians are Catholics, made the sign of the cross.

The Indian threw up his gun and said, "Come quick, me no kill—me save you!" Carpenter then ran to where his sister was bending over her husband (this was before Cowan was shot in the head) to try to assist them, but the chief ordered him away and placed him behind some brush, telling him to keep still. Carpenter asked the Indian to spare the white girls, and he said he would.

After the firing was over, Mrs. Cowan was torn away from her husband, who was thought to be lifeless, as his head had been pounded with stones. She and her sister were each lashed on a horse behind a savage, and with their brother, who had been spared, were led into captivity, and started eastward on the trail.

Mr. Carpenter related the story of the captivity and release of himself and sister to the author, and it was also published in the Helena papers.

"After what seemed an age to me, we moved out of the brush and commenced driving horses up the hill. Going along the trail about two miles, I first saw my sister, Mrs. Cowan. She said that Ida, the last she saw of her, was on a horse behind an Indian, and that she thought the rest of the party were all killed. We then got separated on different trails, and did not see each other until we met in camp, about ten o'clock at night.

"We slept none that night. Emma said she saw Albert Oldham shot from his horse. Cowan was first shot through the leg. She ran to him. An Indian came up, placed a pistol near his head, fired, even as she had her arms around his neck. The Indian dragged her away, and as she was being put on a horse, she looked back and saw Cowan place his hand to his head. She saw an Indian throw a big rock on Cowan's head. She recollects no more until seeing me, and finding herself on a horse behind an Indian.

"THE NEXT morning I was told that I was to be killed, and that my sisters were to be put on pack-animals and turned loose. I asked White Bird to keep the girls until they came to some settlement or road, for they would get lost in the park and perish if alone. The camp began to move, and my chief told me to travel with his squaw, as he was going to hunt elk.

About noon we crossed the Yellowstone, nearly opposite the Muddy Geyser. I there saw my sister Ida for the first time. She ran toward me, but I told her to go back, that I would come to her as soon as I could. A cry of 'Soldiers!' was raised, and the warriors recrossed the river on a run and we saw no more of them. About a dozen remained with the camp. After dinner Emma, Ida and Shively came over where I was, to have a talk.

"Later in the afternoon White Bird called a council of the chiefs present, to decide what should be done with us. In the council were White Bird, a Snake chief named Little Bear, a Crow chief, the chief who claimed me, and two young chiefs. White Bird spoke in our behalf for about thirty minutes, his main argument being that if they killed us the citizens of Montana would retaliate by killing the Nez Percés. Little Bear got up and talked a long time. He pawed the ground and gesticulated fiercely. He wanted to kill me and keep my sister for his squaw—as an Indian afterward told me.

"White Bird lit a pipe, took a few puffs, and passed it round the circle. Those who smoked were in favor of letting us go. I watched them—oh, how eagerly! Never in my life did I experience such delight in seeing a person smoke! Twice the pipe passed around the circle. Four of the chiefs smoked the pipe, and three refused.

"The council dispersed. White Bird informed me that my sisters and I should go home. He brought two horses for my sisters to ride, intimating that I could walk, and I replied that all I wanted was a chance. Mrs. Cowan's riding-habit was brought to her; she and Ida were mounted. White Bird escorted us about a mile. He then said: 'Go home—go quick! You no meet Indians on trail—they gone back to Henry's Lake to fight Lewiston soldiers. I no want to fight Montana citizens or soldiers. You tell Bozeman people, Montana people, if Montana soldiers fight us anymore, we kill all white women, papooses, citizens—everybody. We kill all—no let them go! We go to Shoshone country. You get to Bozeman in three days. Good-by.'

"If White Bird had seen us make time for the next three miles he would have had sufficient evidence that we were obeying his advice to 'go quick.' But darkness overtook us when we had gone some four or five miles. We went up the timber, about two miles southwest of Sulphur Mountain, crept into some underbrush, and passed the night the best we could. My sisters suffered from cold, they having got their dresses pretty wet in swimming the Yellowstone.

"Sunday morning we struck across the country toward Bozeman, keeping in the timber until we struck the trail going down to the falls, and we came out within half a mile of where we afterward learned the unfortunate Helena party was camped. If I had known it, I could have warned them, and the lives of Kenck and Deitrich would have been saved. Twelve miles from the springs we met Lieutenant Schofield and party. They showed us every possible attention.

"Twenty minutes later we saw Pfister coming down the trail, who informed us of the attack on the Helena party that noon. Lieutenant Schofield escorted us to the springs, where we arrived at ten p.m. On Tuesday we arrived at Bozeman, having been met on the road by Mr. David Boreum with carriages."

TO RETURN to Mr. Cowan—it was reported that he was shot through the head, and no one entertained the hope that he was alive. But it seems that he was not born to be killed by an Indian bullet. The ball flattened and did not enter the skull.

Mr. Cowan thinks he remained insensible about two hours—from three o'clock (at which time the shooting took place) till five, when he regained consciousness. At first, he hardly knew whether he was in this world or some other, as he remembered seeing the Indian aim di-

(Continued on page 50)

A THREE-PAGE PORTFOLIO

REMEMBER ME —the LONELY ONE

By JANE ATWATER

Photos Courtesy Adrian Atwater

Sheepherder art is the language of wanderers— spoken to the wind and written on aspen bark

MANY PARENTS in Nevada can take their children into the high mountain valleys and show them where their grandfathers, or even great-grandfathers, left their marks on the white bark of the aspen trees.

Sheepherder art, unique to this country, began in the late 1800s when young Basque men first came from their homes in the Pyrenees to our western territories to make their fortunes as sheepherders.

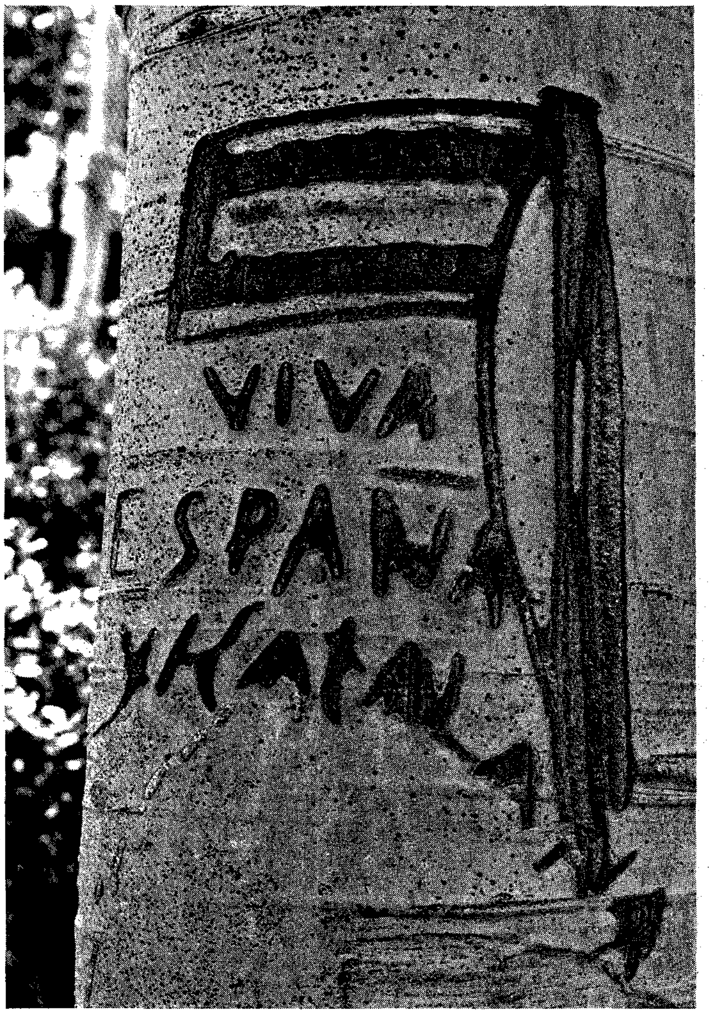
Each man, with his charges and a couple of good sheep dogs, spent all but the coldest winter months in the wilderness areas, moving his flock from grove to grove as forage was depleted. The herder lived in a tent or camp wagon, cooked his meals at dawn and dusk, and spent his mornings herding his sheep with the help of his dogs. For a few hours in the afternoon while the sheep were bedded down, he devoted part of his time to carving his mark on the trees.

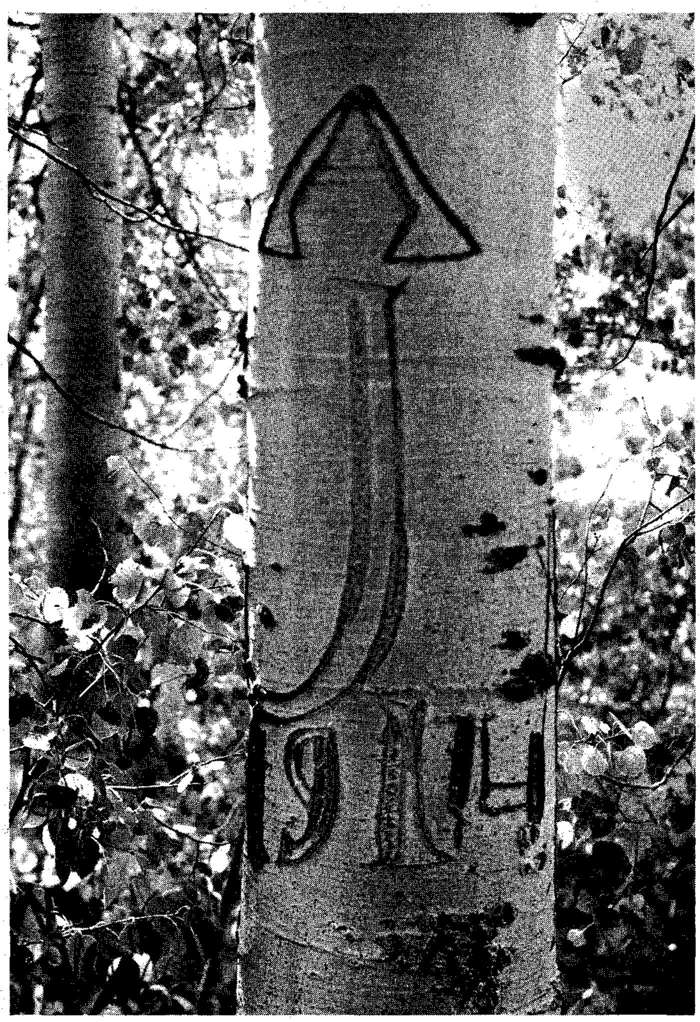
Each artist had his own sign. An initialed star, a ship's anchor, the head of a woman or whatever his specialty was, is easily recognized from grove to grove, and if he dated his drawings his history can be traced throughout the mountains. Occasionally a tree would serve as a sort of register with each man leaving his initials or name and the date so other herders would know who had passed that way.

The loneliness of the herders' lives led to many pictures of men (presumably themselves) in amorous embrace with the girls of their dreams. So explicit is the detail of these drawings that the groves in which they appear should bear signs "For Adults Only."

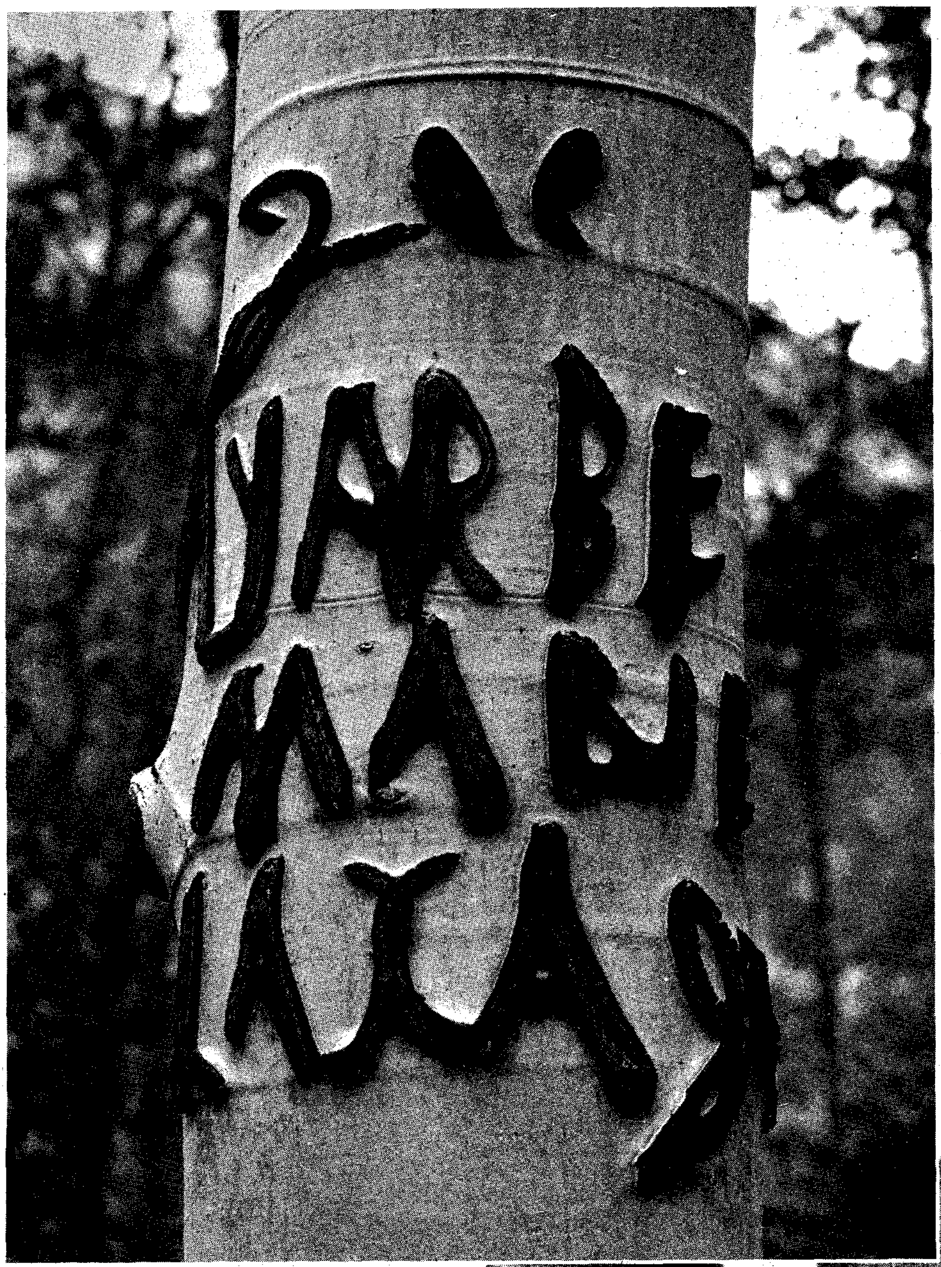
The herder pressed the blade of his knife into the half-inch deep smooth white bark and cut whatever design he had in mind. As the tree grew the cut widened. Basques who herded sheep in the early days say that such art work was not practiced in the Pyrenees because the trees were not suitable for it.

ANY WESTERN states having aspen groves bear testimony to the herders who passed that way. Nevada has several locations which can be easily reached in





Left, this patriotic Basque obviously came from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. Right, "A. J." left a modest memento of his year in the high country.



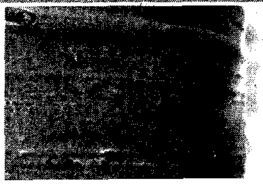
standard vehicles. The Schell Creek Range in the Ely area is one of them. The Forest Service has provided camping and picnic facilities along the fine fishing streams which flow through the aspen groves.

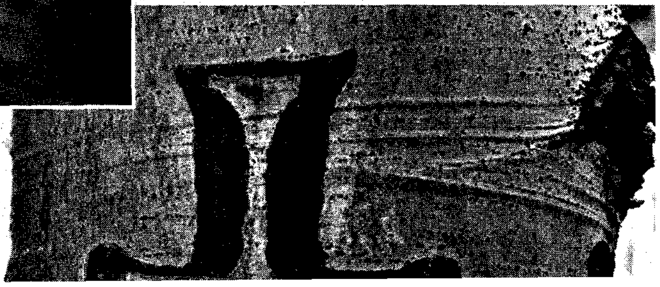
The Copper Basin, north of Elko, is the scene of flamboyant color in the fall, and well worth the trip. A state road map and a standard vehicle with a full tank of gas is all a traveler needs (besides an ample picnic lunch) to enjoy the art in this area. A road turns off Highway 51 a few miles past North Fork and proceeds east and then north.

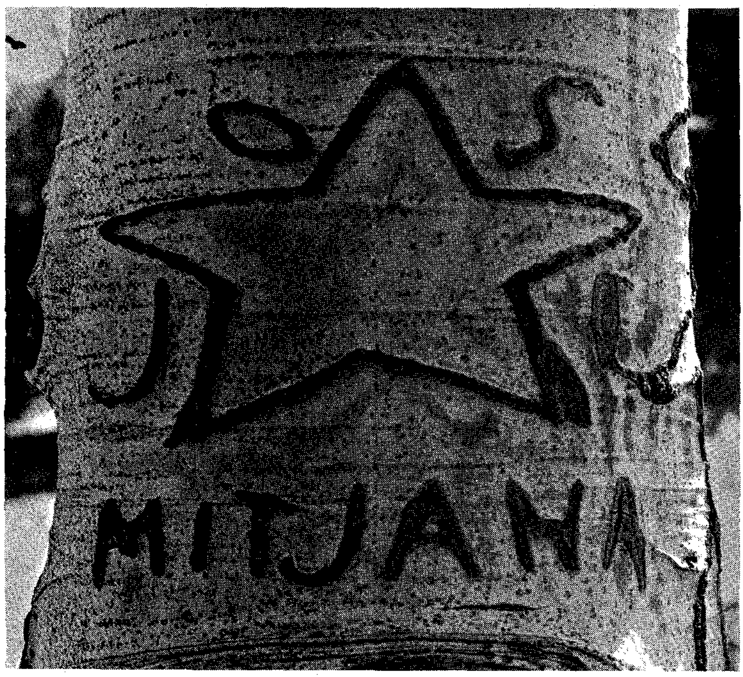
Near Lake Tahoe are five groves within a five-mile radius. At Spooner's Summit on Highway 50 a dirt road leads in a southeasterly direction up into the hills. Here, only four-wheel drive vehicles can manage the steep grades and rough roads. The area is inaccessible in wet weather and is closed in fire season. It would be wise for the traveler to stay on the Forestry road because many little trails veer off it, and one easily could become lost. In these five groves pornographic subjects abound, and it is suggested that any children be left at home with Grandma.

Although dates from the last century can still be found, most have been lost because time toppled the older trees. It would seem that bark decorating hit its peak during the depression of the 1930s when sheep raising was one of the few big businesses. Since then, much of the privately owned land has barred sheep grazing in order to return the land to its former state but a few herders with their flocks still wander over the hills, practicing their unique art.

Above, this carving protruded through the bark, forming a sharp contrast to most sheepherder art. Right, the cross left by a bygone artist professes his faith. Below, the shepherd who cut this anchor must have served some time in the navy.



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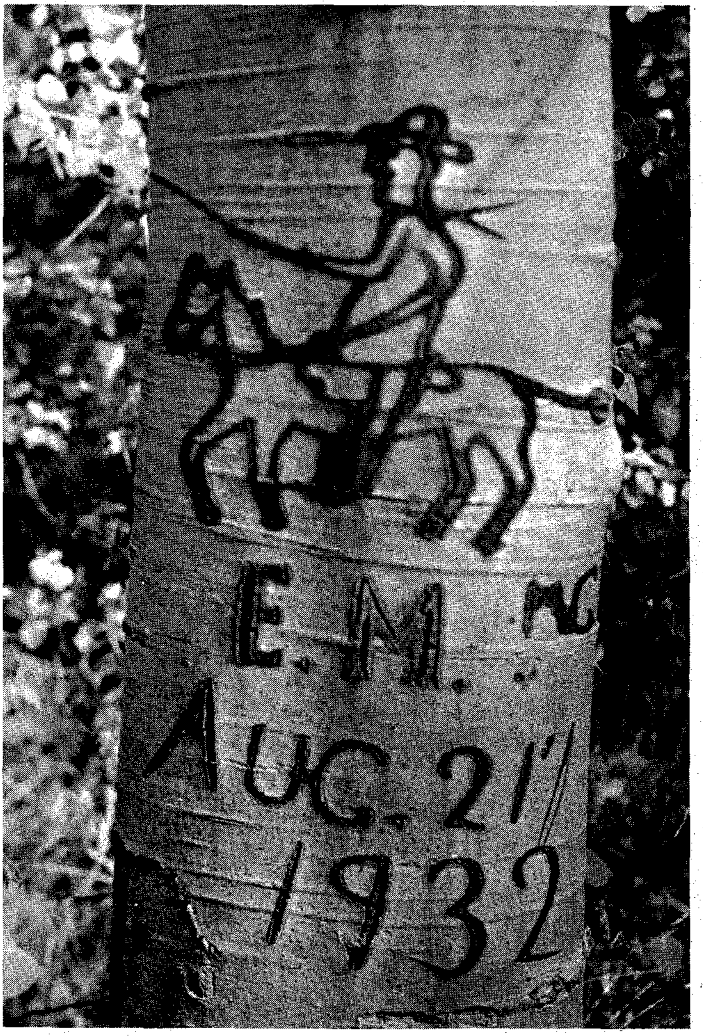
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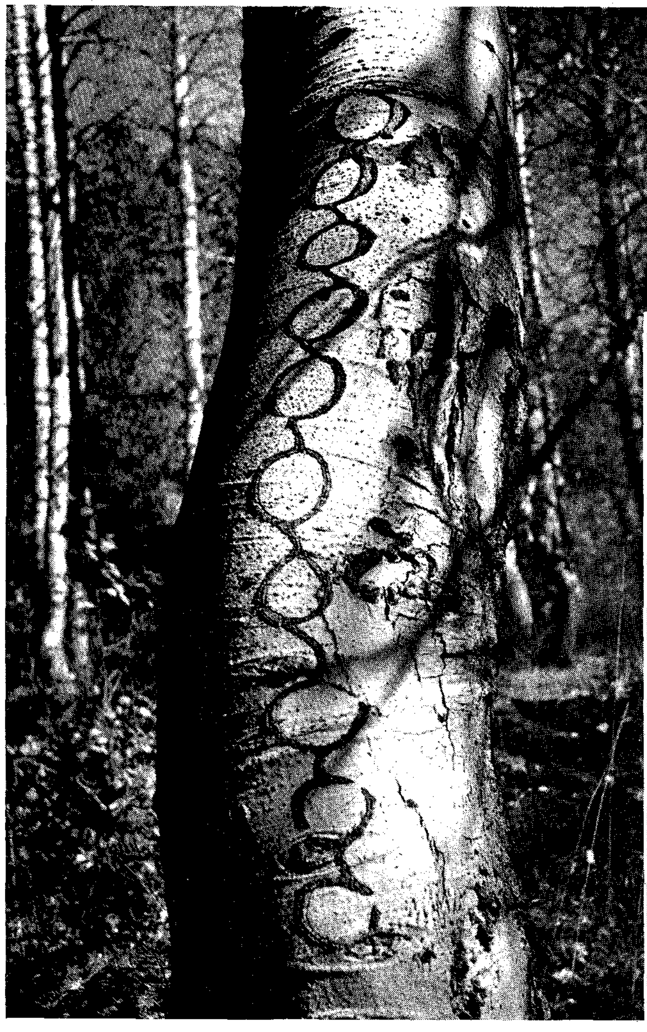
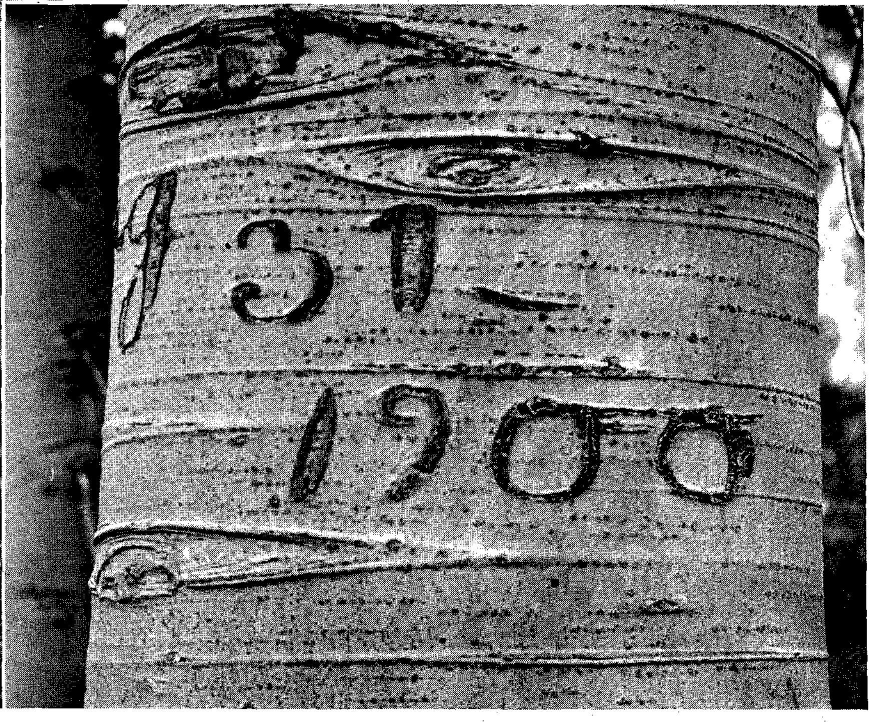
Above, Jose Mitjana left this star symbol on many trees in the grove. Right, this herder could have portrayed a passing cowboy.



Left, the chain carved by a herder makes one wonder about his thoughts. *Below, one of the oldest dates found in the grove.*



The DEVIL CHASED HIM

By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

Photos Courtesy Author

OVER the high plateau a June moon shone through the juniper and piñon with unusual brilliance. The peaceful night was still. Then came the hoot of an owl, and almost instantly the hogan exploded with fear-stricken people.

Hosteen Behegade appeared first, carrying Alice Long Salt in his arms. The sixteen-year-old girl was slowly wasting away, afflicted by some unknown destroyer. Behind him came his wife number one, Hazel Hosteen Nez, lovingly known as "Grandma Behegade," then number two wife, Julia, Hazel's daughter by a former marriage. Agnes, Julia's sister, a smaller girl and two boys were last.

Before the hogan stood a wagon always kept loaded and ready for sudden departure. It was filled with family belongings. A saddled horse stood tied at the endgate.

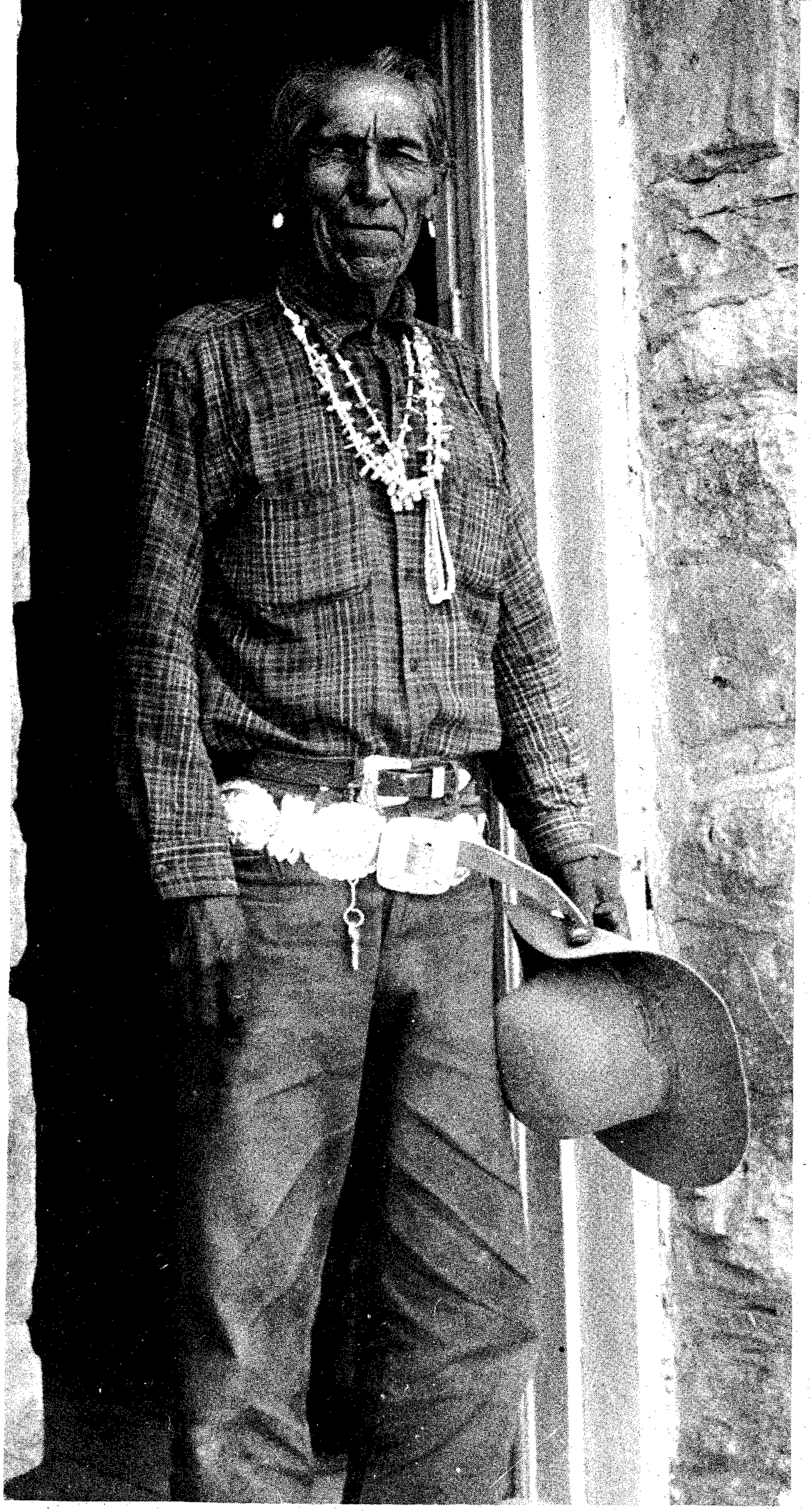
With Alice placed in the wagon bed, Behegade sprinted to some nearby trees for the harnessed team. The others gathered up a few cooking utensils and bedding. Jumping onto the spring seat Behegade whipped the horses into a hard run, plunging away as though ten thousand devils snapped at his heels.

He didn't need to look around for his family. This frenzied departure was an old story to them. Hazel Hosteen Nez, fat and graying, had mounted the saddled horse. The rest of the family were in the wagon bed.

For the balance of the night, they continued their wild flight. The wagon bounced over the rough countryside away from known roads and trails. Once more the horrible *chindi* (devil—an evil spirit) had caught up with them.

The unseen spectre of death was not exactly "after" the Behegade family. It ruthlessly sought the slowly dying Alice

When the hoot of an owl warned of the *chindi*'s presence, there was nothing to do but flee



Hosteen Behegade moved fast to escape the devil.

Alice Long Salt, at age thirteen, last of the Long Salt family to die

to put an end to her in compliance with an ancient order from an evil man. The last of her family, the poor girl was the adopted niece of Behegade.

Long before she was born, almost a century before, she had been doomed to death. Her short life had been an existence of apprehension. From an early age she had known of her eventual fate about which nothing could be done. Friends and neighbors of her protectors did, too. These sorrowing people were abject in their helplessness, bowing to the religious laws by whose mandates Navajo Indians had lived untold centuries.

Placed on them by a powerful medicine man, the "curse," if curse it were, had taken the lives of all her family. The medicine man himself had been dead for a hundred years. When the last of Alice's family succumbed, the small, frail girl faced an incredible future alone. Maddeningly unjust, the long-atoned-for guilt had passed on to the one most innocent.

IT ALL started about the year 1825. Three centuries before then, so the clan's legend goes, seven families migrated down the San Juan River west into the Navajo Mountain country of north-central Arizona. One of them was the Long Salt family.

In a great canyon wilderness, in a refuge cut off by themselves, the Long Salts spread, increased and prospered. The men were fighters and hunters. By raiding, they acquired horses, sheep and goats as soon as the other Indians received them from the Spaniards.

After the turn of the 19th century they made annual expeditions to present-day New Mexico to trade. On each return to the fastnesses against the Colorado River the Long Salts raided, but their guarded frontiers held off aggressors and peace dwelled in their own land.

The year of the curse, as white men would call it, and its subsequent episodes of futile defense, began when a Long Salt man became ill from having had bad dreams. The restive spirit of a dead enemy was suspected of tormenting him.

A blind, but renowned and powerful medicine man was brought in from the Tsegi country to hold a three-day *b'jene,* or sing, over the patient.

Part of his pay for the ceremony was five butchered sheep. When men were sent to a distant grazing flock for them an impetuous Navajo demurred.

"Why give him valuable sheep?" he asked. "Let us dress out five antelope for him. He will never know the difference."

The others were amused over the trick, and agreed. Navajo sheep of those days were long haired, "gamey" tasting, and about the size of the wild antelope then running in the Rainbow Plateau area. With the heads and lower legs removed at the knees, it wasn't likely the medicine man's family could identify the carcasses for what they were. Accordingly the antelope were substituted for sheep; the blind medicine man was conducted home with much fanfare; and the matter was forgotten within a few weeks.

The first to die, later traceable to a *chindi,* was an old man. His death was considered due to the infirmities of age. Then a young man fell dead for no perceivable cause. Every few months some member of the Long Salt family died. Others became ill and suffered a long time before succumbing, most of them simply growing thin and wasting away, as Alice Long Salt was to do a century later.

Realizing that something most unusual was happening, the Long Salts tried every means possible to solve the fearsome mystery. Finally the story of the antelope exchange for mutton was confessed by the perpetrators. Family leaders met in worried council, trying to determine what counter-action to employ. They were certain that having discovered how he was cheated, the blind medicine man had put a powerful *chindi* on the Long Salts in revenge.

A party of dignified headmen went to see him. After much powwowing and stalling, the crafty medicine man admitted to being very angry when the duplicity had been discovered. After much pleading by the headmen, he agreed to remove the *chindi* for a price—but at the moment he did not know what to charge for his services. If they would return in ten days he would have reached a decision.

On the morning of the tenth day the headmen kept their appointment. To their horror, they learned that during the interim the medicine man had died. There had been no final word from him to his family whether or not the *chindi* had been removed.

Other medicine men and diviners were brought in. All their efforts to determine what *chindi* had been put on the Long Salts failed. Some of the family was always sick and ailing, suffering a great deal before dying.

Every devil-chasing and healing chant known to the Navajos was tried. None of them did any good. Long Salts continued to expire as the years rolled on. The trouble was that there were hundreds of different *chindis* which could inflict damage on the human race. Which one threatened to exterminate the Long Salt family could not be ascertained.

WHEN the white man's medicine eventually arrived in western Navajo country, aid was sought there. The doctors, at first suspecting tuberculosis, soon found that no disease, inherited or otherwise, was the source of the Long Salts' trouble.

Those versed in Navajo religion declared grimly, "The *chindi* was put on the Long Salts to exterminate the entire family. That is what will come to pass

Behegade kept his wagon ready to run from the *chindi.*

and nothing whatever can be done about it."

In this particular Long Salt family there were, in 1825, slightly more than a hundred members, including those who had married into other clans. They, also, were prime targets of the curse, and could not escape the consequences. Another Long Salt family at Navajo Mountain seemed exempt from the medicine man's wrath. Their descendants live there today.

Despite annual additions by births, the number of Long Salts steadily declined. By 1900 only ten were living. Long since, they had despaired of the family's survival. All were men, women and children born many years after the passing of those doomed to death in the first three generations.

Alice Long Salt was born in 1912. She grew up small, slender and beautiful. There were then only five of the family remaining, and all were young. They were her parents, two uncles and an aunt.

Curiously, anyone marrying into the family met the same fate as a blood Long Salt. Alice's mother died when the girl reached seven and while she was attending the Tuba City boarding school at the Indian agency. Alice's father became skin and bones, dying two years later. That left her an orphan. The remaining three Long Salts were ill, crippled and helpless. Friends cared for them, watching them fade into nothing before their eyes.

At this point Hosteen Behegade, married to Hazel and Julia, adopted Alice. Related to her mother by clan ties, not blood, he could escape the *chindi*, just as others had who aided the stricken people. Alice continued in school, her summers being spent near Inscription House trading post with the Behegade family.

When I first saw her she was a soft-spoken, fair-skinned girl with bright, brown eyes. Yet it was perceivable that a great sadness, a kind of utter helplessness, surrounded her. A spirit of resignation marked her speech whether she talked in Navajo or English. Because of the pity felt for one cast into hell through no fault of her own, my trader family and I sought every means possible to aid her. These efforts were devoted to securing medical attention, but several doctors found nothing whatever that could be diagnosed. There just wasn't any reasonable explanation for her strange illness.

In time, our attitude became that of the Navajos themselves, one of grieved helpless awareness of the inevitable. It was like my father said of other strange and unexplainable incidents among the tribesmen, "I don't know how or why they happen. All I know is that they do."

Alice's grades were highest in her class. She was exceptionally intelligent. Yet she wasn't interested in school, and had no plans for the future. Very calmly she accepted the fact that she had none.

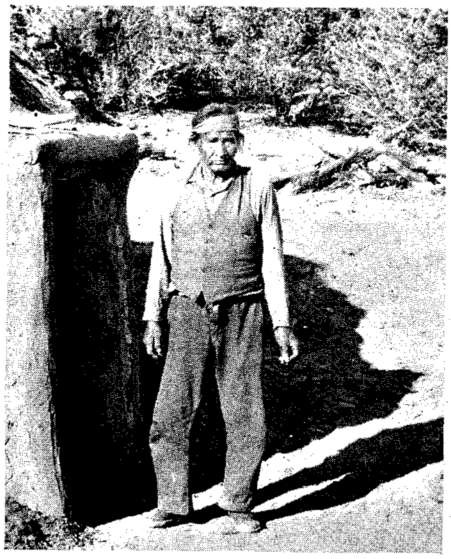
By 1925 her remaining two uncles and aunt were gone. That left her the last of the Long Salt family. Tight-lipped Navajos said that with her death the old curse of the blind medicine man would end.

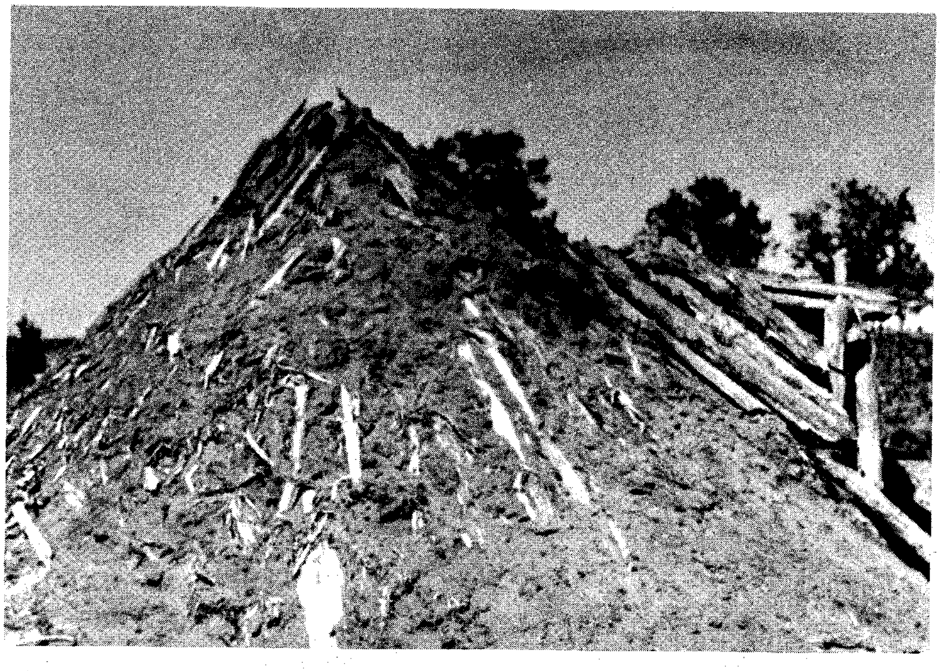
The following year her teachers discovered Alice occasionally sick in school. But the Tuba City hospital doctors could find nothing organically wrong with her. Of course, none of them knew about the *chindi* which had now concentrated all its diabolical attention on the last Long Salt.

Alice came home to the Behegades that fall never to return to school. Ailing constantly, she lay around the hogan. Listless and seldom stirring from her blankets, she ate little. My mother and wife carried her many food delicacies but they failed to arouse her appetite.

Up to this point Behegade had been well off in sheep, horses and a few cattle. An aging man, six feet tall, he had determined to fight it through someway despite the *chindi*. To this end he hired medicine men who held one ceremony after another.

Such important nine-day rite tribal practitioners as Hosteen Natissani, Yellow Left Hand, Sagneyazza, Teesyatoh and a dozen others periodically tried their skill. Their efforts were directed toward curing the girl with native herb medicine. Privately they admitted there wasn't any use.





Left, medicine man Hosteen Natissani tried to end the century-old curse which wiped out the Long Salts. Below, dirt covering the death hogan washed off when the rains came.

BY LATE 1927 Behegade had expended all his property and was heavily in debt fighting bravely for the girl's life. He still managed to persuade a sympathetic medicine man or two to hold healing ceremonies. They did it without charge, knowing their magic was foredoomed to failure.

That year Behegade evolved a plan. To finish off the stricken girl the *chindi* had to be present. Therefore, if it could not find her, the girl would continue to live. His idea was to keep moving constantly, concealing his trail. By this means he could prevent the *chindi* from locating Alice.

Leaving some of his relatives behind to look after his property, he moved to Red Mesa in a wagon with his family. He did so during the night, doubling back on his tracks, circling and employing other tricks to keep the *chindi* from following.

For five days the family stayed in this new hogan. Members could come and go, attending to work, visiting friends or the trading post; but in going back to the hogan where Alice rested briefly, their trails must always be concealed.

On the second such move Alice seemed to be improving. At the third, on the rim of Cow Springs Canyon, she actually began walking again.

One dark night an owl hooted close by. When none of the family roused out, the nocturnal bird kept it up for an hour. At dawn Alice Long Salt was too weak to leave her blankets. The *chindi* had found its innocent victim again. From then on Behegade always obeyed the owl's hoot, believing that it had come to his aid against the *chindi*.

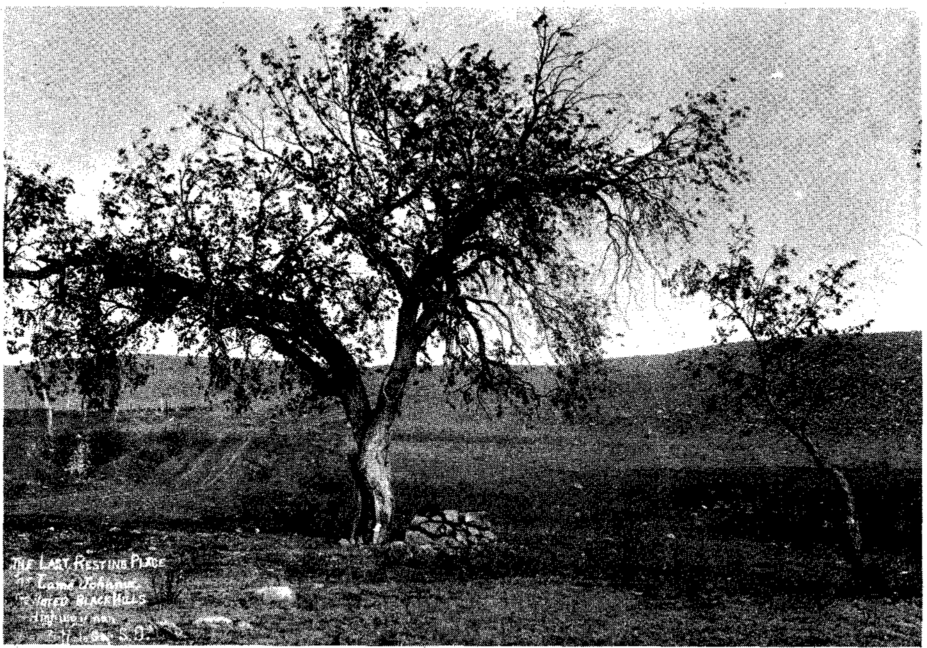
(Continued on page 53)

WHO ROBBED the MAIL COACH?

Honor among thieves or collusion between thieves? In any event, everybody fared better than Lame Johnny—

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photo Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society



Lame Johnny was buried beneath this lonely tree near Buffalo Gap, South Dakota.

JOHN BAPTIST FURAY, Special Agent for the U. S. Post Office Department from 1870 to 1883, had as his territory a vast unsettled region in the West. Furay was especially active in running down and bringing to justice road agents in the Black Hills who preyed upon stagecoaches carrying mail and treasure.

On the night of June 9, 1879, two masked men stopped and robbed the mail coach about fifty miles from Fort Meade, Dakota Territory. The following letters which Inspector Furay wrote to the Hon. A. D. Hazen, Third Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D.C., and to Colonel D. B. Parker, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department at Washington, respectively, reveal an unusual twist to this robbery.

Hon. A. D. Hazen
3rd Asst. P.M. Genl.
P. O. Department
Washington, D. C.

January 8, 1880

Sir:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 5th inst. inquiring as to the result of my investigation in the matter of the loss of Registered Stamp package No. 38272 addressed to the P. M. at Fort Meade, Dakota, stolen at the time of the robbery of the Mail Coach on the night of June 9th, 1879 by two masked men, near Dry Creek, Dakota, and within about 50 miles of Fort Meade.

In response I have to state that my investigation is considerably "mixed."

The stage was robbed by two masked men, and they also rifled this package and robbed a Jew of a watch and some silver money. We arrested two fellows named John McDonald and Fritz Staurck and they were tried at the August term of the Court at Rapid City, Dak. under the territorial law, first for the crime of highway robbery, and then, in the U. S. Courts, for robbing the U. S. Mails. We convicted them in both cases, so that their sentences would be for life for robbing the mails, as they used and presented dangerous weapons in committing the robbery. And then they would, besides, get no less than 10 years for violating the state laws, which was a sure riddance of these fellows for at least 10 years after they were dead! !

About the time of the capture of McDonald and Staurck, there were, however, two fellows named Frank Harris and "Lame Johnny" (for short, as no one knew his real name), who had been leading away some halters with horses in them. And the boys followed them also and one of them, Lame Johnny, got so badly strangled with a rope while the stage stopped to rest, as he was being conveyed to jail, that he only lived a few minutes. Harris, however, was more fortunate in getting conveyed safely to jail, although the breathing would not have been good for him either had his coming been known to the "disease" that the night before proved fatal in Lame Johnny's case.

Harris was tried at the same term of the Court and during the same term, for simple horse stealing and, of course, was convicted, as was proper. But when the Court came to sentence him some days after, he, after "getting his little medicine," which was 7 years at hard labor at Detroit, Michigan, arose in court and offered a sworn statement, which was to the effect that the robbery of the stage was not committed by McDonald and Staurck, as we had proven it had been, but by himself and Lame Johnny, who had previously been strangled as stated —that they were the scoundrels who did the devilment themselves.

This disclosure seemed to affect the Court to such an extent that it seems he (the Judge) suspended sentence upon McDonald and Staurck and they are yet in jail at Deadwood, Dak. and I must be in Deadwood on the 27th inst. to see what is going to be further done about it.

Harris not only confessed to having committed the crime, but he did more—he told where a lot of the plunder taken in the robbery was hidden away off in the mountains, and directed the officers where to go; and they went and they found the "trunk" hidden just where he said they would.

I presume the effect will be to liberate McDonald and Staurck, although I think I can see in the matter simply a good, clean act of collusion between Harris and the two robbers, who were confined in jail for several months with him, his opportunities being able to save them and not hurt himself. But that is the exact shape of the case at present writing. The Fort Meade P. M. never rec'd the stamps in the package in question, and so you can properly allow him credit for the amount.

I will report results when the case is finally concluded and I return the papers to my chief, Col. D. B. Parker.

I hope this gives you all the desired knowledge.

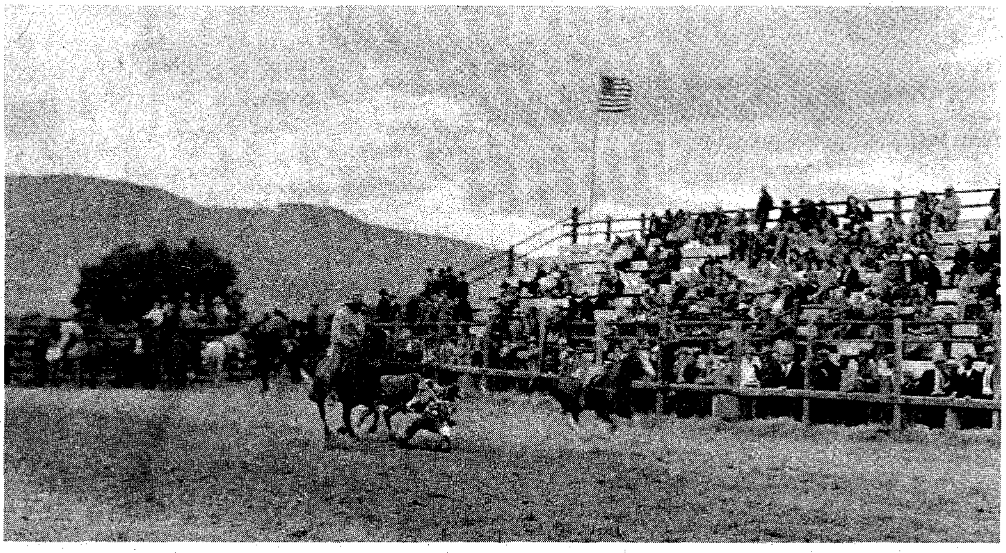
Respectfully,
Your obt. Servt.
John B. Furay, Spec'l. Agent

SIX MONTHS later, Furay made his final report. It must have been with a great deal of frustration that he recapped a year of legal maneuvering which closed the case as far as the courts were concerned, but which left many

(Continued on page 58)

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author



Bulldogging is a dangerous sport. Oral Zumwalt grabs the horns of a mean one in an early Livingston Roundup.

The PALE-HORSED RIDER

What ever happened to ......? When folks reminisce, that's the question which always comes up. Milt fills in the blanks concerning tragedies which overtook his friends in rodeo

A LOT of the great names of rodeo days aren't with us anymore. Good men and women they were, too. They lived hard, worked hard—and some of them died hard.

Some of them died in arenas around the world with thousands of horrified spectators watching. Over 15,000 were in the stands at the Dewey, Oklahoma, Roundup when J. M. Smith was gored. Smith had bulldogged a steer, and in some way lost his hold on the animal's horns. The steer backed off a few paces, then lowered his head and charged. One of the horns pierced Smith's right side as the steer tossed him into the air. When the steer charged again, Smith, though mortally wounded, fought it off with his feet until help arrived. Then he lost consciousness and was dead before medical aid was available.

Clyde Burke, one of the greatest of all calf-ropers; Red Thompson, whose famous horse, Hog Eyes, still lives; Ed Wright; George Daniels; Joe Blackstone, a terrific and famous Wild West Show performer; and my old friend Buffalo Vernon were other bulldogging victims. Vernon, whose real name was Jess B. Shisler, was the first man I know to have bulldogged a steer before an audience. This was in Pendleton in 1910. The following year, the Pendleton Rodeo officially sponsored a bulldogging contest and Vernon was the winner. He rode in all the rodeos after that; he and I worked on the 101 Ranch Show together and toured Australia. Buff died in Yerington, Nevada, in 1939, from injuries sustained after he'd been gored by a steer. He was truly a great one.

Bill McGuire, a good rodeo judge and bulldogger, died in a hospital from injuries received while he was trying to haze a steer away from another bulldogger. Bulls and steers were also responsible for the deaths of Walter Cravens, Texas Slocum, Andy Andelt, and Floyd Irwin. Cravens was trampled to death after being bucked off a bull in Madison Square Garden in New York in 1937. At his funeral, hard-riding cowboys broke down and cried as they walked around the casket. Hundreds of people who'd seen that last ride of his also came to the funeral and, though they'd never met him, mourned with the others because a good man had died.

BUCKING BRONCS tore up a lot of good riders. Most men and girls who contested on these kegs of dynamite suffered injuries of some kind at one time or another. Many lost their lives. Pete Knight—probably the greatest bucking horse rider of all times—was kicked in the chest in the Hayward, California, arena in 1937 after riding a horse called Duster. A rib punctured Pete's spleen, causing his death. He was only thirty-four years old but had ridden all the great bucking horses of his day.

Louise Hardwick was bucked off a horse and killed when Tex Austin's Rodeo was playing Soldier's Field in Chicago. Marie (Ma) Gibson died in a Montana rodeo. A bucking mare named Calamity Jane killed Red Harrington in a Mississippi rodeo in 1936. Bonnie McCarroll—who rode with her stirrups hobbled and was unable to escape a falling horse—died in Pendleton. After her death, the Pendleton Roundup and all the cowboy rodeo associations barred the cowgirls' bucking horse riding contest. Maybe they were wise to do so, I don't know. I saw some great women riders—Bertha Blancett, Nettie Hawn, Fanny Sperry Steele, Tillie Baldwin, to name a few—and they all rode without hobbles. They were as brave as any man and they were good-looking, too!

A heart attack felled Oral Zumwalt in a rodeo arena in 1962. He was a great one and has been honored by nomination to the Cowboy Hall of Fame at Oklahoma City. Guy Dodgion, a 101 Ranch all-around hand, died while contesting, and Clay McGonigal, my good friend and a champion steer-roper, died at a rodeo in Arizona. But not in the arena. He stepped on a bare light cable which was connected to a merry-go-round and it burned the lights out on that champion roper forever. A cruel and unfortunate accident.

An accident also snuffed out the life of Joaquin Sanchez, one of the best rodeo clowns in the business. Joaquin was returning to his Kern County, California, ranch after a rodeo, and had parked his truck across the highway from a restaurant. A car struck and killed him as he was crossing to get something to eat.

A car smash-up took Bob Crosby's life, too. Mickey McCrory and Tom Knight were killed together on a road in Wyoming and Tom's brother Nick and Nick's wife, Fay, a good little trick rider, died in a plane crash. Bee Broso Kirnan, who'd been with the 101 Ranch Show, a great bronc and trick rider, was killed crossing a California highway. Smoky Snyder, Buck Stuart, Eddie Curtis, Jasbo Fulkerson, Eddie Cameron and his brother, and two great women performers, Lucille Mulhall and Annie Oakley, were auto crash victims. Annie lived for several years after her accident but Lucille, who'd been a great roper and had even won contests with top men ropers of her day, lost her life in an auto and truck collision outside of Mulhall, Oklahoma.

MANY good cowboys "rode" for Uncle Sam during World Wars I and II. Lee Caldwell, whom I'd ridden with in Denver, was killed in France, I believe, in 1918. Fritz Truan, one of the all-time great riders, was killed in action in World War II. Fritz liked the tough bad horses and paid as high as $100 to get to draw them. He rode Hell's Angels, and few men can claim to have done the same.

Doc Blackstone died of a fever he contracted in the South Pacific while in the service and Lupe Linderman, after making something of a record in the mountain fighting in Italy, died in action there.

Al Keefer and Bill Pickett, two top-flight cowboys, were killed in ranch accidents. Like most cowboys, they'd worked hard all their lives; they were real men and they went with their boots on.

Others might have contributed to their own tragic ends. Excitement sort of stuck to them wherever they went—and good rodeo hands knew what a six-gun was and some weren't afraid to use one. Todd Whatley, Louis Tindall, Charlie Broadnax, Junior Caldwell, Goldie Butner, Andy Robertson, Henry Grammer and Harry Tipton (Harry Bowles) each met death violently, but each had been a man and had made rodeo audiences cheer when he was out in the arena.

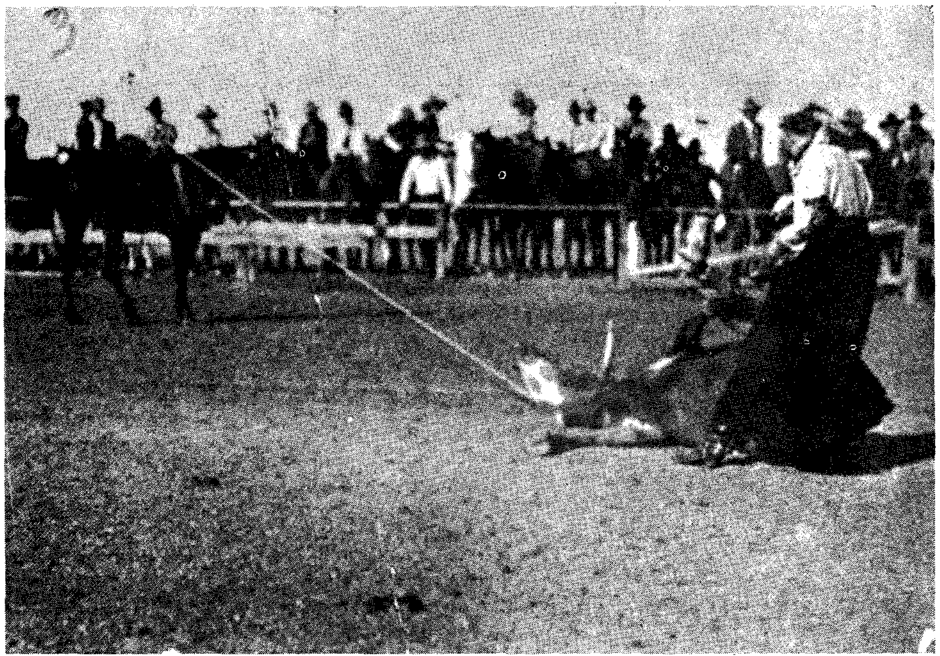
Gone—so many of them are gone now. It seems like not a month goes by, but what I get news in the mail that I've lost another old-time friend. Fred Alvord's dead—he was secretary for my rodeos, then worked for Frank Moore at Madison Square Garden for over twenty years. Buck Lucas, a really good friend, passed away in 1960 in Fort Worth. I remember when he won the bulldogging contest in Wembley Stadium in London in 1924. Chester Byers, the greatest trick roper I ever saw, and his friend Bob Calen are both gone. So is Tom Kirnan, who passed away in his sleep in Iowa Park, Texas. And Bryant Roach died in Fort Worth of a heart attack. They were all great hands.

FRANK McCARROLL; Hugo Strickland; John Bowman; Lula Parr; Alice Sisty; Sam Stuart; H. C. Kester; Mike Hastings ("Old Juicy"), who always had the best dogging horses; Shorty Hill; Tillie Baldwin (Anna Matilda Winter Slate), who was once billed with Will Rogers; Dorothy Morrell; Dave Whyte; Lorena Trickey, one of the most colorful women riders and winner of the All-Around Cowgirl championship; C. R. Roberts ("Oklahoma Curly"); Rube Roberts; Booger Red (Samuel Thomas Privett); Jimmie Nesbeth; John Davis, who had a heart of gold and loved to drive the wild broncs in the "Roman Races"; Dolly Eskew, whose son, Jim Jr., is a current rodeo champion; Tex Austin; Elmo Carr and his brother Clay; Al Hayes; and the whole Linderman family—John, Doug, Bud, Bill, Lupe—have gone to their reward. And I miss them.

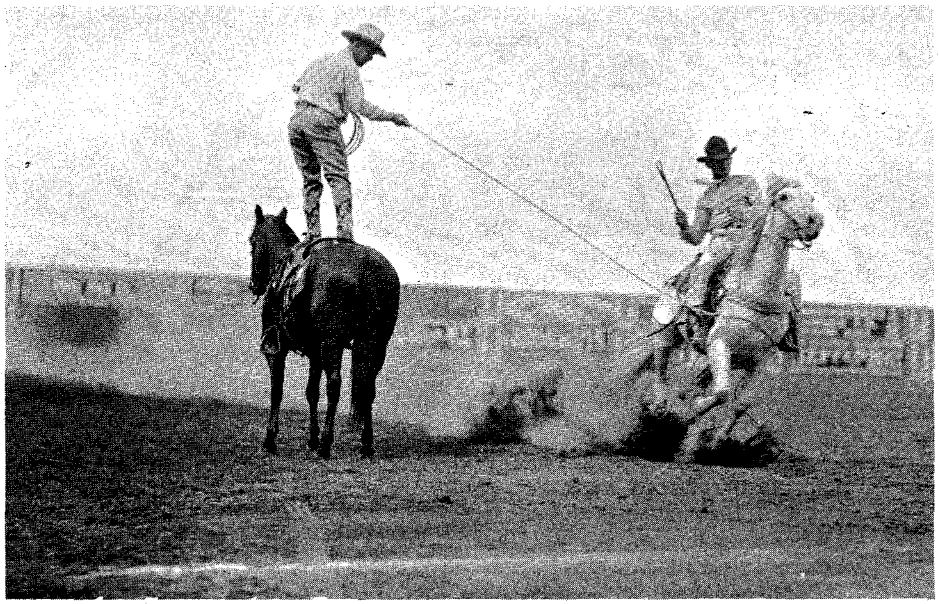
Charles L. Aldridge—gosh, he was a great one! He carried the cowboy image all over the world and was one of the darndest trick riders I ever saw. He was with me in South America on the 101 Ranch Wild West Show and played all over Europe and later went with the famous Madame Pegle Circus. He owned his own broncs and a big steer which he bulldogged for audiences that had never even seen or heard of a cowboy before.

He was still working for rodeos when he died at seventy-eight. The rodeo—Colonel Jim Eskew's—had been in Plainfield, Connecticut. No, not a cowboy or cowgirl was in sight when his long and colorful life came to an end thousands of miles from the West in which he grew up.

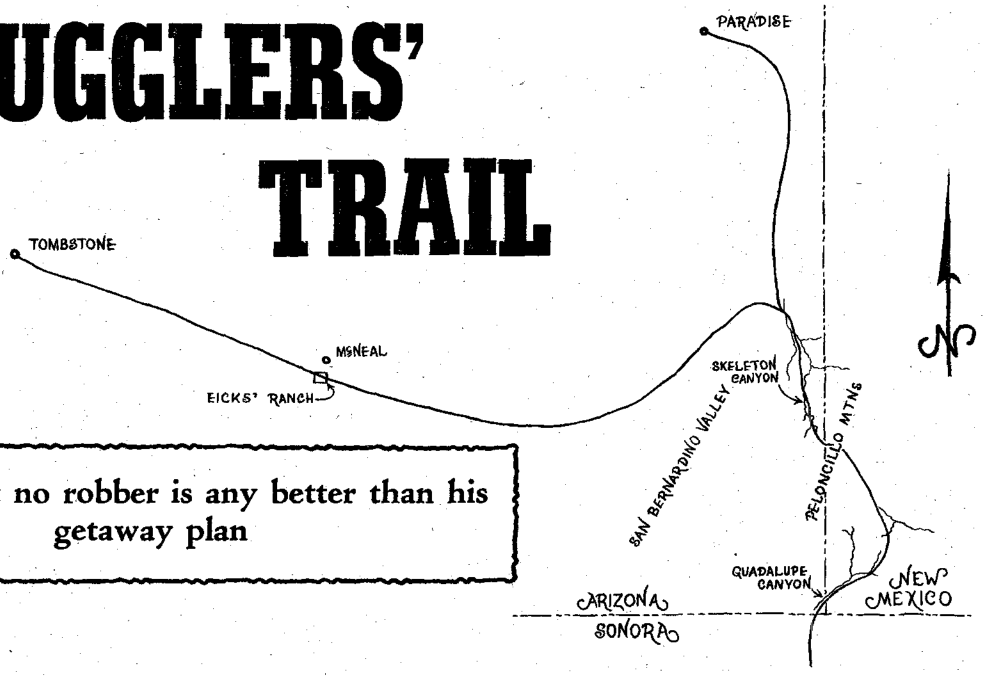
I remember them all. I rode with them and worked with them, fought with some of them, laughed with them, shared a life that we thought was better than any other. Let me say from the bottom of this eighty-five-year-old heart: "May they all rest in peace, and may God bless their souls."



Above, Lucille Mulhall demonstrates that women, too, can participate in rough events, such as steer roping. Below, Chester Byers, champion trick roper, shows how it is done.



SMUGGLERS' TRAIL



It's said that no robber is any better than his getaway plan

By ROBERT L. THOMAS

Photos Courtesy Author

SMUGGLERS' TRAIL, which knew the footsteps of Johnny Ringo, Curly Bill Brocius, the Clantons and the Earp brothers, is fast disappearing under grass, brush and the general attrition of the past ninety years.

The storied, bloody path leading through the southeast part of Arizona, into New Mexico and then into the wilds of the Sierra Madre Mountains of Old Mexico is all but forgotten today.

As far as I know, only one man, Henry R. Eicks, can give the exact route of Smugglers' Trail. All the rest, the outlaws, the lawmen who pursued them, and the Apaches who preyed on both, are gone.

Eicks lives in the little hamlet of McNeal, Arizona, between Willcox and Douglas, and once owned a ranch which straddled Smugglers' Trail. He saw plenty of killing in his time—by Apaches, by outlaws and by supposedly law-abiding ranchers.

"The good old days!" he snorted. "They call them the good old days. I'm glad to see them go. They were bad. Bad times, bad people, and living was tough."

Victim of a major operation and a recent heart attack, Eicks can no longer ride a horse. If he could, he said, he would follow the old Trail with someone just to mark its twisting, climbing path through the isolated and little known Peloncillo Mountains on the Arizona-New Mexico line.

From Mexico it passes through the pines of Cloverdale Creek and the Animas Valley in New Mexico, over the Arizona state line and down through the maze of Skeleton Canyon into the rolling hills of the upper San Bernardino Valley.

The Trail originally led to Tombstone, the focal point of all the ill-gotten contraband which was smuggled across the border. Buyers for everything from rustled cattle to hijacked *pesos* could be found there.

Another less used branch of the Trail wound north to the outlaw hangouts of Galeyville and Paradise on the northern edges of the Chiricahua Mountains.

Smugglers' Trail was a well marked, often traveled route before the turn of the century. It had the advantage of offering a secluded path through almost uninhabited country. Thieves, killers and bandits slipped from Arizona into New Mexico and back again. Lawmen, foolhardy enough to enter either corner of the two states in their pursuit, were often frustrated by the fact that the wanted men could evade a warrant by stepping across the state line or into Mexico itself.

For a time, because of the absence of an effective law body, the area was almost a nation unto itself, whose only recognized jurisdiction was the law of bullet and knife.

THIS REPUTATION had abated somewhat—but not much—when Eicks moved there from Tucson in 1901. He bought his ranch in 1905, building a shack for his bride out of scrap lumber and hope. Smugglers' Trail bisected his property, actually passing between the house and the corral.

Within the environs of the ranch was the Clantons' dugout, a shelter hacked from the side of a dirt bank. Billy, Phinn, Ike and their father, "Old Man" Clanton, batched there and held herds of rustled cattle nearby until the heat wore off.

Eicks, a big, strong-looking man with

The Smugglers' Trail passed between Henry R. Eicks' ranch house and corral.

a square, honest face, said the dugout was still covered with a roof of pine poles and beargrass when he first saw it.

"The door, swinging on rawhide hinges, was still on too. I used to store my salt and cattle feed inside," Eicks said.

Seven miles west of the Clanton dugout was the adobe shack of Johnny Ringo, a solitary, gentlemanly killer and mortal enemy of Wyatt Earp. Ringo and the Clantons often teamed up in disposing of a herd of cattle.

Another cohort, Curly Bill Brocius, is said to have ambushed a Mexican pack train loaded with contraband, killing the packers and the mules. As the story goes, the pack train was surrounded by Curly Bill's gang in Skeleton Canyon. As the Mexican packers were picked off, one by one, the mules stampeded up the canyon and the outlaws were forced to shoot the animals to prevent their running off with the loot. The bleached bones of the men and mules gave Skeleton Canyon its grisly name.

Will C. Barnes, in his *Arizona Place Names*, wrote that Brocius was joined by Old Man Clanton in the 1881 crime, in which five men were involved and about $75,000 in Mexican silver, captured.

The Tombstone *Epitaph* of August 5, 1881, reported four Mexicans were killed and $4,000 in silver *pesos* were stolen.

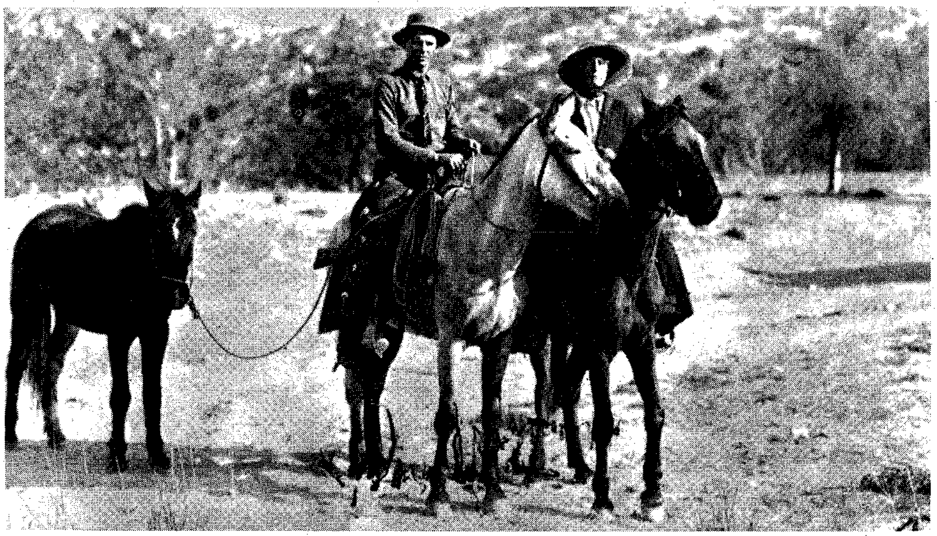
Barnes estimates the dead at between six and nineteen. He said that for many years after, ranchers in the San Simon area used the skulls of the slain Mexicans as soap bowls.

The survivors of the pack train massacre—or their friends—got revenge. A few years later Old Man Clanton, his son Phinn, and three others were slain in Guadalupe Canyon some twenty miles southeast of Skeleton Canyon (Guadalupe Canyon, incidentally, was once a main route of travel for immigrants and pioneers. They came down the Rio Grande from Albuquerque, entered Guadalupe Pass and passed down the canyon into Mexico. The route swung back into the United States and curved up to Tucson.)

Eicks disagrees with Barnes. He said, from talks with old-timers who had knowledge of the Skeleton Canyon killings, that the pack train contained gold bullion and not silver and that the loot—presumably stolen by the Mexicans in the interior of Mexico—was buried somewhere in Skeleton Canyon.

"I'm sure it's up there someplace. I heard also that the Mexicans quarreled among themselves and got into a gunfight. The winners buried the gold and ran back into Mexico. Maybe they were killed there or were afraid to come back. At least none of the gold showed up. If it had, someone would have been seen spending it here or in Tombstone."

IN 1886, Skeleton Canyon was the scene of another gathering of killers and thieves. This time it was Geronimo's murderous band. The Indians officially surrendered to the U. S. Army there after agreeing to end hostilities. The surrender monument seen from State Route 80 is not the actual spot. The real place of surrender is far up the canyon and is marked with a large cairn raised by a local rancher.



Eicks' brother-in-law, Chester Bartell, shown here with his wife, was murdered along the trail during World War I.

The bones which gave Skeleton Canyon its name remained intact longer than usual because of Arizona's dry, warm climate. Eicks remembers finding mule bones scattered up and down the canyon in 1909. He found an old-fashioned pack saddle, its hide and oak frame badly deteriorated by the passing years—mute evidence of the killings.

In those days, Eicks said, a man kept his own counsel. "The old-timers didn't talk much, except to close friends. You could get into a lot of trouble if you opened your mouth too much."

The rancher followed his neighbors' example when he happened to meet a stranger passing through his ranch on Smugglers' Trail. Often only a nod would pass between the men.

Eicks remembers vividly how, in the dim twilight one evening, he encountered a rider looming up in the darkness, very close at hand.

"I was just closing the gate to the corral when I saw him," said Eicks. "He didn't say anything and neither did I. But I watched him all the time until he vanished up the trail.

"Everyone went armed. It was the fashion. If you didn't go around heeled, you invited trouble."

Apaches, remnants of tribes forced out of Arizona and New Mexico by the army, still existed in the vastness of the Sierra Madre. Occasionally they would sweep up from Mexico to steal horses or to waylay and rob some lonely homesteader.

With U. S. Customs Agent Marian Wright, Eicks once spent a night in the Animas Valley. At the campfire was a ranch hand Eicks remembers only as "Fisher."

"He left us at 6 a.m., planning to ride down to the San Francisco Ranch, some twenty miles into Mexico, to look for a job.

"Four hours later, a Mexican rode into camp and told us Fisher had been shot and was lying on the trail. We got an extra horse and rode out.

"Fisher was dead. His horse, saddle and gun were gone. The Indians had killed him. We loaded his body on the horse just as fast as we could. We didn't know if the Indians were still around, watching us from some rock or tree.

"Wright said to me, 'Henry, are you scared?'

"'Can't you hear my knees rattling?' and I *was* scared," Eicks admitted. This happened in the winter of 1919-1920.

"I lost quite a few head of stock to the Indians. You know, they were smart. They'd wrap the hoofs of their ponies in rawhide and you couldn't tell which way they were traveling," he said.

Speaking of rustled cattle, Eicks said he lost a lot of cows to a neighboring rancher of some reputation. "He was a good man and all that, but he stole about as many of my cattle as anyone did."

Eicks, his voice a little bitter, explained.

"There was no law then. No sheriff you could call up for help. What law there was was bad. Some were no better than murderers themselves.

"Why, once in Douglas I was standing about three feet from a man, and a deputy came up and shot him dead. No warning at all. The fellow had done nothing. He was just an enemy of the deputy—who used the law as an excuse to kill him," Eicks said.

"In fact, every man I saw killed was murdered. There was none of that 'walk down the street' like you see in the movies, where each man is armed and looking for the other.

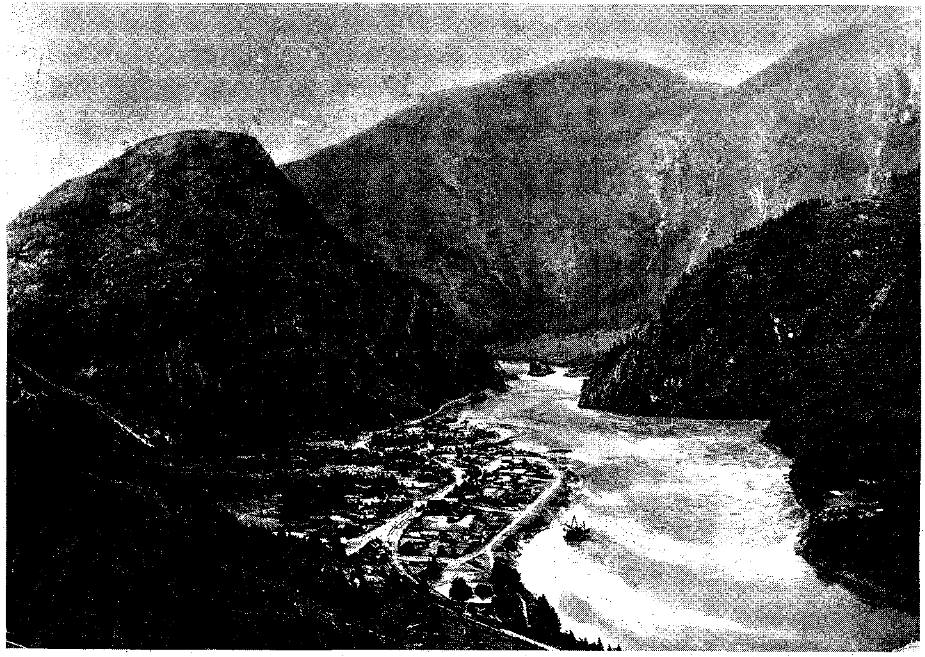
"No one gave anyone else a chance. Some folks around here had to kill a man every so often to keep up their reputations," he continued.

"My brother-in-law, Chester Bartell, was shot in the back along Smugglers' Trail. They say you can see his water bottle still lying beside the spot where he fell."

In 1918 Eicks sheltered John and Tom Powers, the famous Powers boys who killed three lawmen who tried to arrest them on a charge of draft dodging.

The Powers brothers, with Tom Sisson,

(Continued on page 46)



Yale, British Columbia, on the Frazer River at the end of the Cariboo Trail, about 1900

CARIBOO'S

By OLIVE F. SPENCER

Photos Courtesy City Archives, Vancouver, Canada

MANY a fortune was made by men who freighted goods over the more than 350 heart-breaking miles between Fort Yale on the Fraser River and the little outposts of Quesnel and later, Barkerville, in British Columbia during the goldrush. Conversely, many a fortune was lost.

One of these freight handlers, Frank Laumeister, had come to the Cariboo country in 1859 when the British colony's rich deposits were luring men from all parts of the world.

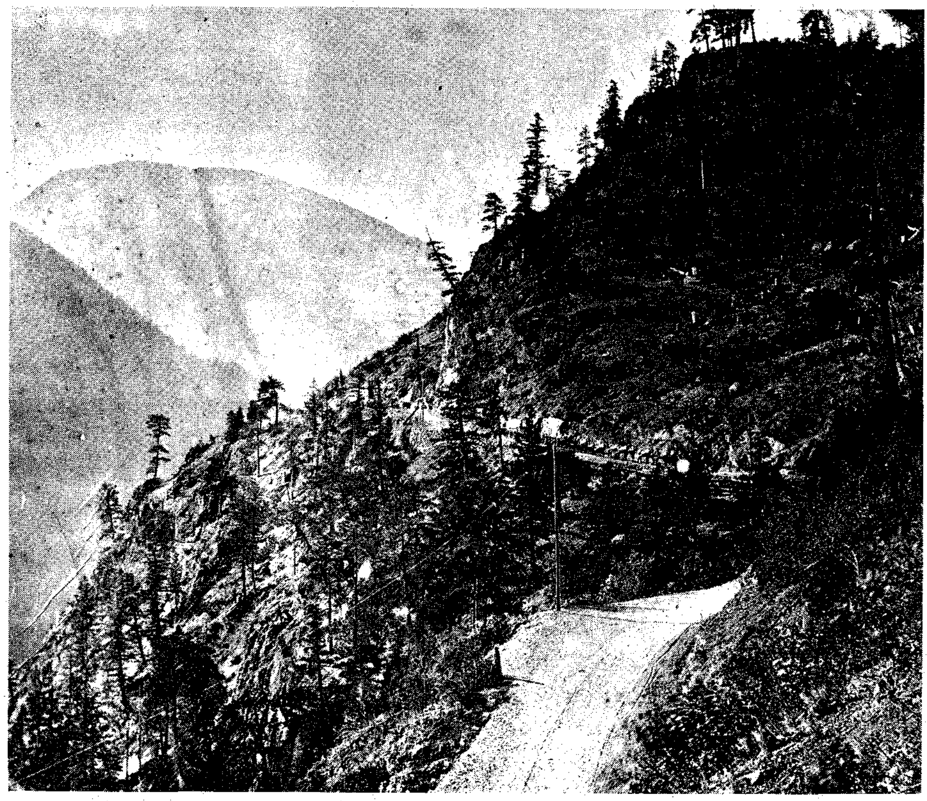
Mule pack trains vied with horse and ox-drawn wagons, and because of the extreme hazards of the route, and the time consumed, the cost of mailing a letter "outside" by 1860 was $1.00, the same as each pound of food, tools or necessary equipment delivered to the gold fields.

Laumeister's pack train of twenty-four mules could cover about fifteen miles a day on the northward trek. From Yale, the starting point, the road clung precipitously to the rocky walls of Fraser Canyon for six tedious miles. Sometimes the rough road scaled mountains; sometimes it snaked warily through swamps or wound ever so carefully through large areas of almost impassable deadfall. This was followed by desert-like terrain covered with sagebrush.

Laumeister's men knew their jobs but, nevertheless, animals and costly cargo were often lost when the beasts careened to their deaths on some particularly bad stretch of trail. The freight packers felt they earned every cent they made.

One day the little paddle-wheeler, which plied between Victoria on Vancouver Island and the little outpost of Yale, brought Frank Laumeister some important news via letter.

Freighters pass around Jackass Mountain on the rugged Cariboo Trail



"Well, Fred, I believe I've latched onto a great idea," he told one of his employes. "The United States Army is disposing of some camels they've been using as pack animals. I've come to the conclusion that camels would be ideal for hauling heavy loads up here. I intend to take the steamer out today and go down to the States. Try to keep things running smoothly while I'm away."

LAUMEISTER purchased twenty-three camels for $6,000, but in getting them aboardship at San Francisco, one managed to escape, and on the stormy trip north, another died. At Victoria, while gaping crowds stared, he loaded the remaining twenty-one onto the paddle-wheeler *Emily Harris* and so returned to Yale.

Boat day at Yale always created a stir of interest and it was customary for most people to gather at the landing. And never was there such a commotion as on that bright day in May, 1862, when the camels made their appearance.

"Whatever is that coming down the gangplank?" gasped a woman in the group of onlookers. "That" was indeed a most unusual sight! The beast lumbered off the steamer, followed immediately by another and then another until the full quota of twenty-one had disembarked. The crowd was speechless; few among

DROMEDARY EXPRESS

—as a business venture, it stank!

them had ever seen more than a picture of one of these "ships of the desert."

As the animals filed off the ship, trouble piled off with them. The leaders spied a mule tied near the landing and, with absolutely no warning, attacked it with slashing hoofs and biting teeth. The mule was killed before the amazed bystanders could attempt a rescue.

Then the camels turned their rage against the onlookers.

The irate owner of the hapless mule quickly approached Frank Laumeister and demanded redress. The camel's new owner, not wanting to antagonize a fellow freight handler, hastily pulled out his wallet and paid the man more than the mule's actual value. Laumeister then made certain that his drovers confined the camels in a safe place, as apparently his charges were going to require some handling.

In addition to their excessively vile tempers, the camels exuded the most terrible odor, and the citizens of Yale retreated, holding their noses and giving the unfamiliar animals plenty of room.

"I figure to clear $60,000 the very first year I work these camels," Laumeister confidently told the men clustered on the dock. "You see, they are able to travel fifty miles every day to a mule's fifteen. Each can tote 1,000 pounds compared to 400, the most a mule can pack. The real clincher is that if water and grazing are hard to find, these camels can get along several days without either, so I don't see how I can lose!"

BUT MAN only proposes! Not only was the stench from the camels unbearable to the men, but to every animal which got a whiff of them. These strange imports also proved very anti-social, and attacked anything and everything that moved. The men who tried to handle them learned it was a most risky business!

The real trouble occurred on the pack trails. Whenever horses, oxen or mules neared the camels, they immediately tried to bolt, and often succeeded. Before long, reports became widespread that whole pack trains had gone crazy with fear and had plunged headlong off the canyon trails or mountainsides, bearing with them precious loads of freight. The camels became known along the Cariboo Road as the "Dromedary Express," and very soon were universally feared and hated.

One day a group of men were gathered in a Yale saloon. At one end of the bar stood the owner of the Express drinking alone and seeming rather dejected because suddenly his friends were few.

"I'd be more than willing to try anything you can suggest," Laumeister assured the other freight handlers in answer to their pointed remarks about the camels.

"Well, how's about givin' them stinkin' devils a bath?" yelled a burly teamster, and a hoot of laughter greeted his words.

A second man chipped in with "Yeah, plenty of strong lye soap oughta help de-skunk 'em."

"What them critters need is some real perfoom!" proffered a third wit and the crowd took it up. "*O de Colonee*, that's what you should spray 'em with, Frank!"

This idea really tickled the men and results were positive.

"Good! Let's take up a collection and send out for some."

Amid the hilarity, a hat was passed and a tidy sum of money was deposited therein. Two months later a carefully packed carton reached Yale and it contained the order of *Eau de Cologne*. The recipients carried the carton to Laumeister's camel corral and presented the drivers with the bottles.

"For the luvva Pete, wash them stinkin' brutes with this and make 'em smell good. Maybe then the rest of us fellows will be able to get a deep breath."

It was a good try and the men got a few laughs, but that was about all. Nature had endowed camels with an odor mere man could not change.

Frank Laumeister soon learned that the terrible roads of the Cariboo had never been intended for the new burden-bearers. Hardpan and flinty rocks combined to tear at the camels' hoofs, lacerating them to the extent that at the end of the 700-mile trip, the ungainly beasts were badly lamed.

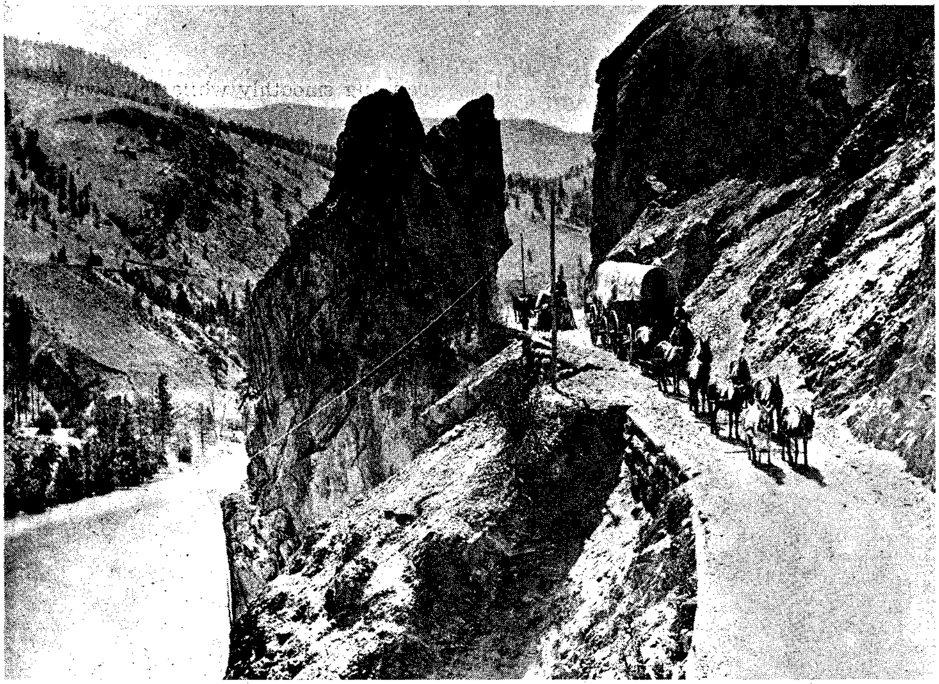
Laumeister tried to alleviate the situation by having a rawhide and canvas covering made to protect the hoofs, but nothing could stand up long against the grinding surface of the Cariboo freight trails.

LOSSES suffered by other handlers of mule trains and horse- or ox-drawn wagons continued to mount with terrifying regularity. George Hilton, a young teamster freighting up to Quesnel, met five of the camels going south at a point six miles along the canyon road from Yale. This was one of the most treacherous stretches of road. Although George was alert to the danger of meeting the feared Dromedary Express, he somehow had not bargained for the frenzy into which his twelve-horse team was plunged when the wind, blowing from the north, heralded the camels' approach.

Snorting with fear, the horses thundered along the narrow, precipitous road. The young man desperately yanked the heavy reins, but it was a hopeless struggle from the start. When George saw the lead horses suddenly topple off the edge of the road, pulling the remainder of the large team after them,

(Continued on page 58)

A dangerous grade on the trail at China Bluff, far above the Frazer River



A Divided Command Doomed the Nez Percés

(Continued from page 15)

Holding the military at bay was a diversionary move on the warriors' part so their families could hurry across the open prairie and reach the haven of the Clearwater River Valley. Pinned inside their barricades soldiers and citizens could only watch the flight of Joseph's, White Bird's and Tuhulhutsut's bands, six to eight miles distant, on their way to join Looking Glass and Hush-hush-cute.

Meanwhile, when Howard discovered how the hostiles had tricked him at the Salmon River, he recrossed with great difficulty to the north bank and headed for Grangeville where he joined Perry's and Whipple's forces. The reunited command then marched in rapid pursuit for the Clearwater, hoping to overtake the Nez Percés and engage them in a decisive battle.

ABOUT NOON of July 11 Howard's column of 400 cavalry, infantry and artillery, assisted by citizens, scouts and packers, suddenly stumbled upon the Indian village, hemmed in by steep mountains, in a narrow valley of the South Fork of the Clearwater. The soldiers emerged from the woods onto a high ridge east of the river. Quickly the artillery began firing howitzer shells on the pony herds grazing in the canyons below.

Startled herdsmen drove them around a bend out of range. Warriors seized their weapons and came galloping up the hill, led on by old Chief Tuhulhutsut. On reaching the plateau, his twenty-four men took shelter behind boulders and checked the troops' advance with their accurate fire until more braves could scale the slopes to join the fray.

They came swarming up the bluffs from all directions to flank the soldiers and pin them under a cross-fire. Howard had to hastily deploy his men into a line two and a half miles in extent.

Cheered by their chiefs, the warriors did an unheard of thing in Indian warfare—they charged to the bayonet points of the enemy. Now on the defensive, the soldiers dug themselves in with those same bayonets, and the fighting waxed hot all day. The whites and their animals suffered acute thirst under the burning July sun. Both sides jockeyed by sortie and counterattack to control the only spring in the immediate vicinity, with the red sharpshooters keeping the advantage.

Although Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, Howard's aide-de-camp, expressed the common belief held by the Army that Joseph, White Bird and Tuhulhutsut "all seemed to be in command," they regarded Joseph as the "war-chief." However, historian L. V. McWhorter's Indian testimony, collected over a thirty-six-year period, denied that Joseph was either the war chief or the main battle leader. Yellow Bull, a sub-chief in White Bird's band, declared to investigator Edward S. Curtis that Joseph "fought like anybody else." Preponderance of the evidence from Nez Percé sources held that each of the five tribes was commanded by its own leader, except that Joseph's Wallowa band was led by his brother, Alokut.

There can be little doubt that Joseph took an active part in the fighting because Lieutenant Wood described him as wearing his "shirt, breech-clout, and moccasins." All Nez Percé accounts confirm Joseph's habit of remaining clothed in combat, although it was customary for Indians to strip down for battle. Consequently, Joseph became a conspicuous sight to the soldiers as they saw him running from point to point.

Other battle leaders, the Indians say, included the Nez Percés' two most important warriors, Rainbow and Five Wounds. All red men on the firing line were courageous fighters, and the 250 braves beset the 400 soldiers despite the shelling by howitzer and Gatling guns.

During the night hours the troops strengthened their fortifications and the Indians built up their rock barricades. Some of them even staged a war dance in the village far below the battleground. By morning of July 12 many braves had grown tired of the conflict. Why should they continue fighting when the soldiers were not attacking their camp, they argued.

Defecting to the other noncombatants —the old men, women and children— was their privilege, for Indians are individualists and are not required to follow a majority course of action if they do not so desire.

When hostilities resumed at dawn, there was a decided lack of red manpower on the battle lines. Yet the few remaining fighters grimly stayed in combat until late afternoon. Howard decided to break the stalemate by striking the enemy at an angle and following through by "rolling up the enemy's line."

For a time, as the massed troops swept toward them, the Nez Percés put up a stubborn resistance, then their thin ranks gave way. Infantry, artillery and cavalry pursued the fleeing Indians who rushed pell-mell down the bluffs, through ravines, over rocks and across the river.

JOSEPH, foreseeing defeat for his tribesmen, had left the battlefield and hastened to the village to warn the women to pack and escape. But he failed to get there soon enough. In the confusion of a disorganized retreat, the Indians abandoned eighty tepees, all their possessions, even food cooking over the campfires.

In his role as guardian of the families, Joseph hurried them downstream to a safe campsite on a bluff above Kamiah. Somehow, in the scramble, his young wife and infant daughter got left behind. Yellow Wolf, his nephew, the last warrior to reach the abandoned village ahead of the troops, helped her and her papoose to escape.

At least one army officer, Lieutenant William R. Parnell, considered the Clearwater battle as a "victory barren of results." The hostile bands had not been captured, but they had been driven from the field in retreat. Again the army suffered the heaviest casualties with thirteen killed and twenty-four wounded; while the Indians left four dead behind but rescued their six injured companions. (Official army reports claim burial parties interred twenty-three dead warriors at the battle scene and along the trail.)

On July 13 the non-treaties crossed to the east bank of the Clearwater a mile above the Kamiah ferry. Here Howard's advance patrols of cavalry and artillery engaged Nez Percé sharpshooters in a brief skirmish, but made no attempt to pursue them. One enlisted man suffered a slight wound. The main host traveled eastward to an old tribal meeting ground at Weippe Prairie where they held a momentous council.

Meanwhile, before leaving the vicinity of Kamiah, Joseph sent a messenger to General Howard under a truce flag, asking for surrender terms. Although many white observers interpret this as a ruse to delay Howard's attempt to blockade the Nez Percés' escape over the Lolo Trail, there is ample Indian evidence confirming Joseph's preference for surrender rather than leaving the country. A Lewiston, Idaho newspaper extra reported that "White Bird and Lookingglass . . . actually prevented Joseph and his men from surrender by an armed force of 40 warriors who threatened to kill them if they attempted to escape and surrender." During the negotiations, it is true, the hostiles did reach the start of the Lolo Trail at Weippe, safely ahead of the troops.

At the Weippe conference the warring chiefs decided upon their future plans. Should they stay in Idaho and fight for their liberty, or seek freedom elsewhere? Both Joseph and White Bird were willing to cross the mountains to Montana but wanted to return to the upper Salmon River in Idaho among the Shoshone. However, Looking Glass, said to be of a domineering disposition, and who spent much time hunting buffalo on the Montana plains, insisted they would find sanctuary among their old allies, the Crows. Tuhulhutsut, Rainbow and Five Wounds strongly supported his views.

Joseph vehemently condemned these moves. "What are we fighting for?" he demanded. "Is it for our lives? No. It is for this land where the bones of our fathers are buried. . . . Some of you tried to say, once, that I was afraid of the whites. Stay here with me now, and you shall have plenty of fighting. We will put our women behind us in these mountains, and die on our own land fighting for them. I would rather do that than run I know not where."

Despite this impassioned appeal, Looking Glass got his way and even had himself appointed as war chief, a position which his father, also a Chief Looking Glass who took an active part in the 1855 treaty making, had also held.

OVERRULED by the council, Joseph reluctantly gave in rather than desert the common cause. On July 16 the Nez Percé cavalcade set off eastward across the Lolo Trail through one of the roughest, wildest jumble of wooded mountains in the Bitterroot Range. Next day a rear guard of Indians, in an attempted ambuscade, had a brush in dense

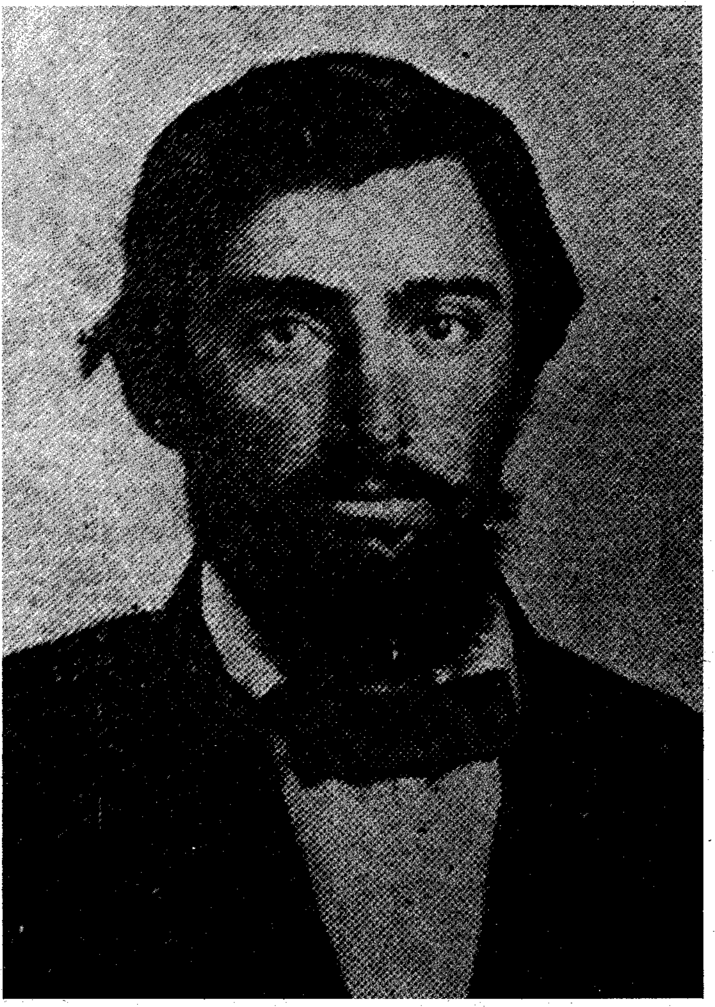
(Continued on page 40)

Bible in a BEARSKIN

This Tejano preacher was not exactly a man to envy—he was operating outside Mexican law, and as far as his church was concerned, was traveling "without portfolio"

By BILL TOWERY

Photo from HISTORY OF THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN TEXAS—CENTENNIAL VOLUME, 1936, by Thomas H. Campbell, Copyright 1936, Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee



Sumner Bacon

THE SHADOWS of the East Texas pines had lengthened and there was a nip in the air. Sumner Bacon spurred his horse. Though he wouldn't mind spending the night on the trail, his companion probably would. Bacon enjoyed riding this particular path which picked its way through the East Texas pine and post oaks, but the gloom of the forest made the rider behind him edgy, tense. Back in 1833, a man away from a settlement was a man on his own.

Sumner probably reflected on the events of the past two days—a neighbor riding to his cabin with a story of a planned ambush, Bacon's refusal to cancel the trip, the way his friends came to him and pleaded for him to stay in San Augustine, and his neighbor's insistence on going with Sumner to protect him.

There had been such rumors before and Sumner went on with his plans to attend the camp meeting. He had given his word.

As the trail narrowed and wound into a small gully, his escort for a moment lost sight of Sumner, but rounded a boulder in time to see two men leap from the rocks above the trail, knocking the preacher to the ground.

"They got Sumner!" he shouted. "They've killed him!" Without stopping to investigate, he turned his horse and spurred him back to San Augustine.

The two men dragged their victim into a stand of oaks on the side of the trail.

"Your friend done hightailed it and it looks like we finally caught up with you, Bacon. Time for you is about gone."

"I am a preacher, you know, and it doesn't seem right not having time to pray."

"Well, hurry up, 'preacher', because we've got something else to do and you're holding us up."

Sumner Bacon didn't pray. He remembered these two from a year before. He had been in Gonzales and a friend had asked him to visit a man and his son who had been sentenced for horse stealing. Bacon had seen them, and they somehow had got it in their heads that Sumner was responsible for putting them in prison. These two men holding guns pointed at his belly were the same two horse thieves.

Sumner continued talking, asking them about their lives, what they did in their homes, what he himself hoped to do in the wild Texas country.

After a while Bacon's words reached the two, and they helped him mount his horse and sent him on his way with their apologies.

When Bacon recorded this incident in the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, the name of the man who abandoned him was not given.

SUMNER Bacon was born in Auburn, Massachusetts, on January 22, 1790. Crops were good, and Abner Bacon was a shrewd investor. Law, he decided, was the only fit career for his son, but Sumner didn't see it that way. Although he really didn't know what he wanted to do, the idea of being confined to a courtroom appealed to him least. His father, however, would hear no argument. On Sumner's twenty-first birthday, he rose before dawn, packed a saddle bag, mounted his horse, and left the farm.

For the next few years he roamed around the East, finding what odd jobs he could. The Army seemed like the place for a young man with no money and few family ties, so he joined up in 1817. Two and a half years later he was discharged. Spending his final paycheck on guns and packhorses, he got on with a group of surveyors and headed into the Ozarks.

Eventually Bacon decided to return to civilization. Though he wore buckskins and carried himself like a mountain man, he had had his fill of camping and living in the hills. Over six feet tall, his shoulders broadened by the rigorous life, and sporting a thick, black beard, Sumner looked every inch a woodsman.

He took a room in Fayetteville and while there had a visit from an old army friend who confessed that he now "had religion." He invited Sumner to accompany him to a camp meeting of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—maybe Bacon could get religion, too.

Surprisingly, Bacon agreed. In the Ozarks he had read the Bible to pass the time and was of the opinion that religion and the Good Book were all a bunch of hogwash.

Yet something the speaker said was convincing. Lying awake at nights, Bacon thought and worried. At last he knew what he was going to make of his life. The Arkansas Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was holding a meeting in Fayetteville at that time. Sumner decided to present the members with his problem and describe the solu-

(Continued on page 56)

The MARSHAL'S
MISSING HORSE HERD

Can a lawman ever completely forget an unsolved case? Even after three decades, the hackles still rose on the back of Parker's neck when he got the wrong answers to some casual questions—

By DEN GALBRAITH

Courtesy Dr. Ben H. Parker, Sr.

Milton Parker in the late 1930s

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Milton Parker breathed a sigh of relief when they unloaded the three cars of purebred bulls into cattle pens at Gunnison, Colorado, the end of the line for the railroad back in 1882. All the way from New York State he had ridden in the caboose, fearful that he might be robbed of the large sum of money he carried on his person, money to pay the freight each time he transferred to another line.

Parker was headed for the La Sal Mountains of eastern Utah where he would establish a cattle ranch for eastern capitalists. He hired a cowhand at Gunnison, and they pushed the small herd northwest, through Montrose and Naturita, moving slowly in that twisted, torn country. The going was especially tedious along the deep gorge which encloses the roiling, red-brown Dolores River—River of Sorrows—a stream named by Escalante in 1776 when a Negro in his expedition fell into the stream from a steep bluff and drowned.

Keeping the herd out of side canyons and treacherous quicksands kept them busy. At night they made camp at grassy spots near the river to eliminate standing night guard. Dawn found them on the trail. From the Dolores, Parker drove the herd along the Colorado River (called then the Grand until its confluence with the Green) to Castle Valley at the north end of the La Sal Mountains. This spot is still called Bull Basin. The old Collbran topographic sheet shows a Parker Basin and a Parker school but these names have gradually disappeared.

The La Sals form a triple-peaked massif, climbing abruptly off the Colorado Plateau. This majestic rampart manages to "wring out" some moisture from the storm fronts which ignore the tortured desert around it. Pine, aspen, spruce, and fir grow on the higher slopes, and grass stands high in the moist meadows. Snows bury the mountain grasslands in winter and cattle must be moved to lower valleys.

"Dad stayed in that country from 1882 to 1887 and built up a sizable herd," Dr. Ben H. Parker, Sr., former president of the Colorado School of Mines, told me. "He alternated the herd between the La Sals and Grand Mesa, in Colorado. I don't remember many details of Dad's five-year stay, but one story stands out clearly."

IN 1885, Milton Parker served as a deputy marshal. One afternoon a lone rider thundered up to the ranch on a lathered horse.

"What's up?" Parker asked.

"Them rustlers sloped off with another herd of horses," the rider reported, his face lined with fatigue from the hard ride.

"Did anyone catch sight of them?"

"Nope! Stole 'em in the night. You'll need a fast horse."

"I'll catch my big bay."

Parker rode back to the ranch house and saddled the bay, a strong horse, long-legged and sure-footed, almost uncontrollable, but very fast. He stowed meat, bread and dried fruit in the saddlebags, filled a canteen, crammed a Winchester into its scabbard, and headed for the old trail over the mountains and down along Pack Creek.

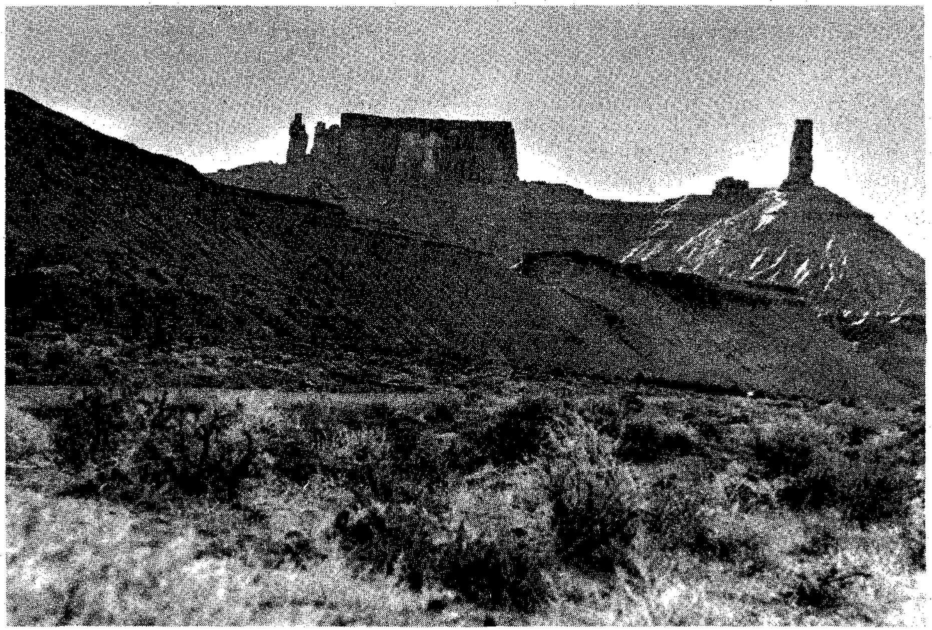
The bay pulled hard against a tight rein. Parker rode to the ranch on the south slope of the La Sals. There was no need to cut for sign. The trail, leading south, was clear. That meant the thieves had headed either for The Needles country or toward Monticello. At that time, The Needles was just one of several places called Robbers Roost. At least two other Robbers Roosts existed, one along the Colorado below Moab, and another northeast of the Dirty Devil River. Rustlers had become almost as plentiful as ranchers. Seldom were any caught for they holed up out in those wild breaks, and they knew the country better than they knew the lines in their own faces.

Following their trail was easy but they had a good headstart on the young deputy and had the advantage of being able to change mounts often. After a day's ride, Parker knew they had decided on Monticello. That meant the rustlers intended to circumvent Utah's almost impassable canyon country. He would have many grim days in the saddle.

Southeastern Utah is a land of color, contrast, drama, and paradox. It is essentially an arid, treeless plateau, a desert land intricately carved into a maze of treacherous canyons. Vertical cliffs, vari-colored escarpments, and unscalable walls of "slick rock" make it a harsh land. It can be hell if you're caught without water, for there are not many springs and the potholes, with their mouthful of moisture, are known to few; yet flash floods may fill the dry washes with a wall of death. There are stretches of fine grazing land—and places where a cow would starve to death on a section. Treacherous quicksand bogs lurk along the draws, and lightning storms occasionally rage across the mesas. In the broken lands, a person might travel 200 miles just to get to the other side of a canyon.

It is Zane Grey country: plains of purple sage, vacant and silent, dry, sandy washes, monumental hogbacks, giant sandstone monuments streaked with desert varnish. Time suspended, yet the giant monuments erode imperceptibly, sand grain by sand grain, recording time more faithfully than the hourglass. Cliff dwellings record the primitive; isolated Mormon settlements illustrate the struggle of the present. Impassable canyons and lack of water will preserve this frontier for a long, long time. It is a land where things have happened—and will happen yet.

Parker's circuitous chase sent him on virtually the same route that today's travelers of the canyon lands must take: Monticello, Blanding, Bears Ears, Natural Bridges along White Canyon, across the Colorado River at Dandy Crossing near present-day Hite, skirting the Henry Mountains to Notom, then the long, hard ride to Escalante and Kanab.



Courtesy Author

The rugged terrain surrounding Castle Valley in southeastern Utah

The deputy had no difficulty trailing the rustlers to Kanab, but there the trail petered out. Nobody at Kanab had seen the herd of horses or the outlaws, or at least that's what they said. Even if they had known anything, it is doubtful that they would have "blabbed" to the young deputy.

Parker had never once glimpsed the rustlers and had not the remotest idea who they were. After the exhausting ride, he had no recourse but to return to his ranch, high above Moab in the La Sals.

HITE is the only practicable ford in hundreds of canyon miles between either Green River or Moab, Utah, and Lee Ferry, Arizona, and the Indians had undoubtedly used it for generations. The first outsider to settle there was a renegade miner named Cas Hite (often written Cass, but Charles B. Hunt, in U. S. Geological Survey Professional Paper 228, says Hite cut his name and date on the south face of a rocky ledge 1,500 feet east of Trachyte Creek and 700 feet north of the river, and spelled it Cas).

Hite had killed a fellow miner at Telluride, Colorado, which caused him to flee to Arizona where he spent considerable time looking for the legendary Peshliki Mine of the Monument Valley Navajos. That name is derived from Hostin-Peshliki, the nickname given to Hite by the Indians. Legends had leaked out of Monument Valley of a fabulous silver mine, somewhere to the north, and dozens of men had searched for the soft white metal. Supposedly, the Navajos showed large chunks of silver to adventurers to lure them into their rocky fastness, then murdered them in cold blood in some remote area. Twenty men or more, the story goes, were victims.

For a year Hite lived in the hogan of wily, villainous Hoskinni, a Navajo chief. When Hoskinni learned that some of the younger braves planned to murder Hite, the chief warned him of the plot and told him how to find White Canyon and Dandy Crossing. That was about September 19, 1883.

Hite liked the lonely area and remained there while he searched for his lost mine and occasionally panned for gold. When Mormons and outsiders began using the ford in their travels, Cas built a rock store to catch their trade. Prospectors used his place as a headquarters after Hite and others discovered gold in small quantities along the Colorado River and its tributaries.

On his return home after his fruitless pursuit, Parker stayed a night at Hite. Several prospectors had moved into that country because of a small-scale gold rush along the Colorado and in the nearby Henry Mountains.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS LATER, in 1920, Milton Parker and his son drove from Oklahoma City to Colorado, where they planned to spend the summer camping in the mountains. The boy had just graduated from high school and in the fall intended to enroll at the Colorado School of Mines.

Three days out of Oklahoma City, the two Parkers camped one night along the Arkansas River near Ford. Just a few hundred yards away, they noted the campfire of another traveler. After the Parkers had finished eating, the stranger came over and joined them in a cup of coffee and a friendly chat.

"I'm Jack Campbell," the stranger said.

Dr. Ben remembers that conversation well, for it involved cattle, horses, horse thieves, a gold rush at Dandy Crossing, and considerable early Utah history. Milton Parker and Jack Campbell found

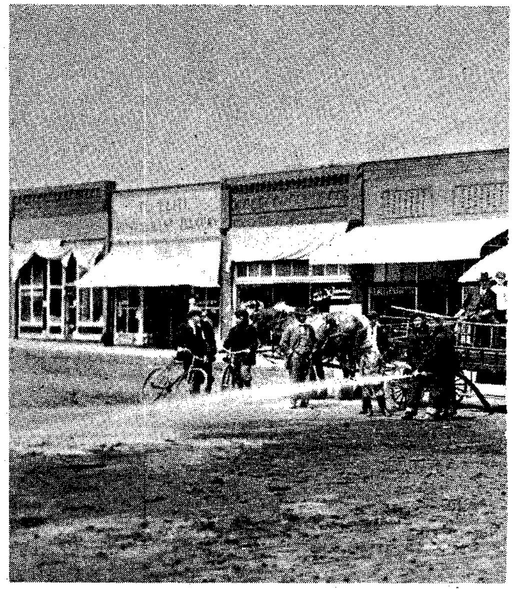
(Continued on page 59)

IF GEARY, Oklahoma's main street could be sifted, a person might acquire a considerable collection of spent cartridges and broken teeth—providing one fancies such trophies from the early days. Bullets would be a little harder to find, since most left the scene—accurately lodged in the liver, head or stomach of the target.

This small, out-of-the-way town, some fifty miles northwest of the state capital, was only a few rough, unpainted buildings sitting on the prairie smack in the middle of nowhere when Oklahoma was a territory. There were similar settlements throughout the area, and the shells of them remain if fires and tornadoes have spared them—false-fronted store buildings, tumbled down dwellings, part of a boardwalk or a broken hitch rail.

Driving along, you sometimes see an old-timer sitting in front of a store building or on a bench in the town square. Some look as old and weathered as history itself. When you speak you may get a gruff reply, and just as often you will get no answer at all. But there's an urge to sit down with these old-timers and ask them what the town was like when there was an open saloon on every corner.

In Geary one Sunday afternoon, I suddenly had one of these urges. U. H. Warner, editor of the Geary *Star*, a weekly newspaper, gave me the names of some of the reliable old-timers who had lived through the town's early days.



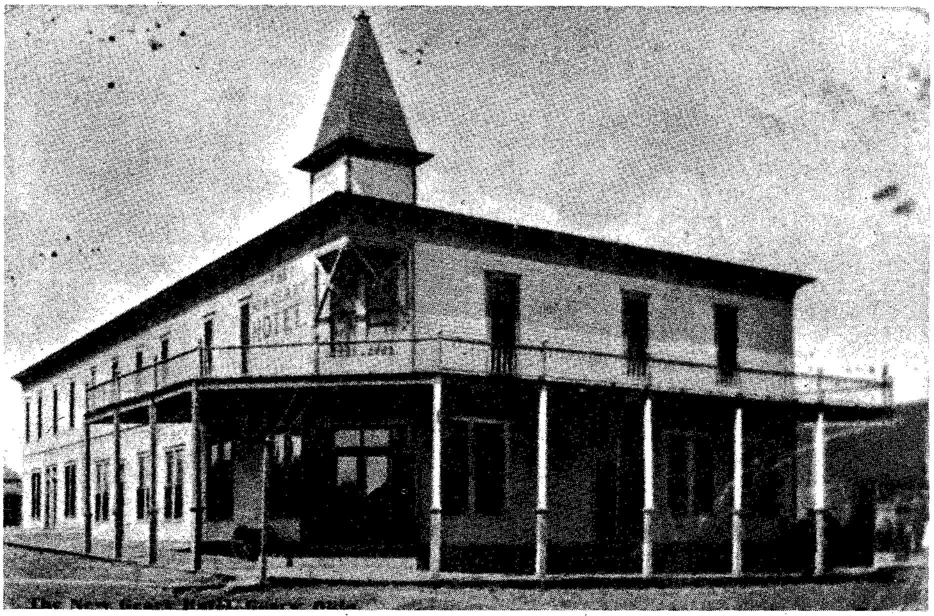
A WILD LITTLE TOWN on the PLAINS

Geary was typical of the settlements where you could run a tab on your supplies, check on the latest gossip, and get a new part in your hair (sideways)!

By ROBERT F. TURPIN

The New Geary Hotel was the scene of many shoot-outs and brawls.

Courtesy Mrs. J. L. Huff



One of them was Jack Dillion, real estate agent. It was he who told me about the killing of Marshal John Cross.

JACK knew Marshal Cross personally and said that time and again he had followed at the marshal's heels when he made his rounds. When Cross developed a thirst, he would simply ride his mare through the front door of one of the saloons, scoop a mug of beer from the bar, and ride out the back door.

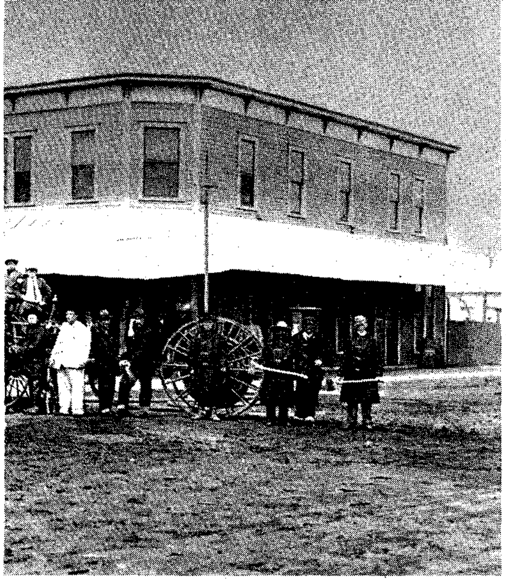
Marshal Cross lived at the northeast edge of town. One dark midnight, the marshal was on his way home when he saw the light of a campfire beside the railroad tracks near his home. He decided to check and find out who the people were. As he approached the campsite, he saw five figures hunkered around a small fire. Their horses were tied nearby and were still saddled.

At the sound of Cross' horse one of the men looked around. He suddenly whipped out a pistol and fired. The bullet nicked the mare's ear and struck Cross in the heart. The killers took his gun, badge and pocket watch, then fled. Some weeks later an Arkansas lawman, while attempting to arrest the five outlaws, killed three of them in a blazing gunfight near the border. Marshal Cross' belongings were returned to his widow, who still resides in Geary.

One of the outlaws later told officers that they were waiting to rob the bank when the marshal happened along. They figured he had gotten wise and was coming to arrest them.

Jack also recalled a wild gun spree which somewhat rattled the townspeople. This shooting took place in Geary's most up-to-date grocery store at that time.

Adolphus Trumbly had suspected for some time that W. H. Patrick was on too good terms with his (Trumbly's) wife. The whole affair came to a head



Courtesy Kent Ruth

Volunteer firemen water down Geary's main street to settle the dust.

one noon when Trumbly saw Patrick and his family having dinner at a cafe.

Going to O'Conner's store, Trumbly sent a boy to tell Patrick that he wanted to see him. Patrick told his family he would return shortly, and followed the boy to the store. Trumbly poured out his accusations, Patrick flew into a rage, and a fight developed. The marshal happened to be in the store and quickly took hold of Patrick, attempting to restrain him. A cuss fight continued between the two.

Trumbly suddenly produced a gun and told the marshal that if he turned Patrick loose he would kill him. In a sudden burst of strength Patrick jerked free of the marshal's grip. Trumbly, true to his word, shot Patrick four times through the head.

A similar scene concerning the eternal triangle was witnessed by Jack in front of his office. He could not recall the names but remembered the incidents quite clearly. The accused man stepped through the batwings of the Bender Saloon around noon. The accuser was waiting across the street with a .22 rifle. As the first man looked up, he was shot three times in the forehead. The assailant then jumped on his horse and headed south. Jack crossed the street as two men came out of the saloon and caught the wounded man by each arm. They escorted him, still on his feet, past Jack who was standing only a few feet away. He followed the men to a back room some fifty feet distant. There, the man died as they lowered him to a table.

THE SHOOT-OUT between Wilton Wiley and Bill Kelly was of less serious nature. It took place at the New Geary Hotel where Kelly was working part time as a porter. As Jack recalls the story, Porter was sitting at his desk when Wiley appeared outside the door with a pistol. Kelly got to his feet at the sight of Wiley, he also holding a pistol.

The two men fired several rounds through the screen door at each other, neither getting a scratch. Wilton Wiley emptied his gun first and called for a truce until he could reload. Kelly agreed and waited patiently while Wiley reloaded his pistol. About then, Sheriff Al Becker arrived on the scene. The sheriff fired four fast shots close to Wiley's feet. That brought him back to normal, wearing a sheepish grin.

The Bender Saloon was one of eleven such places lining the two streets of Geary, and all were going full blast. When Jack was fourteen, he and another boy were eating peaches from a tree behind the saloon one Sunday evening when a group of men came out the back door.

They were arguing and soon a fight developed. One of the fighters fell, and someone said he was dead. They picked the man up (a young railroader) and carried him to the doctor's office. It was there they discovered that he had been hit in the head with a pair of brass knucks. Jack followed and saw the doctor use an ordinary steel chisel and hammer to peel the man's scalp back so he could examine the damage. The man's skull was cracked and he died a short time later from a brain hemorrhage. None of the witnesses could identify the guilty party and no charges were filed.

R. C. Squires, retired groceryman, remembers vividly another wild gun spree. Squires was then a clerk in a store owned by Shelby and Morrison, located on the west side of Broadway Avenue. He relates that early one morning John Foster, county deputy and city marshal, stepped into the store and was buying tobacco when a Negro entered the front door. Walking up to Foster, he placed a gun against the deputy's head. Foster threw back his head as the man fired. The bullet tore off his upper lip. Another bullet fired at close range lodged in his upper right arm. A third struck him in the chest. Foster staggered out the back door of the store as a fourth bullet slammed into the same arm.

Young Squires struggled with the Negro, attempting to hold him until help arrived. Suddenly the injured officer came back into the building with his gun drawn and shot the Negro through

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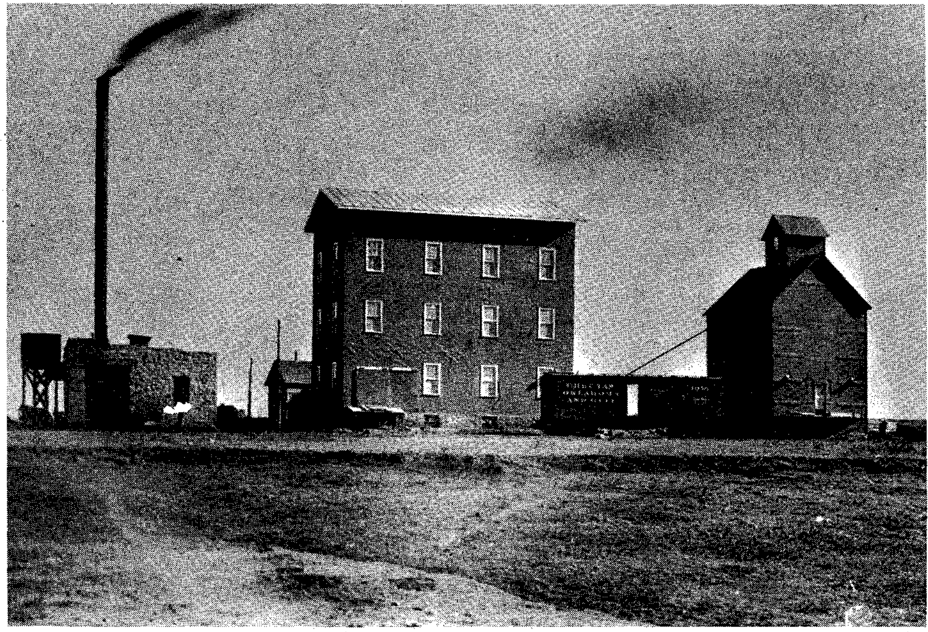


Courtesy Kent Ruth

Above, the feed and grain mill was located near the railroad in 1900. Below, Geary's bumper corn crop, 1906.

NUGGETS

THE STRANGER ON THE RIDGE

By R. W. Peay

EVERY YEAR as summer approaches, I get homesick for old Wyoming. I often think that someday I would like to return and again ride over the rolling hills and perhaps attend a fall roundup.

I remember the rough, yet wonderful, weeks that we would spend driving a herd from the Tensteep Basin area across the rugged Big Horn Mountains to either Ranchester or Clairmont for shipment.

My father, Walter Peay, first settled in Wyoming in the early eighties. He homesteaded about three miles upriver from where the town of Greybull is now located. From here he moved to the mouth of the Nowood River on the old Bridger trail in Johnson County.

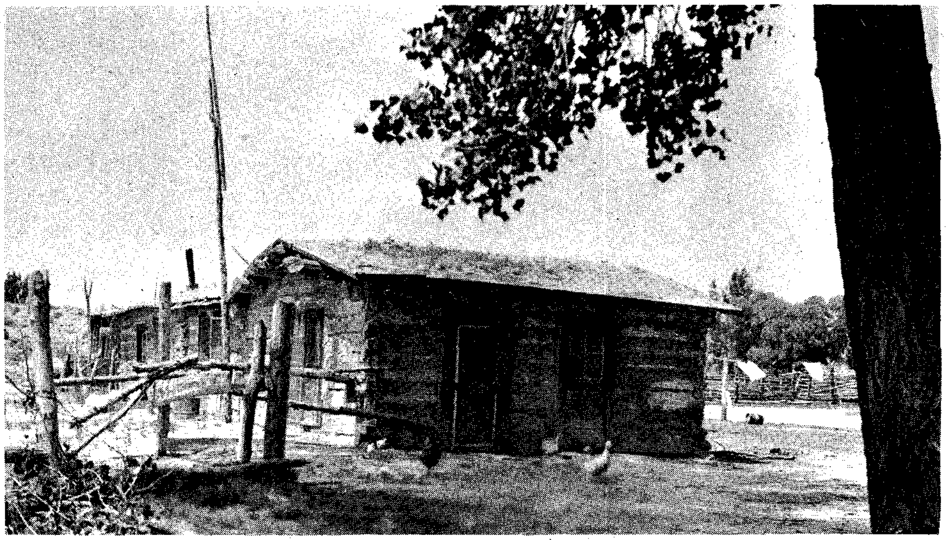
The nearest town of any size was Billings, Montana, which was about a hundred miles. My father would have to go there for supplies twice a year, once in the spring and again in the fall. He would go by team and wagon and the trips would take him several weeks.

Our homestead was located on the main trail connecting the Crow and Shoshone villages. The Crows were remnants of the Sioux and were not a friendly tribe. However the Shoshones were very friendly and would often stop at our cabin.

There was one very old Indian from the Crow village named Little Man who would often stop and talk with us. His visiting was always done on a smoothed-out area on the ground where he would draw pictures indicating the Custer Massacre and himself riding up front with Sitting Bull.

Father was appointed justice of the peace and county surveyor for Johnson County during what was known as the Johnson County War. Among a group known as Stock Detectives was one man who always wore one boot and one shoe. It was said that he had a badly injured foot and therefore was unable to wear a boot on that foot.

Whenever an accused person was brought in, a preliminary trial would be held to decide if he were to be taken to Buffalo for district court trial. These preliminary questionings were always held in the living room of our cabin, and provided much excitement for us children.



Courtesy R. W. Peay

Above, the Peay homestead near the present city of Greybull, Wyoming. Below, Walter Peay, the author's father, was an early justice of the peace in Johnson County.

The outstanding case that I recall was one involving two men who had a ranch a few miles from our place. Jack Bedford and "Dad" Birch were well known to us all. In fact, my older sister had quite a crush on young Bedford. He was, indeed, a handsome young man. Birch, however, was far from handsome. He was a real rough character. Whenever anything bad was said of Bedford, my sister was there to defend him by saying that Birch was a bad influence on him.

John Seaman, a rancher in our area, claimed that he found some of his stock in their corral and after bringing this to the attention of my father, was deputized to bring them in. Their trial was conducted by my father and W. S. Collins. The accused claimed that the stock were strays and that they planned on returning them. So due to lack of evidence, they were released.

The following day another rancher on the Big Horn came galloping up to our cabin and wanted to know if Birch and Bedford were still there. When my father told him that they had been released, he became very angry and told my father that he also found some of his cattle on their place and that they had changed the brands on them. Father ordered their re-arrest and another trial took place. This time it was decided that they be taken to Buffalo for district court trial.

Courtesy R. W. Peay

Jack Bedford, one of the murdered men

John Seaman volunteered to take them and left late that evening with the two prisoners.

A DAY and a half had passed when a Mr. Townsend came to our cabin and told Father of finding two dead men in a gulch a few miles upriver. My father went with him to the gulch and the two dead men turned out to be Birch and Bedford. They had been shot in the head and their horses were tethered to some bushes nearby. Upon examining the surrounding area Father and Mr. Townsend found several sets of footprints, one set being of a man wearing a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other.

Father then put the bodies on their horses and set out to find Seaman. Seaman was back at his own ranch and claimed that three men had overpowered him and forced him to turn the prisoners over to them. He said that he was sure the men were stock detectives. A search was conducted to find these men but they were never seen again after this incident.

Dad brought the bodies back to our ranch and buried them in a common grave out back of our cabin.

A short time after this, my father began receiving threatening letters from the rustling element of the country. He was very upset and would often sleep outside the cabin with his rifle to protect his family.

A few months after Birch and Bedford were murdered, some friends of theirs from somewhere up on the Greybull River came and took the bodies back and gave them a decent burial. The following summer Jack Bedford's father came to our cabin and got his son's belongings, which my father had kept there intact.

It must have been about four months after the letters ceased that my father and I were going to Lovell's ranch, about forty miles up the Big Horn River, to do some surveying. We had been traveling for quite some time when Father sighted a rider along the ridge above us. The rider would appear and then duck from sight again and again. We were traveling by team and wagon and Father reached back and laid his rifle on the seat alongside of him.

When we reached the mouth of Dry Creek, he stopped and unhitched the horses. He told me to stay in the wagon until he returned and if he was not back by nightfall to take old Millie (one of the horses) and head for home. He then took his rifle and, mounting the other horse, rode off toward the ridges above us.

Some time had passed when I heard two shots from the direction in which he had gone. I really began to feel apprehensive then, but shortly Father returned and hitched up the team. He seemed to have lost all worries, and later he made me promise never to tell anyone of this incident, which I never have until now.

UNCLE JACK'S CABIN

By Kerry Boren

WHEN Kit Carson came up from Taos to trap the Green River in 1826, there was a young man in his party, John Robertson, who came to like the country so well he decided to remain. He built his first cabin on Upper Blacks Fork at what is now the settlement of Robertson, Wyoming, named in his honor in 1834. Robertson, known among the trappers and Indians as "Uncle Jack Robinson," was the mountain man who influenced James Bridger to build his famous fort in that area in 1843.

Uncle Jack always had a great many Indians settled about him and he himself had two Indian wives and many Indian children as wards. He was a very kind man and loved them as his own. One of these children was a pretty Indian girl named Maggie Large, sister of Chief Washakie of the Shoshones and granddaughter of Sacajawea.

In 1836 Uncle Jack built a summer cabin at what later became Linwood, Utah, on Henrys Fork several miles west of the Green River at Flaming Gorge. He lived in this cabin at least six months of each year where he trapped and traded among the Indians.

Uncle Jack's cabin on Upper Blacks Fork in 1834 established him as the first resident of what is now Uintah County, Wyoming. And strangely, his cabin at Linwood also established him as the first settler of Sweetwater County, Wyoming, and Daggett County in Utah. Since the latter was once a part of Summit County, Uncle Jack was the earliest settler in that section, too. In fact, he established the first permanent settlement west of Fort Laramie in the Rocky Mountains.

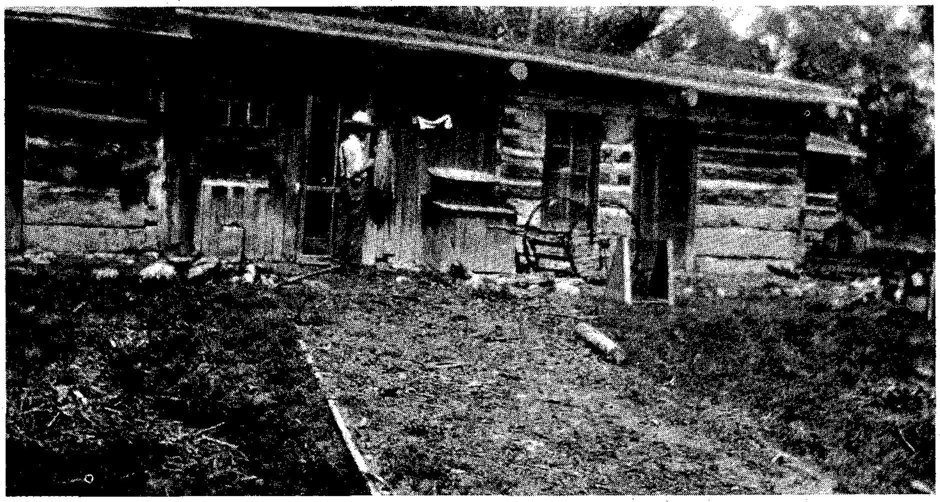
When Uncle Jack Robinson built his cabin on Henrys Fork he was building it in the Mexican provinces. In a few years the War with Mexico resulted in the area's becoming part of the Western Territory of the United States. With the advent of the Mormons in 1847, the cabin was within the Mormon State of Deseret and was a part of Green River County, Utah. After Johnson's army invaded Utah in 1857 the cabin reverted to the Territory of Utah. Later this section was attached to Sweetwater County, Wyoming, then reverted again to the State of Utah as part of Summit County. Uintah County acquired the cabin in its section granted by the Utah Legislature and remained a part of that county until Daggett County was established in 1918.

Uncle Jack Robinson did not live in the cabin during all the years of its existence. Many noted Western figures used it for a temporary abode. In 1839 old Jim Baker lived in the cabin and Jim Bridger stayed in it many times. Kit Carson occupied the cabin occasionally between 1836 and 1838. Uncle Dick Wooten spent one winter there around 1848. In the winter of 1877-78, Frank and Jesse James stayed in the cabin; and Butch Cassidy was a frequent visitor as were Kid Curry and Ben Kilpatrick, the Tall Texan, who spent several winters there. The old shelter was situated within one hundred yards of the state lines of Utah and Wyoming and was a popular location for desperadoes.

Today it belongs to Keith Smith, a pioneer of Linwood, who lived in the cabin for more than sixty years. Smith has moved the old structure some thirty miles distant to preserve it from the encroaching waters of the Flaming Gorge Dam. In its 131 years it has been a part of 2 countries, 2 territories, 3 states and 5 counties, one of the genuine landmarks of the West.

Uncle Jack Robertson's cabin on the Wyoming-Utah border, lived in by many famous and notorious men

Courtesy Kerry Boren



A Divided Command Doomed the Nez Percés

(Continued from page 32)

timber with Mason's cavalry and scouts and McConville's volunteers whom Howard had dispatched in hot pursuit of the fleeing quarry. Two army scouts were killed, which effectively halted the advance force. The general himself took up the chase on July 26 after arranging for the military protection of the Idaho settlements. This delay subjected him to abusive criticism in the nation's press.

Both pursuers and pursued found the traveling arduous and grueling. Many Indian ponies with sore backs or broken legs were abandoned along the rocky, log-jammed forest path and were later destroyed by the whites.

Howard's columns of artillery, cavalry and infantry were greatly handicapped in negotiating fallen timber and steep ledges with their field guns. (Rusted cannon, left along the way, were discovered by hunters in the 1930s.) Unlike the Indians with their hundreds of ponies, the troopers had no change of mounts. Worse still, their fatigued animals found no forage, for the Nez Percé stock had consumed it all.

A Lewiston press release made a mysterious reference to Joseph who their reservation Indian informants reported had left the Lolo Trail "with his best warriors and good stock" headed for the South Fork of the Lolo and "made camp at the Warm Springs near the head of that fork from which point he can cross into the Elk City trail without discovery from the other side." White Bird, they reported, accompanied him. This obscure comment suggests that Joseph still wanted to remain in Idaho and sustains the Nez Percés' claims that he was neither the war chief nor the main leader. Evidently the other chiefs again applied coercion to him and his band, for he followed them across the Bitterroots.

The Indians passed down Lolo Canyon on the trail's eastern side on July 26, only to confront a totally unexpected crisis. Ahead of them stretching from canyon wall to wall loomed the log barricades of a new enemy, although they considered the Montana people their friends. The war, they believed, had been left in Idaho. They could not know that Howard had sent word by telegraph to Captain Charles Rawn at Fort Missoula to block the hostiles until he could overtake them.

Rawn had hastily marched south with 35 regulars and 200 citizen volunteers to a narrow point at the canyon's lower end, and had thrown up log breastworks which halted the Nez Percés' passage.

The Indians erected their tepee village several miles above "Fort Fizzle," as the old-timers dubbed the barrier, while Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass rode down the canyon for a parley between the lines on July 27. They explained to Rawn that they were not on the warpath, only en route to the buffalo country, and they promised to pass peacefully through the Bitterroot Valley. Rawn, in reply, demanded surrender of their arms, their ammunition and their ponies. Naturally, the chiefs objected. Next day the captain held another meeting with Looking Glass, who again declined to capitulate on the officer's terms. Both sides played for time, so another conference was set for the following day.

When the volunteers learned of the Indians' peaceable intentions they eagerly took French leave for their homes in the valley. Rawn's regulars and many Missoula civilians stoutly remained in the redoubt.

Next morning, to the great surprise and chagrin of the defenders, the Nez Percés, laughing, shouting and singing, by-passed Fort Fizzle by scrambling over the canyon's northern hillslopes. Beyond the entrenchments they descended to the valley and traveled leisurely southward up the Bitterroot. At the few settlements they even stopped to trade—and paid for supplies with gold dust!

BEFORE leaving Idaho the chiefs had attempted to form a coalition with their old friends, the Bitterroot Flatheads under Chief Charlot, but were rebuffed. This latter, also a non-treaty chief, had sent his son and a token force of warriors to reinforce Rawn's command. It was understood among the red compatriots that they would do no actual fighting.

Dissension among the five bands appears to have dogged the Nez Percés during the retreat. While trekking up the Bitterroot, the chiefs called another council to discuss their opposing views on policy. Looking Glass, Rainbow and Five Wounds still favored going to the Crows' country. But White Bird, Tuhulhutsut, Red Owl, Two Moons and Wottolen preferred a northern route to the buffalo grounds. Pile-of-Clouds advocated a return to the Salmon River.

Indian authorities differ about Joseph's attitude. Yellow Bull declared that Joseph said, "Since we have left our country, it matters little where we go." To which White Bird interjected, "If we go to the Crows, we must all go."

That issue being once more settled to Looking Glass' satisfaction, the caravan continued southward, then took an old trail eastward to climb over the Continental Divide. In the lush Big Hole Basin on Trail Creek, Looking Glass, as war leader, called a rest halt.

Although the Indians believed they had made a peace treaty with the Montana people at Lolo, some of them had disturbing medicine dreams of an approaching tribal calamity. Lone Bird had ridden through the camp while yet in the Bitterroot , warning, "My shaking heart tells me trouble and death will overtake us if we make no hurry through this land!" At the Big Hole, Pile-of-Clouds, a medicine man, advocated "speed through this country. If we do not, there will be tears in our eyes." White Bird, too, clashed with Looking Glass, urging more haste, and remonstrated with the war chief for the frequent pauses to camp. Even the distinguished warrior, Five Wounds, interceded with the camp leader, voicing his premonition.

To all their entreaties Looking Glass spoke smooth words of reassurance. Howard was still far behind them. As for scouting the country to their rear, that would be a hostile act toward the valley's friendly white people. Nor would he permit sentinels to be posted around the village. The tribesmen should feast, dance and play games; they should hunt and fish, graze their thousands of ponies, and cut lodgepoles for use on the treeless plains, their ultimate destination. So the people were lulled into a false sense of security.

Again they failed to know that the telegraph was the Army's secret weapon, and already on this summer eve of merriment, Colonel John Gibbon with six companies of the Seventh Infantry from Forts Shaw and Missoula, backed by thirty-four volunteers, was rapidly advancing upon them. Their whereabouts had been discovered by Lieutenant James Bradley's reconnoitering squad. During the tranquil hours of darkness, Gibbon's force of nearly 200 men quietly bivouacked on the wooded slopes above the slumbering village.

At dawn on August 9 the troops crept down the hill, stealthily wading through the creek's chill waters and swamps, to launch an attack on the unsuspecting camp. Both soldiers and civilians later affirmed their orders were to take no prisoners and to shoot low into the tepees—which meant that women and children would be included in the attack.

As the mists were lifting above the dense growth of willows bordering the stream, a sleep-shattering volley rained on the lodges and cut through the tough skin covering, killing or wounding many of the occupants according to Colonel Gibbon. Yelling soldiers charged in a long line into the village.

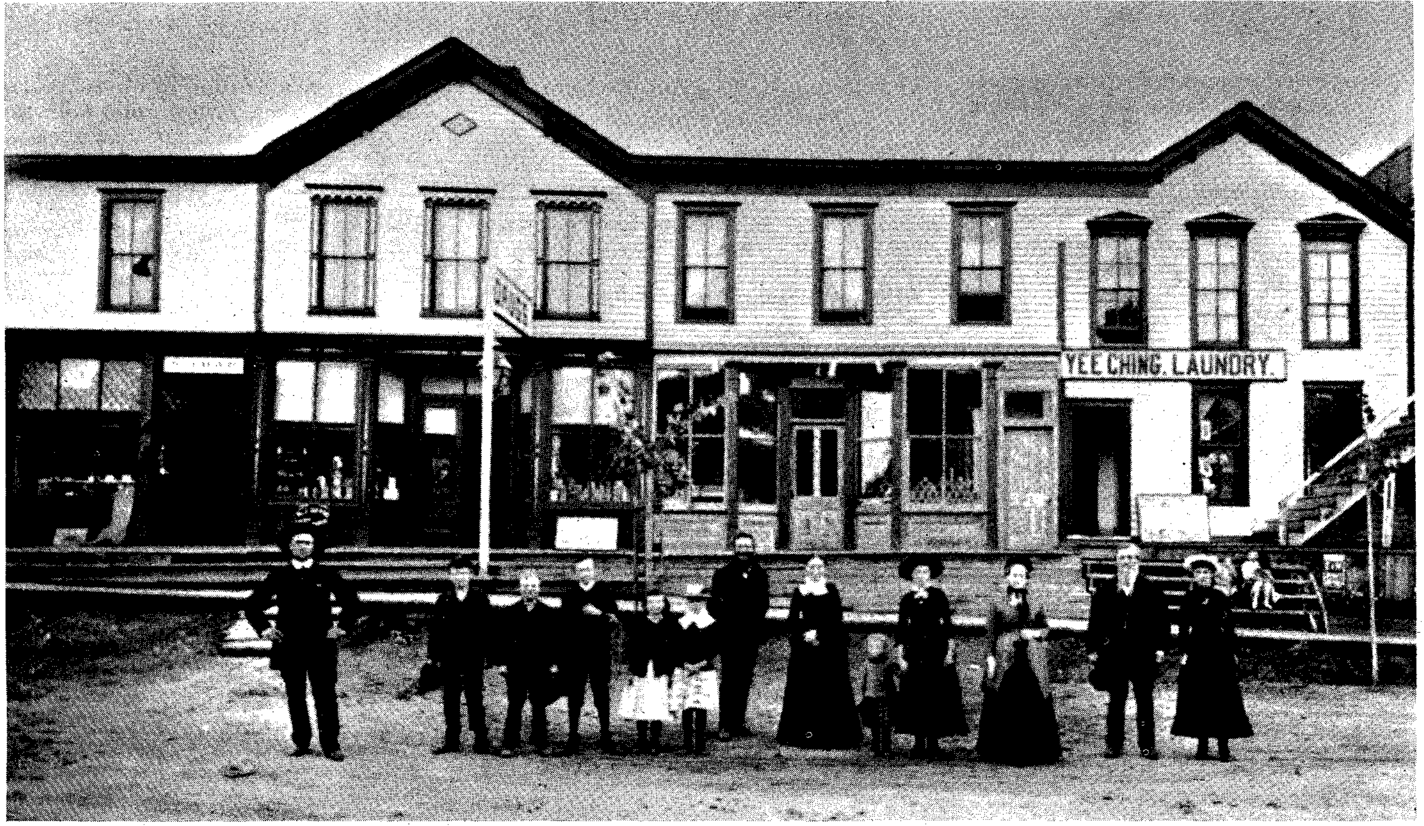
The surprised Indians fled from their tepees, only to be shot down. A few quick-thinking braves had seized their weapons and escaped to the shelter of the bushes, there to pour their fire into the troops. The chiefs soon rallied others. Indian sharpshooters began to disperse to strategic positions.

Captain Logan's men had rushed in with the first wave. The captain, in the lead, shot a warrior lying behind a log in a slight depression. At once the latter's pregnant wife ran to her husband, wrenched his smoking rifle from his dead hand, and fired it pointblank at Logan's head. As the officer collapsed with a mortal wound, his men riddled the girl with bullets. She fell across her husband's body.

The Nez Percés identified the warrior as Walaitits, whose revenge raid on the Idaho settlers had triggered the war. The second of the marauding trio, Red Moccasin Tops, soon met his death also. Many other leading fighters—including the great Rainbow and Five Wounds—were slain early in the combat.

SHORTLY AFTER the first shock wave had struck the camp, Black Eagle saw Joseph and No Heart run barefoot up the hillside behind the military lines to save the pony herd from capture. Joseph, wearing only shirt and blanket, found and mounted one of his own horses. With No Heart's help he drove the herd farther up the hill,

(Continued on page 62)


YEE CHING. LAUNDRY.

Dr. Isaac A. Davis, in center of photo, is credited with mummifying Tom O'Neel's body.

When "civilized" folk quit paying to view the macabre, perhaps Tom O'Neel can find his rightful plot of earth

The PETRIFIED INDIAN

By W. S. "BILL" CROSBY
as told to
HANK GIVENS

Photo Courtesy Carl F. Mathews

WE WALKED FAST up the foothills to the Manitou Cemetery. Now, Beecher Davis and I stood next to the rusted iron cot, breathing hard and looking down at the mummy which had been lying there in the sun all day. The mild September wind blew a strand of brown hair across its tight features, and the end of the hair was caught between its nose and sunken eye.

It was hard to believe that only two years before, back in 1887, the shriveled, leathery body had weighed about 170 pounds; that it was Tom O'Neel, thirty-five, who'd been shot in a saloon brawl. You couldn't see where the bullet had entered, because Tom's hide was withered beyond all resemblance to human skin. However, we'd have found him twice as interesting, I'm sure, if we'd known that he'd one day go off on tour, billed as a "Petrified Indian" from the Manitou Grand Caverns in Colorado.

Beecher's father always put the mummy outside early on sunny days, so the heat and dry, high-altitude air could continue Tom's curing process. Beecher was eighteen, and it was his job to put the mummy away each afternoon. I was seventeen, and for two months, until the snow began to fly, I met Beecher after school to go with him to do the job.

Beecher pushed up his shirtsleeves, the signal for me to open the wooden door to the little stone house. I held the door wide and watched him pick up the sixty-five pounds of mummy, much like he would haul a sack of potatoes in his arms. I never touched the mummy, nor offered to help with it, because Beecher seemed to know exactly what to do.

He carried Tom inside and laid him on a splintery table. Nearby was a tin bathtub where Beecher's father periodically soaked Tom. The overpowering smell of chemicals filled the still air of the small building.

Both of us had chores to hurry home to, but after Tom had been taken care of we'd stop for a minute to look at the stuff on the shelves around the walls. There were bottles with premature babies preserved in alcohol. There was a large assortment of human bones, and a scalp of woman's hair. This was the collection of Beecher's father, Dr. Isaac A. Davis, a pioneer physician, who a number of prominent scientists of the 1890s declared had made the nearest thing to a perfect mummy ever created in the United States.

Manitou residents first saw the enterprising doctor when he arrived in 1872 from England, with his wife and fourteen children. He opened the first drugstore in the town, and the family lived in quarters over a shoe store and grocery store which Dr. Davis also operated. He built the town's first opera house with seating for 200 people, above the Colorado Free Museum on Manitou Avenue.

Dr. Davis was generous and well-liked, and was twice elected mayor of Manitou. He served several terms as coroner of El Paso County, and became one of the town's three undertakers, a job full of confusion and frustration because of the times.

LOCATED about midway between Manitou and what is now Colorado Springs, was Colorado City, better known as Old Town. The sparse population of this typical frontier town suddenly exploded to 2,500 when the Colorado Midland Railroad brought in workers to construct the new road. The eighteen saloons, half of them featuring gambling, provided the chief pastimes for the railroad workers, and fights and shootings were commonplace. When tempers got hot, those railroaders would

(Continued on page 54)

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The Bear that Cured Rheumatism

(Continued from page 9)

model requiring ten horses and had twenty-eight-inch cylinders.

Frank often worked so far from home that he only saw his family on Sundays. During one of these week-end visits he decided to check his fruit trees and made a frightful discovery. Surrounded by telltale broken branches were eleven dead sheep.

Now eleven sheep is a big loss from a flock of seventy-five. Frank, my father, and George Yarnall, another neighbor, decided to go the limit. George had great faith in traps but the one he owned the men felt was too light, so they bought a new one. It weighed twenty-five pounds, and cost ten dollars, a big amount at that time.

The men tied this trap to one end of a piece of oak timber about 5 inches by 6 feet. (If you attach a bear trap to a tree or post, the animal is likely to pull himself loose.) Another benefit of a toggle pole arrangement was that, in the bear's attempt to escape, the dragging anchor would leave an easily followed track.

THE TRAP was set and placed near Frank's most heavily laden plum tree. For good measure, George set his small trap on the other side.

Back on his routine of every-third-night visits, Old Renegade loped down the mountain, splashed across the Mohawk, and ambled into his favorite hunting ground. It was again Sunday, and it was the last one Renegade would know. The new trap was strong and got him by the hind leg.

We didn't have telephones up the Mohawk then, but news had a way of traveling fast. In spite of aching bones, I hobbled to the scene before breakfast—a distance of a mile.

Old Renegade was one angry beast. In trying to reach the river, he had become entangled in the underbrush and was caught in his own trap as well as ours.

Frank wanted a picture but it was necessary, first, to get the subject into the open and, second, to anchor him more securely. We tied a long rope to the small trap and, watching his chance, George snapped it on the bear's front leg. Eight of us took our positions and pulled on the rope.

It was a battle. The killer weighed some 400 pounds and wore two traps and an oak trunk. We heaved, and he thrashed about. New arrivals kept coming with shouted advice, and dogs were yipping everywhere.

We inched and jerked him out of the brush and there Old Renegade turned stubborn. We couldn't budge him. He seemed to be thinking—working out a plan. Then he made a sudden lunge forward, taking eight men off guard. All went flying. Frank, in the scramble, knocked me to my hands and knees, smack in the path of the furious beast.

I was a goner. I knew it. I could practically see my carcass, ripped and scattered about the orchard like sheep wool when suddenly and effortlessly I shot to one side like an arrow. At least that was how it seemed. To this day eyewitnesses claim it was the fastest they ever saw any human move on hands and knees. A man who could move like that didn't have any rheumatism left in him.

Renegade's fight was soon over; he tangled himself up again and we dusted ourselves off. We got him tied to a strong tree using secure knots, during which the troublemaker swatted a dog across the face and broke a fence railing in one last onslaught. Otherwise he behaved.

It was now late morning and that is why you see part of the home-going Sunday School class (we had no church services), dressed in their long-ago best, standing posed beside the bear.

This happened sixty-seven years ago, and though I had recurrences of my ailment when life up the Mohawk got too easy, these lessened with time. Now at the age of eighty-four, I have been free of rheumatism for a good many years.

I recommend the cure. But first, you catch your bear. . . .

The Baker Brothers' Seam of Gold

(Continued from page 8)

must have found what is thought to be one of the richest veins in the Silverton district. Considerable rich float has been found along Coal Creek in years gone by, and mining men of the region are convinced that a mighty rich lode crosses that section somewhere. That vein has been hunted for by lots of good prospectors. Can you go back to the place where you found it?"

"I sure can," replied Sull. "I know that country like a book. I could go back there with my eyes shut."

"Don't need to do that," said Hendersen, "better go back with both eyes open this time. I'll go with you fellows if you want me to and give you my opinion of it."

The Bakers were glad to have Hendersen accompany them and to have the benefit of his mining experience and practical judgment. It was agreed that the three of them would go up to look at the vein just as early in the spring as snow conditions would permit. The date could not come too soon for the Bakers, because they properly figured their financial difficulties would be eliminated with the initial trip. Added strength was given to their convictions a few days later when returns came from an assay, made at the old man's suggestion. It was worth $44,000 per ton! A bonanza! (And that value was at the old price of gold. The following March the value of gold was increased 75% by presidential decree, thereby adding $33,000 in value to each ton of the ore.)

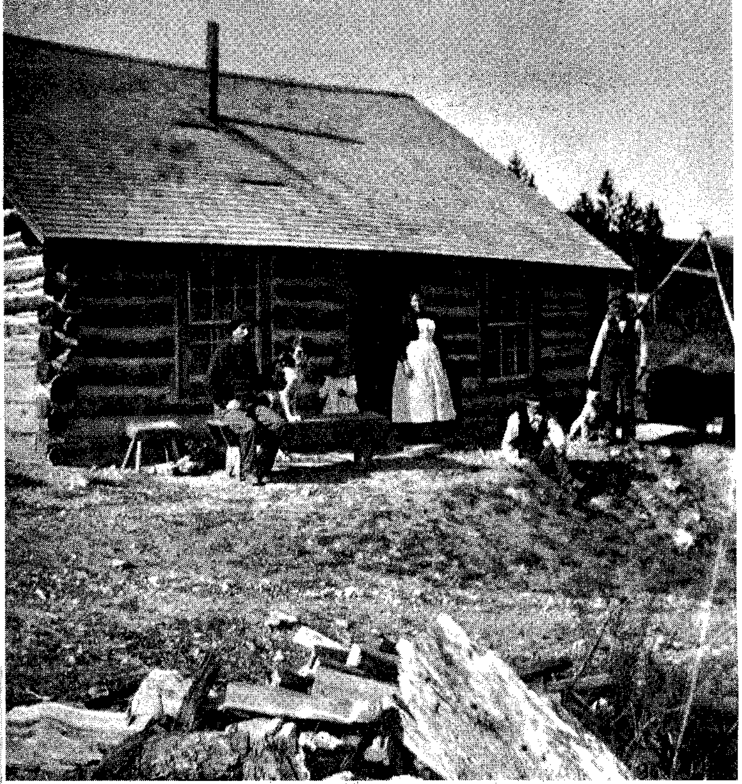
Sull estimated he had broken off at least $500 worth of the ore when he found the seam, and had carelessly left the fragments piled on the bedrock. He figured all he had to do was to take a sack up the mountain with him on his return, walk over to the bare spot on the steep bank, and scoop $500 worth of gold ore into his bag. It was just as simple as that.

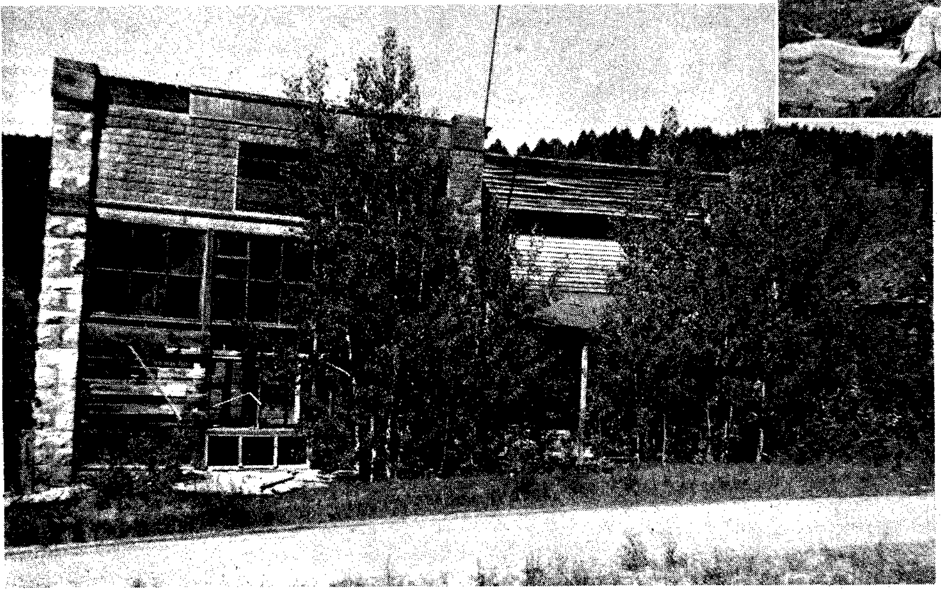
(Continued on page 44)

OLD BELMONT MOUNTAIN'S GHOSTS

By ANDREW D. WALSH

Photos Courtesy Author





Barney and James Kelly, with housekeeper, Mrs. Sharp, in Empire, Montana, 1890. Left, the Matt Dorrity hardware store in Marysville, as it appeared in 1964.

Miners bored into its sides, took its treasure and hurried on. One suspects that Belmont enjoys the peace and quiet and wouldn't bring back the boom days if it could

IT'S SAD to see a district that has produced close to a hundred million dollars in ore look like a two-bit piece with a hole in it, but that's what happens lots of times in mining country.

Recently I drove up the twenty-three miles from Helena to famous old Marysville, lying at the head of Silver Creek in Montana. As I drove in, I asked myself why I ever took up mining work there as a young man. I surely must have had "gold fever."

From a standpoint of business, Marysville is bordering on being a financial ghost. The buildings are boarded up or completely abandoned, except for a grade school, post office, remodeled Catholic church, the Masonic Hall, and a small store which caters to the few remaining citizens and tourists. Sometimes people who had forebears working in Marysville in the old days, show up during the touring season, generally to see where their grandparents lived and died.

I first laid eyes on the Marysville mining district in September, 1910, when I came out from Quebec Province to join a first cousin. He lived with his two bachelor uncles, Bernard and James Kelly. They were prospectors who had a good home at Empire, four miles west of Marysville, where they had lived since 1884.

I remember that when I rented a horse in Marysville to ride to Empire (I had never seen or been in mountains before) I had to stop two different men at different points to ask directions. Both were Canadians, like me.

The old mining camp of Empire lies to the west of Belmont Mountain which rises 7,319 feet, overshadowing Marysville's 5,300 feet. Mines running into old Belmont from the Empire side were good producers of gold, but all that is left now is the stamp mill, three or four company houses, and the Kelly four-room log house nearly a mile uphill from the mill.

By 1910 all the mines were closed except the Bald Mountain owned by Tommy Cruse, and it is said he kept it operating at a loss in order to give employment to the families in Marysville.

With the exception of the Bald Butte and the Drumlummon mines, all the others run like spokes of a wheel into old Belmont Mountain—the Belmont, West Belmont, Gloster, Bald Mountain, Honeycomb, Bluebird, Shannon, Empire, and the Whippoorwill. The Kelly boys controlled the extensions of both the Empire and Whippoorwill.

THE EARLIEST settlement in the district was Penobscot, about four miles to the south around Belmont Mountain from where Marysville was later located. A woman named Annie Dillon, who came from the Michigan copper district, ran a boarding house and used to ride horseback fifteen miles to old Silver City to meet the stage from Fort Benton and get the mail for the camp. The mine was named Penobscot, because its discoverer, Nate Vestal, came from the State of Maine. When he sold his holdings to the Drumlummon Corporation for $400,000, he went to New York City to beat the stock market. He returned broke, and worked for wages as a miner in the Drumlummon until he took off for Alaska in the goldrush of 1898. It is said he did well there.

The Penobscot mine was credited with having made the largest gold brick up to that time and probably since. It

(Continued on page 68)

The Baker Brothers' Seam of Gold

(Continued from page 42)

THE SNOWFALL in the San Juan country was extra heavy during the winter of 1932-33. It piled deep in the high country, and big banks of it along the ridges and in sheltered spots were slow in melting. It was early in July before the Bakers and Hendersen figured they could make a successful trip up Coal Creek to the vein. The Bakers in anxious impatience had made one exploratory excursion earlier to keep a check on snow conditions and to be sure the area would be open when they took Hendersen up there.

On their trip of inspection they parked their pick-up in the same place they had camped the previous summer when Sull found the seam and had dropped the fragment of rock into the campfire. They remembered the incident and promptly went over to their old fire bed to examine the roasted bit of rock they had so completely forgotten at that time. The fire bed had not been disturbed.

Sull remembered the exact spot in the ashes where he had put the specimen of ore. He had already put on his reading glasses in order to see the specimen better as soon as he could pick it from the old fire pit.

"Holy Smoke and Sam Hill," ejaculated Sull using his favorite expletive, with his first look at the roasted fragment of rock. "This rock is plumb lousy with gold. There are gold bubbles sticking out all over it." And he handed it to Charley.

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Charley. "It's got a lot on it. Too bad we forgot to look at this last summer, ain't it?"

Visual education is a great thing. The fact that the Bakers were able actually to see so much gold in the specimen impressed them far more than big figures on an assay sheet. It stimulated their eagerness to get back to their discovery, and to gather up the pile of broken ore of which this fragment had been a part. Snow conditions, of course, on that particular trip prevented them from getting all the way up to the spot, but put no damper on their enthusiasm.

Two or three weeks later when the brothers and Hendersen set out to rediscover and "appraise" the vein, Sull could not restrain his eagerness and hold himself down to the slower pace of his companions. He was tall and slender but muscular, rather impulsive, and full of energy, and in spite of his fifty-odd years, he could climb around over the mountains like a goat. Charley was a few years younger. He was short and stout and more reserved and quiet than Sull. Hendersen was a rather frail old man in his seventies. The pace up the mountain had to be set to suit Hendersen's abilities.

Half way up the canyon, Sull remarked to his two companions, "You fellows are too slow for me. I'm going ahead on up to the 'mine,' and begin to dig out some gold. I'll see you up there." And with that remark he was off.

On his way up the canyon he noted several different landmarks he and Charley had seen the preceding summer. At the proper point on the streambed he began his detour around the bluff where the waterfall was, and where he and Charley had had to backtrack. He crossed the creek above the falls and ascended the familiar east slope of the bench where he had climbed it the past August.

Sull walked rapidly, eagerly, across the grassy flat on top of the spot where he thought Charley had stood when he caught the two fragments of ore Sull had tossed him at that time. From this point Sull fully expected to see the familiar open spot of bedrock, with its transversing vein and a pile of broken ore by it, on the steep bank of West Coal Creek. But when he looked over the edge of the bank, neither the spot nor any of the objects he sought were there! Sull was so amazed at this unexpected development that it took several minutes for him to grasp the magnitude of his disappointment. This just had to be the place, although the steep bank didn't look the same as he had remembered it from the summer before. It seemed there was something subtly different about it—something he could not figure out; but this was unmistakably the proper bank because there was the grassy bench about which there could be no doubt.

He had just come up to the wrong point, he reasoned. Funny how his judgment could get so confused. Such a thing had never happened to him before. He knew the exposed spot of bedrock with the transversing vein was on that bank. He'd find it by scouting around a bit. He looked for the log he had sat on at that time, but no log was there! He scouted along the edge of the bench for a quarter mile or more to its upper end—a point far beyond where he knew he had traveled the year before—but he found no proper spot of bedrock, no log, no vein. He was, to use his own expression, "completely bumfuzzled."

IN THE meantime, as Sull was returning from the upper end of the bench, Charley and Henderson came up onto the east end of it at about the same point Sull had, and Charley had walked straight across the grassy flat to the same point on the bank as Sull had done. He, too, had expected to see the open bedrock, the vein, and the pile of ore (and Sull breaking more).

Charley was similarly bumfuzzled. Hendersen, of course, had never been there before.

"Where is the mine and all that ore?" Charley called out to Sull as the latter approached.

"Hanged if I know," responded Sull. "I thought the blamed thing was right here," indicating by gesture an area of the steep bank immediately below them.

"So did I. And I expected to find you down there loading ore into your sack when we got here."

"I was afraid something like this would happen," remarked Hendersen. "You fellows are not the first to find a vein and then not be able to go to it later. It has happened a lot of times. In some way or another you have got your locations confused."

"Maybe we got the exact spot confused, but not the general location. That vein has got to be around here someplace. We will find it yet."

Sull and Charley reviewed the incidents which had occurred there the previous summer when Sull had found the open spot of bedrock and the vein; and they agreed that according to their recollections the spot should be somewhere in the immediate vicinity of where they were then standing, but since it was not, they both must be at fault. They began a careful search round about. They found the empty tobacco can that Sull had thrown away, but that was the only tangible thing that furnished any clue, and that one proved to be useless.

How far Sull had walked after discarding the can they could not figure out, nor could they find a log of any sort that could possibly be the unstable landmark Sull sat on at that time. An occasional log lay along the creek bed but the one they were searching for had been on the crest at the top of the bank.

'The more we hunted the more bumfuzzled we got," said Sull afterwards, "until finally we got so disgusted that we gave up for that day." But by no means had they given up completely. They made several return trips during the following four years in quest of their lost bonanza, always hoping on each trip that some fortunate something would occur to help them solve the mystery and to enable them again to find the peculiar "seam" that could be their open sesame to riches. And they consistently kept their mouths tightly closed and guarded their secret well. They made no attempt to cash in on it with anyone or to promote a grubstake on the strength of it.

The Baker brothers did just what any other normal men would have done under the same circumstances. They figured they had a good thing and they did not want to be dividing it up with someone else; so they kept silent and kept trying.

BUT the discovery of gold in a mining district is something that just cannot be kept a complete secret. In one way or another bits of the information will get out, and rumor takes over to fill in the gaps and a story gets underway. And so it was with the Bakers, and in the spring of 1938 they related the account of their discovery to me and enlisted my help in the search. I was glad to participate, and here is why:

As a rangeman I had worked all over the Lime Creek area, and as a miner I had worked in many different mines in the San Juan country. I was familiar with ores and the formations in which they occurred, and with the tremendous potentialities of a rich gold vein in virgin ground. I was particularly interested in the Coal Creek drainage because I knew about a few pieces of rich float that had previously been found along that streambed. I was positive there was a rich, undiscovered vein up there somewhere.

I was so sure of it that in the summer of 1930 I put up a short grubstake for Nat Nelson, an experienced miner friend of mine, to prospect on Coal Creek for a couple of weeks. Nelson was a thorough and painstaking prospector, but prospecting is slow business when it is done right. Nelson found two pieces of float of extremely rich gold ore at two different points on Coal Creek above the Million Dollar highway; but he did not have time to pursue his quest any further then. The ore he found was a brown, rusty quartz filled with free gold—the kind of ore so typical of the Lime Creek section.

Then, in the summer of 1933 while I was working at the Golden Eagle Mine at the head of West Lime, I slipped down to Coal Creek one Sunday in early September to prospect. At that time, I knew nothing about the Baker brothers' strike there. It was a dry fall and Coal Creek had only a small stream of water, which was a condition favorable to my task. I wanted to work the streambed for float to guide me to the vicinity of the vein which would necessarily be somewhere higher up on the structure. I went up Coal Creek to a point above the rotted abutments of the bridge on the old toll road where Nelson had found the last piece of float in 1930, and began my prospecting there.

A couple of hundred yards upstream I found a bit of the rich, brown quartz, no bigger than the end of a man's thumb, but it was the real thing. It gave me a big thrill because it was the first float I personally had found on Coal Creek, and it was positive proof of the existence of a rich lead not too far away. I got overly anxious and too impatient with the slow progress I was making up the creek in my time-consuming, careful investigation of each small gravel bar, so I pushed along quite rapidly until I encountered a high bluff across the streambed where there was a waterfall about twenty feet high. I could go no farther up the stream without making a detour. This was the same ledge around which the Bakers had detoured the previous year.

Above the water line on the edge of the small basin made by this waterfall at the base of the ledge, I saw a fragment of rock which I judged was a piece of quartz. It was a rusty color, of irregular shape, and only partially covered with sand and silt. I picked it up and, Holy Smoke! it was quartz—the quartz—chockful of gold.

It was an irregular-shaped piece of rock a couple of inches wide by about three inches long. One side of it was as thick as a man's hand at the base of the thumb, and it tapered to a sharp feather-edge on the other side. Its cleavages were sharp and rough, and its broken side was not badly oxidized, indicating it had been broken from the vein in the recent past. Its sharp edges and rough cleavages proved it had not come far and had not been exposed to the grinding, polishing forces of erosion very long. Its shape showed it had been broken off from the lead by a violent blow rather than by the slower processes of nature—possibly a loose stone rolling down the mountainside had struck an exposed spot on the vein and had knocked off this large chip in recent years. To me it was an urgent invitation to do further prospecting in the area, but it was too late to do so that day. I looked forward to coming back the next Sunday, but I didn't make it.

The Lucky Discovery Mining Company, which was then operating the Golden Eagle property, made a deal for the old Lucky Moon Mine in the La Plata Mountains, and I was one of the crew transferred to that operation, more than 100 miles away.

I kept my choice piece of float, however, remembered where I had found it, and always dreamed of getting back to renew my prospecting for the vein in that area. And like the Bakers and other men under similar circumstances, I kept my mouth shut about my "find." It was my secret and I kept it.

BUT as time passes and a man's attention is turned toward the fierce struggle to make a living, the importance of events that have gone before seems to fade somewhat, and the initial ambition and enthusiasm for some past project gradually diminishes until, oftentimes, it becomes but a pleasant dream. And so it was with me in getting back to prospect on Coal Creek, until the Bakers related their experiences to me in 1938. This was about six years after their original discovery in the area, and five years after mine. A lot of natural changes can happen in a given terrain in that length of time, and a person can forget innumerable details of the topography and the relative position of various landmarks.

Nevertheless, my enthusiasm was rekindled by my conversation with the Bakers. It seemed unmistakable that Sull had found the vein I was hunting for. The facts seemed to prove that the fragment of rich ore I had found at the base of the waterfall was one Sull had chipped from the vein in 1932. It was the same ore, and he distinctly remembered breaking fragments of that shape at that time, but of course he did not remember that particular piece. My sample assayed $36,000 as against $44,000 in the previous one from the specimens Sull had taken, but this discrepancy was no serious matter. We were convinced that my sample came from the same pile as his did. The winter snows had pushed it down the steep bank to the streambed where it got frozen in a bit of ice which was carried downstream in the spring freshets, went over the waterfall, and lodged on the edge of the basin where I found it.

Until our conversation, neither the Baker brothers nor I knew anything about what each of us had done on Coal Creek. We pooled our knowledge and it looked like a mighty good bet that we would find the elusive bonanza—but we didn't. So far as I am concerned it is still as elusive as ever.

I had no difficulty in going back to the place where I found my specimen, that spot was unmistakable, but the small basin was so altered by an excessive amount of debris that had I been looking for a particular boulder I had seen there previously, I would never have found it.

We went upstream to the grassy bench and the steep bank bordering it which Sull remembered so well. We had no trouble *finding* those, but there our smooth sailing ended.

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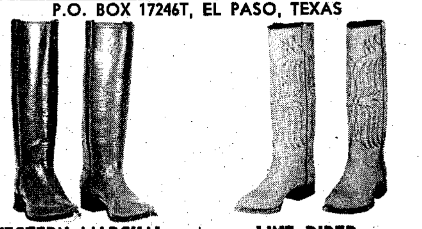

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had grown to be sizable saplings in spots where Sull would have sworn no trees existed. Grassy sod would be over some spot where he thought the bedrock should be bare; and the bench seemed to encroach over the crest of the steep bank—making a more pronounced brow on the crest of the precipitous incline. These various factors all helped to confuse him about distances walked on that memorable day in August, 1932. It was all very discouraging.

I had no doubt about Sull's having found a vein somewhere on that steep bank, but so far as any specific information we could develop, he might have found it anywhere in an area several hundred feet long and forty to fifty feet wide and all covered with an overburden from a few inches to ten feet deep. To undertake the removal of so much earth with pick and shovel was too big a job.

However, as nature uncovered the vein one time and then covered it over again, so she will repeat the process sometime in the future. The grassy sod which made the verdant covering on the shallow bedrock of the bench and the bank, broke away to expose the vein that Sull found. Then it slipped again, like a rug on a hard, smooth floor, to cover all traces. The same sort of natural phenomenon will be repeated in the future when conditions are right to bring about such a change.

Fortunate will be the person who passes by there then to find that "peculiar seam in bedrock" openly inviting him through a golden door to riches. I am going to try to be that lucky guy.

A Wild Little Town on the Plains

(Continued from page 37)

the neck. The Negro staggered to the middle of Broadway Avenue, fell, and died in the street.

Foster recovered from his wounds. He told officers that he had searched the man with several others the night before, after a disturbance at the hotel. He figured that the other men, angered by his treatment, somehow had got the Negro, an itinerant preacher, to avenge their being questioned.

There was another killing in the same block on Broadway. This started over a dog fight. A young barber, in Geary only a few months, had a shop on the east side of the main street. The barber had a bird dog which was loafing in front of the shop. A boy about sixteen came along with his dog and the two animals got into a fight.

The owners exchanged insults and went into the alley. The youth pulled a single shot pistol from his pocket and shot the barber in the stomach. Jack witnessed the event and saw the wounded man carried upstairs in the Morrison Building to the office of a physician. The barber bled to death that night. The youth was sent to prison for ten years for the killing.

GEARY had its share of unsolved murders, also. The most noted of these was the killing of Forrest Welborn, a young farmer who lived east of town. He was having a night out when someone called him from a recreation parlor quite late in the evening. Welborn rented a horse from the local livery barn and rode out. He did not return. His body was found the next morning, the rented horse standing nearby tied to a fence post.

Jack attended the inquest and remembers the details. When Welborn's body was rolled over, a gun was close at hand but it had not been fired. One bullet hole punctured Welborn's heart. The surprising fact was that Welborn's coat, which was buttoned tight around him, had no bullet hole in it.

There was speculation that the victim had been killed elsewhere by someone he knew—maybe in a house, since his coat had been put on him after he had been shot. A close examination of the ground showed that a wagon or buckboard had been on the scene, one which probably had hauled him to the spot where he was found. There was a full investigation, but nothing further was learned.

A poolroom argument in back of what now is the Russell Brown Building ended with two men getting hit by the same bullet. As Jack recalled it, Clemon McGuire, the target, was shot through the body. The bullet penetrated his lung, then continued on its course and lodged just above the eye of young Slim Buchanan. Both of the injured men survived. Buchanan, however, carried the bullet in his head for many years. Surgeons claimed that the bullet was too close to his brain to permit removal.

With the coming of statehood in 1907, Geary's violent days slowly came to an end. Today, like so many other midwestern farm towns, it barely exists.

I thank R. C. Squires, Nanna Huff, the late Jack Dillion and Mrs. John Cross for turning this little page in history.

Smugglers' Trail

(Continued from page 29)

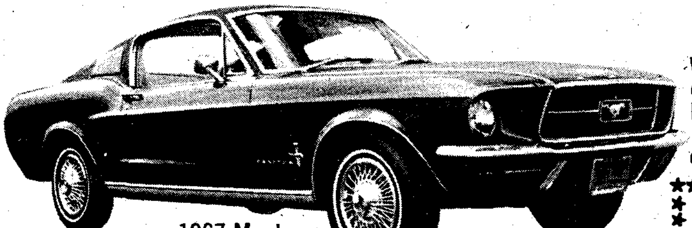
a former Army scout in the Indian Wars, were fleeing from a posse in Arizona's greatest manhunt.

The slain officers, with a fourth lawman, had surrounded the Powers' cabin in the Galiuro Mountains during the night, and opened fire at dawn, killing the father of the Power boys. The two brothers and Sisson fought back, killed three deputies and forced the lone survivor to run.

"Sure, I kept the Powers boys on my place. I fed them, too. I've always felt they were wronged and unjustly convicted (they spent forty-two years in Arizona State Prison for the killings). They were just victims of bad feelings up around Safford. Killing those lawmen was simply a matter of self-defense," Eicks said.

The Powers, after leaving Eicks' ranch, used Smugglers' Trail to cross into Mexico. The U. S. Army from Ft. Huachuca finally trapped them there after a thirty-day manhunt.

"I am sure glad those days are over forever," Eicks said. "They may be interesting to read about, but they were hell to live through."



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TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

McCutcheon Wagontrain

Dear Editor:

We are preparing a research paper on an 1865 wagontrain which traveled from Council Bluffs, Iowa to Salt Lake City and eventually reached California in 1866.

John McCutcheon, Mary McKinley McCutcheon (his wife) and Cyrus Bell McCutcheon, their ten-year-old son, were members of this train. John organized it and other families joined him.

One night before the train reached Fort Bernard, Wyoming, the fort was savagely attacked by Indians. Five soldiers lay dead before the Indians withdrew.

Expecting the Indians to attack the train, and John McCutcheon being stricken with diptheria, the train decided to keep on the move. This proved too much for the weakened man, and he passed away during the night. He was buried along the Platte River.

The mountains to the west were heavily covered with snow, forcing the train to lay over for the winter north of Salt Lake City, just south of Provo, Utah. The Mormons helped the people of the train through the winter.

In the Spring of 1866, the train again forged westward. However, before they moved a very great distance, the train split. Some pioneers headed for Oregon. The main portion of the train headed south toward Los Angeles with a Mormon food train. Cyrus Bell and his mother were in the latter group.

We are interested in information about the names of persons who traveled with this particular train; the route traveled, the names of any known overnight camps; the location of any diaries, letters, pictures or maps concerning this train; or any other available pertinent information. We will answer all letters.—James Melvin Cannon, and Mary B. (McCutcheon) Cannon, P.O. Box 34, Edwards, California 93523.

Anybody Remember?

Dear Sir:

I have read with great interest and pleasure your many fine articles pertaining to the Negro cowboys of the Old West.

During my childhood in the early 1920s, I had the great pleasure of spending a few months on a cattle ranch located a few miles out of Marfa, Texas, going toward Alpine. As I can remember, the ranch was a pretty large one judging from the many cattle and horses that were on it. The ranch was owned by Arthur Mitchell of Marfa and was managed by a very efficient, well known and well liked Negro by the name of Frank Mayfield, who died sometime around 1925 or 1926.

I would like very much to hear from anyone who knew this fine old gentleman, or any of the other Negro cowhands that I vaguely recall were quite numerous around that part of Texas at that time. Some names I remember are Stafford Bly, Jesse Owens, Jesse Grundy and L. C. Mayfield—Ben Brown, 707 South Barclay Avenue, Compton, California.

Herman Lyly

Dear Sir:

Are there any old-timers left who worked on the Denver and Leadville in the years 1898-1904? My uncle, who came from Finland in 1898, worked on this line and was killed during a tunnel cave-in. His name was Herman Lyly. If anyone knew him, please write.—Carl Divisto, Route 1, Box 116, Osseo, Minnesota.

Cowboy Rogers

My grandfather, James Lafayette Rogers, was a cowboy back in his youth, and went on many a cattle drive. I don't know how many years he did this kind of work but he started in 1877 at the age of fifteen. He was cook part of the time. I'm sorry I didn't get to talk to him about his early life, because there must have been many wonderful stories he could have told. But when the older folks came to visit, the children spent most of the time outdoors playing, and I don't suppose we thought of Granddad as a cowboy. He had turned to farming in later life.

I decided to write to you after getting acquainted with your magazines, to ask

(Continued on page 59)

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By The Old Bookaroos

HORSES AND HORSEMEN

The Western Horse (The Interstate Printers and Publishers, Danville, Illinois, $7.50) is the fifth edition of this classic account by our old amigo, John A. Gorman, of the faculty of the University of Wyoming. The first edition was issued in 1939 and is now very scarce and rather expensive. This fifth issue, edited by Gaydill M. Collier, is a bigger and better book—it is profusely illustrated and improved in coverage. If you have a question about any of the types of western horses (and they are numerous) the answer is most likely in this big volume. Appendix, glossary, bibliography and index enhance the test. Recommended.

WINNERS OF THE WEST

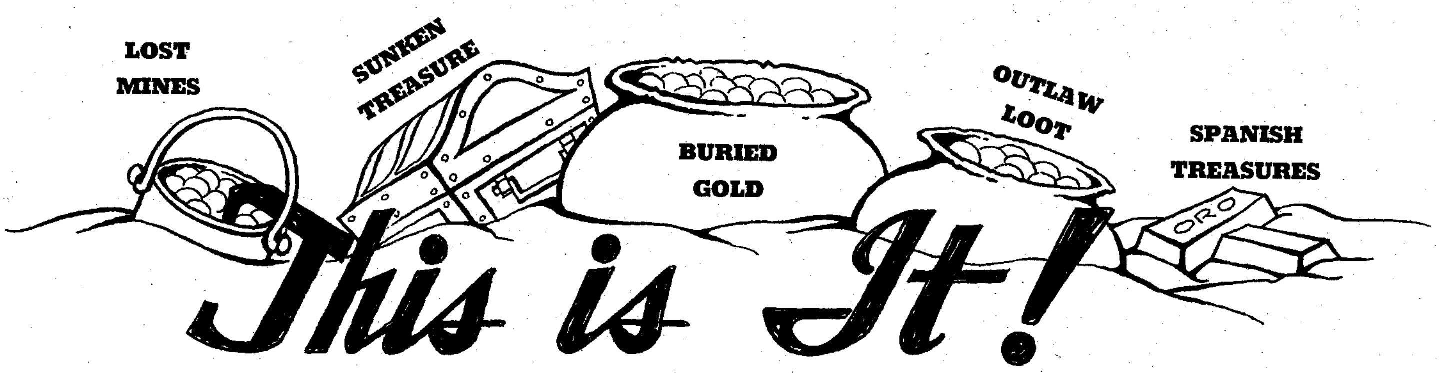
They Opened the West (Doubleday, $4.95) is by the Western Writers of America (a very broadminded group indeed since it numbers two of The Old Bookaroos among its members). The anthology was edited by the veteran western novelist, Tom W. Blackburn, and it seems to this reviewer that Tom's selections are sound. This anthology is a mixture of fact and fiction—thirteen stories in all and they complement and supplement. For example, Glenn Shirley, one of the dedicated chroniclers of the gunmen of the Southwest, contributed "Mochila Mail—Epoch of Courage," an account of the Pony Express; and Ray Hogan came through with a dandy story, "A Place for Danny Thorpe," about an ex-jockey who became a Pony Express rider. Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring's "The Business of Making Money" is the factual story of the private minting of gold coins in Denver, and there are a lot of facts in Lucia Moore's story of Joe Meek, "The Proud." Frank Robertson, Bill Gulick, Fred Grove and Cliff Farewell are among the other contributors. The book ends with a nostalgic piece out of the boyhood of Allan R. Bosworth entitled "The Windmill Man." Good story telling all the way—well done fellow members of the WWA!

BLACK HILLS GOLD

The Thoen Stone (Harlo Press, $4.00) by Frank Thomson is a fascinating story of the Black Hills. Louis Thoen, a Norse stone mason, found a slab of sandstone on which a message had been scratched. It told the story—seven men had found gold in the Black Hills, all they could carry, but six of them had already been killed by the Indians who also had stolen their horses; the Indians were hunting the survivor, one Ezra Kind, who had lost his gun and was without food. The message was dated June, 1834—some forty years before the Custer Expedition found the gold that led to the rush to the Black Hills. Was it authentic or a hoax? Frank Thomson, a Spearfish, South Dakota businessman, has devoted years to seeking an answer. Will G. Robinson, Secretary of the South Dakota State Historical Society, sums it up in a brief paragraph in the preface: "He (Thomson) has for nearly fifteen years expended tremendous amounts of his own energy and substance and has made findings that do much to authenticate the Stone as a truly historic find." Perhaps Thomson has not finished the job—perhaps it will never be finished—but he has written a rewarding book about his attempts to solve this true western mystery. He had the editorial help of an experienced hand, M. O. Skarsten, in preparing the manuscript and there are some good photos plus an appendix with a number of tidbits of Black Hills lore. Recommended.

EXPLORING THE WEST

Exploration and Empire (Alfred A. Knopf, $10.00) is by William H. Goetzmann, Director of the American Studies Program at the University of Texas. This is a big handsome volume and it is profusely illustrated with reproductions of drawings and paintings by Bodmer, Miller, Catlin, Stanley, Holmes and other pioneer artist-explorers; with photos by such frontier picture makers as W. H. Jackson and Timothy O'Sullivan and twenty-two maps. Dr. Goetzmann has done a fine job of summing up the very extensive literature of the numerous explorations of the West beginning with Lewis and Clark in 1805. By 1900 the job was essentially done—with minor exceptions the West had been seen, painted and photographed. The author tackled a tremendous mass and he chose well—there are many annotations. The mountain men, the government exploring parties, including those seeking the railroad routes to the Pacific, the army and private hunting parties all contributed to our knowledge of the western plains, mountains and deserts. In these pages you will meet again such veterans of western exploration as Jed Smith (perhaps the greatest of them all), David Thompson, John C. Fremont, Clarence King, John Wesley Powell, F. V. Hayden, Zeb Pike, Kit Carson, and many others. The author has evaluated their contributions after most careful study. There is a lengthy note on sources plus a very good index. Dr. Goetzmann has brought the mountain to you. Recommended.



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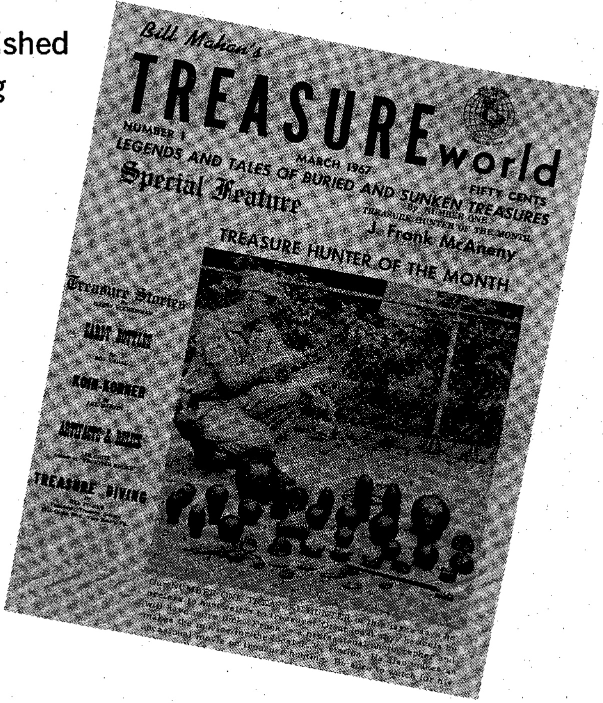

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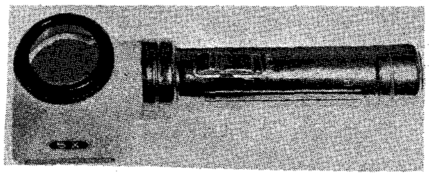

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Unlucky Excursionists in Yellowstone

(Continued from page 18)

rectly at his head, and experienced a sensation as if the ball had gone crashing through his brain. I suppose he thought he was surely killed.

On opening his eyes, his first impulse was to feel for his hair, which he found all right except that it was clotted with blood.

Thinking himself entirely alone, he drew himself up by the boughs of a tree and was standing on his feet, when he discovered an Indian approaching him with rifle in hand ready for use, twenty yards away. Cowan started toward a clump of bushes not far distant and, while looking back over his shoulder to see how close the savage was upon him, the Indian fired, the ball striking Cowan on the point of the left hip and coming out in front of the abdomen. He fell on his face in some high grass, about twenty yards from the trail, where he remained perfectly still, every moment expecting the Indian to come up and complete his work. But he never came.

About twenty minutes elapsed, when a party of hostiles passed along the trail but did not discover the wounded man. Cowan kept his place for half an hour after these Indians passed, and everything being silent as death (it was now dark), he cautiously surveyed the position, and took an inventory of his injuries. Finding himself unable to stand, he commenced to crawl, desiring to get to a place of greater safety, and kept this up till midnight.

Cowan's condition at this time would appear anything but hopeful, but he was not the man to give up. He remembered that some of the party had carelessly dropped a few matches and spilled a small quantity of parched coffee at the camp in Firehole Basin; also, that an empty can had been left there. If the matches could be secured and the coffee and can could be found, he would have fire and get some nourishment.

The old camp was twelve miles away but Cowan started on the perilous journey. On his way, passing near the abandoned wagons, he crawled to them in the vain hope of getting something in the shape of clothing to keep himself warm. Here he found his bird dog keeping faithful watch and patiently waiting for its master's return. The dog was delighted to see him, seemed to show great sympathy for him in his afflictions, and attended him in all of his after-travels.

Finally, after crawling on his hands and knees for four days and nights, through dense timber and brush, resting at intervals, on Tuesday evening Cowan reached the camp where they had been captured. He found the matches and coffee-grains scattered in the dirt. He now felt safe, as he had fire to warm him, coffee to drink, and a dog that he could kill and eat, if necessity required.

The next day (Wednesday), just before noon, he was found by two of General Howard's scouts, and the following day the advance-guard came up, with whom was Mr. Arnold, who brought Cowan the first intelligence of the safety of his wife. Mr. Cowan was placed in a wagon and sent to Bozeman, where, after several other hair-breadth escapes, he arrived in safety. What a joyful occasion, as husband and wife met again.

THE HELENA PARTY was composed of A. J. Weikert, Frederick Pfister, Richard Deitrich, Joseph Roberts, Charles Kenck, Jack Stewart, August Foller, Leslie Wilkie, L. Duncan, and Benjamin Stone (colored cook).

On the morning of the 25th of August the tourists started from the Yellowstone Falls, expecting to encamp that night at the Mud Geysers, about nine or ten miles distance. On reaching Sulphur Mountain, and riding to the summit, they discovered a moving body several miles ahead, which was first pronounced a band of elk, then a large party of tourists, but which it was soon ascertained was a troop of Indians.

The entire party at once returned to within three miles of the falls, rode one mile from the trail west, through the timber, and went into camp in a little opening near a stream that puts into the Yellowstone. They were not disturbed during the night. No one knew what tribe the Indians belonged to.

Next morning, Weikert and Wilkie volunteered to act as scouts, with the understanding that if danger threatened they were to fire their guns, which should be the signal for the party to run for their lives.

About eleven o'clock the cook was preparing dinner, and most of the boys were lying asleep or lounging about camp, when the party was startled by the crack of a gun, and immediately a full volley was fired into the camp by a band of savages not thirty yards away, who rushed forward, firing as they came and making the woods ring with their savage war-whoop.

Kenck was killed instantly, and Stewart received a severe wound in the hip, but succeeded in getting away. The rest of the party scattered and ran for the woods, followed by showers of bullets, and succeeded in making their escape.

The scouts had failed to discover Indians on account of the haze, and were returning when, about two miles from camp, they discovered the savages in ambush for them, and wheeled their horses to retreat. The Indians fired, hitting Weikert in the shoulder, while another bullet carried away the stock of his rifle. The boys escaped from the Indians and galloped to a place near the camp and fired two shots—the signal agreed upon. No response came.

Determined to know the worst, the brave boys went into camp, where the broken shotguns, provisions, and camp equipage piled on the smouldering campfire, told the fearful tale. With sad hearts they started homeward. They soon came up with Stewart and Stone. Stewart was badly wounded, and Stone was helping him along. Both were exhausted. The scouts gave up their horses to their helpless comrades and trudged onward, reaching the Mammoth Springs next morning. They had traveled forty-five miles since the attack.

Here they met Carpenter and his sisters from the other party who had just arrived, and during the day all the survivors of the Helena group arrived except Roberts and Foller. These boys—one scarcely twenty and the other seventeen years of age—had succeeded in reaching the timber and had started in a northwesterly direction through the forest, hoping thus to avoid the Indians.

Lost amid the dreary solitudes of the mountains without compass or guide, destitute of food or sufficient raiment to keep them warm, their feet sore and bleeding, it is a wonder that they should escape so well. Of their experience Roberts says:

"Foller and I traveled from about noon until dark—direction west, hugging the timbered mountainside. We lay down supperless to sleep. Foller, better off than I, had a coat, so I took the inside next a big log, with Foller outside. We were up at daybreak next morning, and continued our tramp.

"On the morning of the 28th, about nine o'clock, we struck the summit of the divide separating the waters of the Madison and Yellowstone. Starting down a dry gulch, we followed it until we struck a small stream, which led us to the river. Traveling down the Madison some miles we found a vacant cabin. We felt encouraged to rest here a bit, and ease our blistered feet. Foller, having a tackle, tried his luck at angling, and caught three fish. These we roasted, having made a fire; ate two of the fish, and saved the third for emergencies. Resuming our march downstream, we made our bed that night in tall grass near the river.

"About noon the next day, on turning a bend, we saw several men on the opposite side of the river, and hailed them. They proved to be a party with wagons transporting supplies to General Howard's command, then at Henry's Lake. One of them mounted and forded the river, leading two animals to convey us over. The party took good care of us—gave us first a small dram of whiskey and then carefully rationed us. Afterward, providing us with canned salmon, tomatoes, hardtack, a loaf of bread, etc., they gave us the direction to Virginia City, and we proceeded on, still afoot, until night, when we camped in a deserted house.

"Traveling until noon of the 30th, we fell in with a man looking for stock. He sent us to his wagon, while he went off after stray horses. When he returned we bargained with him to take us to Virginia, where we arrived safely the same evening."

On SATURDAY, September 1, Weikert and a man named McCartney had returned to the place of attack in search of the missing, to bury them if dead, and bring them in if wounded; while Deitrich, a man by the name of Stoner, and Stone remained at the springs to assist in caring for the wounded when they should arrive. All the rest had left and gone toward Bozeman. A party of Indians made their appearance and commenced firing. Stoner and Stone succeeded in getting safely to Doane's camp just below, but Dietrich was killed. Weikert and McCartney, after burying Kenck's body,

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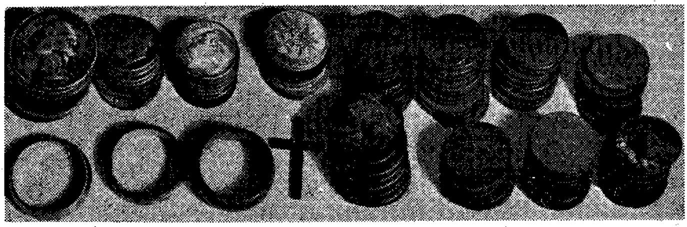

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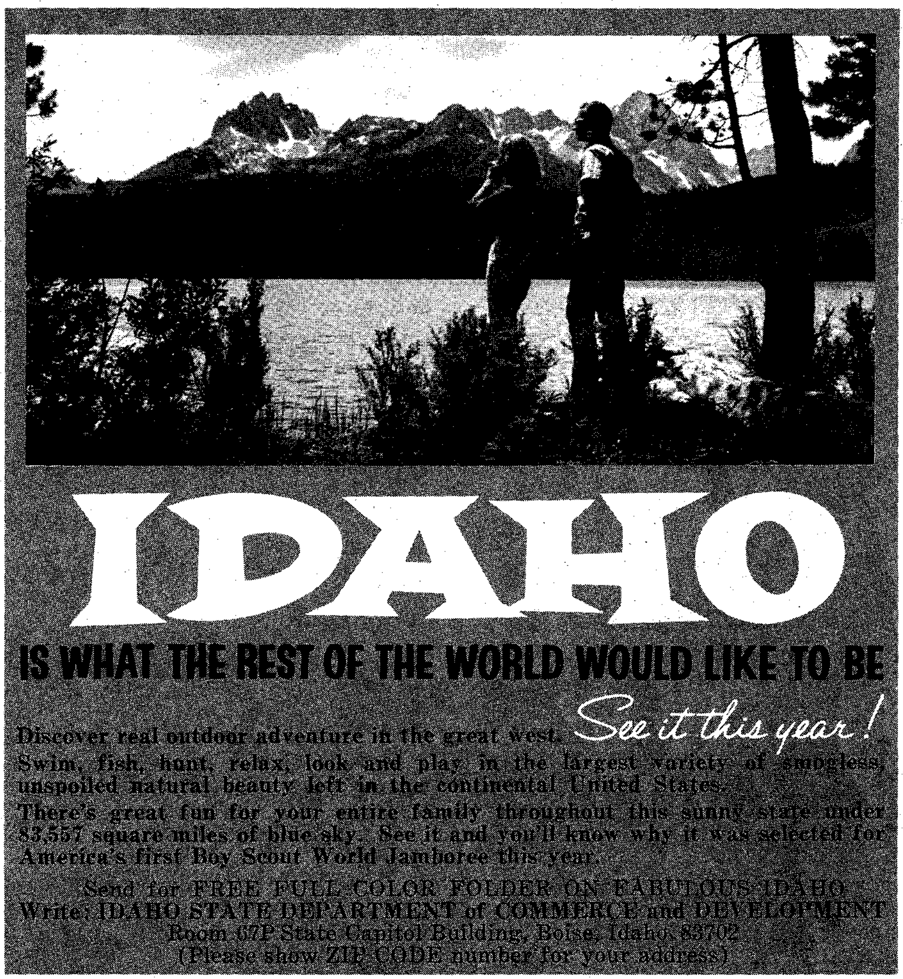

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were returning to the springs when they were attacked by the same party of Indians, and had a narrow escape, one of the scouts having his horse shot under him.

Reference has been made to Shively. He was on his way from the Black Hills, had stopped to see the geysers, and was just waiting for the Radersburg party to complete their tour of observation, expecting to travel in company with them to the settlements, when he was captured by the Nez Percés on the evening of the 23rd of August, and compelled to act as guide for them. His story is thrilling, and I will permit him to relate it himself.

"On the evening of the second day, while waiting for the Radersburg party, I was camped in the Lower Geyser Basin. I was eating my supper. On hearing a slight noise, I looked up and, to my astonishment, four Indians in war-paint were standing within ten feet of me, and twenty or thirty more had surrounded me not more than forty feet off. I sprang for my gun, but was rudely pushed back. I then asked them what Indians they were, and they answered 'Sioux.'

"I said, 'No.'

"Then one of them said, 'Nez Percés.'

"They commenced to gesticulate wildly, and a loud conversation was kept up between them. I thought the exhibition of a little bravery might help me, so I folded my arms and told them to shoot, that I was not afraid to die.

"A brother of Looking Glass then came up, placed his hand on my heart, and held it there a minute or two, and exclaimed, 'Hyas, skookum-tum-tum!' meaning 'strong heart' in Chinook. He then said in English, 'Come with me,' walked a few steps, and told me to get on a pony that he pointed out.

"He jumped up behind me, and all started for the main camp a short distance below. While this was taking place, the other Indians had taken my gun, blankets, horses—in fact, everything I had.

"Arriving at the main camp, a council of the chiefs was formed, and I was told to take a seat inside the circle. They asked me who I was, and what I was doing there. I told them. They asked me if I would show them the best trail leading out of the park to Wind River, where they were going. I told them I would, as I knew all about the country. This seemed to be satisfactory, and the council broke up, and the camp moved up a mile or two, where an encampment for the night was formed.

"A robe was given me, and an Indian named Joe was detailed to sleep with me. He spoke very good English; said that I must not attempt to escape; that he would be my friend; that they had come that way to get away from Howard; that the trail by that route to Wind River was not known to them, but other Indians had told them about it, and that if I told them the truth they would not harm me. As I could not help myself, I promised all they asked, and kept my promise.

"All the time I was with them, I always showed a willingness to get on or off a horse when they told me; and, if an Indian rode behind me on the horse, I offered no objections, and to this fact I am probably indebted for kind treatment. After breaking camp the next morning, I was ordered to mount. An Indian mounted behind, and I was started ahead with mounted and armed Indians on each side and behind me.

"WHILE CAMPED the next day, about noon, the Radersburg party were brought into camp. Shortly afterward, a march was made toward Yellowstone Lake, I still being kept some distance in the advance. After traveling about a mile, I heard seven distinct shots fired, and supposed all the persons had been killed, but that evening Joe told me that only two men had been shot, and the next morning I saw Mrs. Cowan and Miss Carpenter and was allowed to speak to them, and we traveled near together all that day. Through this terrible ordeal, the sisters behaved nobly and with utmost fortitude, although Mrs. Cowan's mental agony at thought of her husband wounded, and perhaps dead, was enough to have driven her distracted. With all their savagery and ferocity, let it be said and remembered to the credit of the Nez Percés, that these ladies were treated with all respect, and protected from all harm, while prisoners.

"The next day, Frank Carpenter and his sisters were permitted to go, and the Indians moved to the Yellowstone, and from there moved over to a tributary of Clark's Fork. The first night of our arrival being quite dark, I slipped out of camp and started for the Mammoth Hot Springs, which I reached after traveling two whole nights and one day. Here I found no one, but did find some potatoes already cooked, which greatly revived me after my long fast—having had nothing to eat from the time of leaving the Indian camp.

"I then started for Henderson's ranch, which I found destroyed but plenty of provisions lying around. I got some eggs, and while cooking them, J. W. Schuler of Butte City, who was returning from the Clark's Fork mines, rode up. He kindly gave me his horse to ride, he going on foot. That night, early, we reached Dailey's ranch, where we received the kindest treatment, and Mr. Dailey loaned me a horse on which to ride to Bozeman.

"I was with the Indians thirteen days, and was treated very well all the time. They traveled very leisurely, not averaging the whole time more than five miles a day. Joe said they were not afraid of Howard. He also said that they did not intend to return to Idaho, as the agent there, John Hall, was a bad man and would not give them what was due them; that they would remain somewhere in the Big Horn country, and if the soldiers came, they would join in with the Sioux and Crows and whip them."

Thus ends the brief recital of one of the most startling western adventures that it has ever been the lot of this historian to chronicle. The courage of the captives will be remembered as long as those grand old mountains stand as silent witnesses, but perpetual reminders, of the scenes here related.

The Devil Chased Him

(Continued from page 24)

To escape this time he drove to the far end of Red Valley, almost to Eagle Nest Rock, five miles from Tonalea. From there he made a series of interlocking circles before halting at a long abandoned hogan under the wall of White Horse Mesa.

Since the *chindi* was now much more difficult to fool, the family could spend only three or four days in any one secret place. Several Navajo hogans were placed at Behegade's disposal. As a change he sometimes erected a brush shelter. Only once did he use a canvas tent. The *chindi,* he said, immediately discovered the ruse.

Local Indians who were powerless to render him aid, began calling Behegade "the man afraid of the devil." They did so sadly, meaning the evil one chased him down in order to reach the doomed girl.

He always kept the wagon loaded and a team harnessed to flee on an instant's notice. His only warning remained the hoot of a friendly owl. A wise bird, the Navajos claimed it was privy to all supernatural secrets. By June, 1928, when the owl needed to hoot only once to drive the family into wild flight, the terrible *chindi* closed in for the finale.

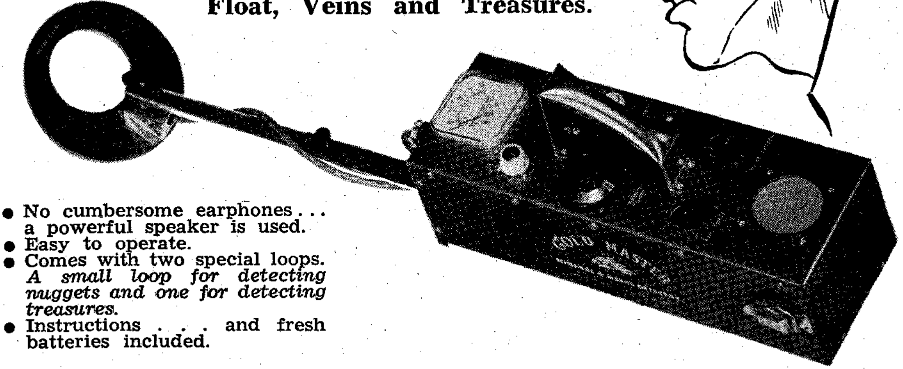
One afternoon an owl sounded its warning in broad daylight. This had never happened before. Cooking utensils had not been loaded into the wagon because it wasn't near sundown. Alice was placed in the wagon, and Behegade tore up the country, nearly wrecking his wagon, escaping from the forest on the rim of Gishey Canyon four miles above the trading post. The wagon, with Behegade standing upright and urging his team forward, burst out of the timber onto the Navajo Mountain road. It looked like a runaway.

Navajos rushed outside the post in great alarm. Some mounted their horses intending to help, but by then the wagon and driver had come close enough to the post for Behegade to be recognized. When he flew past, his dusky face was white with terror. Not until midnight did he come to a halt.

Thereafter Behegade spent no more than a day and part of the night in one place. The inevitable tragic ending was expected at any time. Tension gripped the countryside. Indians coming to trade at the store no longer smiled or joked. Their business was transacted quickly in tight-lipped silence. Many sunrise prayers were said daily at hogans, and complicated chants given, all designed to protect Alice and the Behegades from harm.

Worry and weariness began to tell on the family. Some of them took sick and had to be left in the care of relatives. Indeed, toward the end, only Behegade, Hazel, Julia and Agnes remained together caring for the stricken girl.

SOMEHOW they got by until winter closed over the vast and colorful Navajo country. It was bitterly cold, often far below zero. Came the night in late November, 1928, when Behegade



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moved into a hogan three miles from the trading post on Red Mesa. The family seemed about exhausted. But they were encouraged by Alice who had rallied, smiled and talked a bit. Before going to bed she ate a can of sliced peaches sent to her from the store by Grandma Behegade. The old lady later told me that Alice that night for the first time expressed hope that at last the *chindi* had been sidetracked.

At ten o'clock thick flakes of snow began falling inside the hogan through the smoke hole. Elated, Behegade went outside every fifteen minutes to inspect the fall through which he could not see. An hour after the storm began he unsaddled the one horse, and unharnessed the team, hobbling them out.

He thought that deep snow on the ground meant the *chindi* could not possibly track them down. All they need do was stay inside, leaving the surrounding snow unmarked. For the first time in many months they could get some undisturbed rest.

The worst snowstorm in years was underway. By morning a wall of white filled the air. Their fears allayed briefly, the Behegades went to sleep, and the terrible *chindi* struck for the last time.

It was Grandma Behegade, awakening about one o'clock to replenish the center fire, who made the awesome discovery. As the dying coals blazed up, she moved to Alice's robed body. Feeling of her face she found it stone cold. At long last eternal rest had ended the poor girl's suffering.

Grandma Behegade's piercing scream awakened her husband, Julia, and Agnes. For a long minute they gaped speechless, stunned by the swift turn of events. Then they broke for the door, thrusting it wide open, to disappear in the raging storm.

Reaching the opening last, Grandma Behegade paused. After all, she was old and would die before many more years passed. The fear that had gripped the others was because the spirit of the dead girl would hover in and around the hogan for four days. Slowly the old lady turned back, covering Alice with the robe and tying the ends together. Then moving outside, she closed the door made of Arbuckle coffee box boards, and wired it securely before she, too, disappeared into the storm.

All of them were separated and lost, but sometime the next day they stumbled onto other hogans and were taken in.

At mid-morning the sun came out for a little while. An educated Navajo waded and plowed through four feet of loose snow to the trading post. He wanted us, white men who could not be harmed by any spirit, to go bury the body. He had removed the wagon and stock.

This was impossible for several reasons—the still raging storm, the depth of the snow, and the ground's being frozen hard and deep.

It was a week before Behegade came to the post. He had decided to leave Alice's body in the closed hogan unburied, but he wanted us to check occasionally.

"A witch might mutilate it," he averred solemnly, "or maybe a Paiute. They will do anything."

So the body remained in the hogan, while the dirt washed off the poles with each rain. Every time we checked, no tracks were in evidence anywhere near. The place was shunned by all Indians.

Three years later only a few of us remembered. Occasionally the fatal string of circumstances were discussed and theories extended as to why and how such a thing could happen.

In time, rumors of the girl's unburied body were whispered at the Tuba City Indian agency. One day a representative of the superintendent, Carl Beck, arrived at the trading post. He asked if the rumors were true, and we confirmed it.

Returning to Tuba City he came back with three white men and a burial box of pine lumber. I went along with them to the hogan at Behegade's request.

The grave was dug, and the body placed in the box. The remains were surprisingly light. Beck suspected a mummified condition, and untied the robe at the girl's head. To our astonishment her features were still so natural that it seemed as if she had just closed her eyes in sleep.

After Alice was buried and the grave packed hard with red clay, the hogan timbers were burned to the ground. The site has been long forgotten. The last of the Long Salts and her tragic ending is remembered only by the surviving Behegades and the family's oldest friends.

The Petrified Indian

(Continued from page 41)

fight with whatever was handy—fists, clubs or guns.

Tom O'Neel worked in the bridge department of the railroad. One night he got in a brawl in a saloon in Old Town and was shot dead. Dr. Davis, as coroner, held an inquest and later took over Tom's body. He held it for a time, but was never able to contact any of O'Neel's relatives.

After embalming Tom, he decided to do a little experimenting. He hauled an old, tin bathtub up to the little stone house in the cemetery, and mixed up large quantities of chemicals in which he regularly soaked Tom. In addition, on each sunny day, he put Tom on the iron cot outside the house to dry.

In 1883, the townspeople decided that the cemetery wasn't in a satisfactory location. Dr. Davis, who owned land adjoining the cemetery, proposed that the town give him a deed to the cemetery land, and in return, he'd give the town the land now known as Crystal Valley Cemetery, and remove all the bodies from the old location, free of charge. It was agreed. Dr. Davis removed the bodies to the new site, and retained the stone house which was destined to shelter Tom for about ten years.

Several nice homes had been erected on the site of the old cemetery, when Dr. Davis died in the middle 1890s. These new home owners began to complain about the stone house and contents, and the city requested the doctor's son, W. A. Davis, to remove them.

Two men, one a day-laborer from Kansas, the other, a local resident down on his luck, volunteered to put Tom in

(Continued on page 56)

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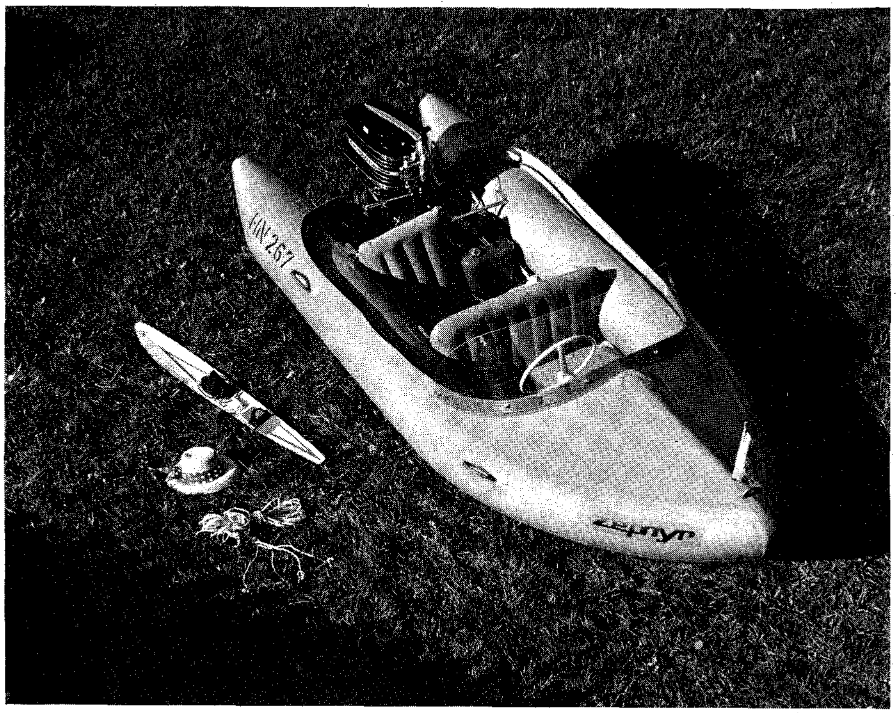

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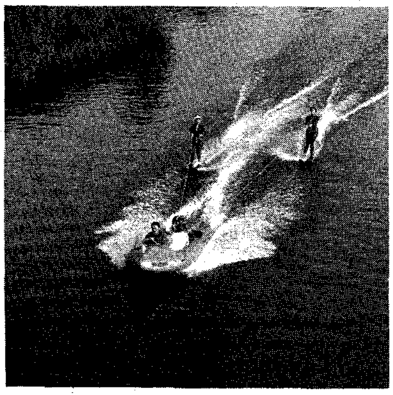

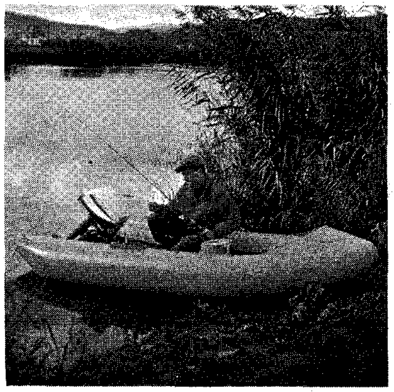

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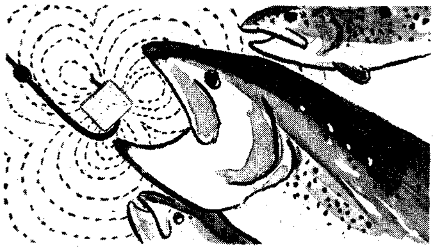

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The Petrified Indian

(Continued from page 54)

a wooden box and bury him "somewhere." The Kansan confided to his friend that he knew about a two-headed calf, back in his home state. If they could combine Tom and the calf, and show Tom as a Petrified Indian from Colorado, they could tour the country and make a fortune. They buried Tom in loose gravel, and spent the rest of the day rounding up some old buckskin clothes, arrowheads and stone beads.

After dark they dug up Tom and dressed him in the Indian finery, then hauled him by wagon to the depot, where they arranged to have the wooden box shipped out on the next train for Kansas. To celebrate their good fortune, the men went to the nearest saloon and got drunk. When they got back to the depot, they found that Tom had already left on the train without them.

Railroad officials in Kansas became suspicious of the coffin-like box when it was unclaimed for a day or two. They opened it, saw Tom, and as soon as the two men arrived from Manitou to claim the shipment, arrested them for grave robbery.

Tom's new owners sat in jail for three days until railroad officials received affidavits stating that there'd been no grave robbery in Manitou. Those in authority in Manitou no doubt thought it was good riddance.

Tom O'Neel, dressed in tattered buckskin, stone beads around his neck, tomahawk in hand, and billed as a Petrified Indian, went on tour with the two-headed calf. But it wasn't long before his owners' personalities began to clash. When the calf died, Tom was disposed of to a traveling museum.

I heard nothing further of him until the turn of the century, when my wife, our small son and I attended the Portland Fair. We were walking down the midway and heard a barker in front of a concession inviting people in to see the Petrified Indian from Manitou Grand Caverns in Colorado.

I suggested that we go take a look, for I thought I'd know that Indian; chances were it was Old Tom. It was. He was decked out in the same fashion—buckskin clothes, stone beads, arrowheads scattered around his body, the tomahawk in one hand. But now he wore a black wig to make him look more authentic.

After the barker had delivered a short lecture, and the crowd had gone on, I told him I knew the history of the "Indian," and told him the story. He finally admitted he'd purchased Tom in Minneapolis for $2,600.00.

That's the last I ever saw or heard of Tom O'Neel. He looked so genuine, though, I'll bet he's still on display somewhere and making lots of money for someone.

Note from Hank Givens:—W. S. "Bill" Crosby was born October 23, 1873, on Prince Edward Island, Canada, and was sent by his mother in 1889 to live in Colorado, because he suffered from asthma. With other Manitou Springs boys, Crosby took a job washing bottles for the Manitou Mineral Water Company, and worked for 10 hours a day for $1. He became night clerk at the Barker House, now the Navajo Hotel in Manitou Springs, and at the Alamo Hotel in Colorado Springs.

With a team of horses he conducted a freighting business between Manitou Springs and Cripple Creek in the 1890s. At that time there were some forty assayers in Cripple Creek, most of whom didn't give legitimate returns. To prove this to himself, Crosby pulverized a cookie jar and received an estimate of $60 a ton!

He became a traveling passenger agent for the Cog Road up Pikes Peak about 1905. As a representative of the Short Line Railroad in Manitou Springs, he had many years' experience with the public, conducted a publicity bureau of his own and, in addition, handled the advertising departments of several scenic attractions and leading hotels in the region.

For a time, during the winter months, Crosby "broke freight" in Albuquerque, and became interested in the Navajo Indians. He decided to open a business in Manitou Springs to sell their handmade items. He opened two stores, and operated them until twenty-one years ago when he retired.

During 1906 and 1907, he was responsible for the moving of an estimated 100 rooms of Indian cliff dwellings from southwestern Colorado to a canyon near Manitou Springs. Diagrams, measurements, blueprints and photographs were assembled before their removal in order to assure perfection in their reconstruction, which resulted in one of the more successful scenic attractions in the Pikes Peak Region.

Since 1957 Crosby has lived in Colorado Springs. In his nineties, he is still keeping speaking engagements before groups interested in hearing about things 'way back when. And he's still in there pitching for projects he feels are worthwhile. His latest success is the retention of a part of the 93-year-old Army Signal Corps meteorological station atop Pikes Peak, to serve as a monument to the past.

Bible in a Bearskin

(Continued from page 33)

tion he had worked out.

A rough, bearded frontiersman, clad in leather, awkwardly requested the Presbytery to let him carry the church into Texas. Ridiculous! Texas was a Catholic stronghold. Besides, it was illegal by Mexican law to preach anything but Catholicism. The Presbytery didn't want its message carried into a wasteland by a trapper who hadn't any formal theological training. Bacon was advised to wait a year, study, and then come back.

BACON felt he had lost too many years already. If he couldn't talk the Presbytery into sending him to Texas, he would go without its blessing. In 1826, he loaded as many Bibles and tracts as he could in a bearskin, strapped the load on a packhorse, and headed for the wild country. He arrived a poor man—all he had owned had been spent on the word of God.

Bacon made his headquarters near San Augustine in order to be close to the heavy traffic on the San Antonio trail. There, on the line between today's Sabine and San Augustine Counties, he delivered in 1828 the first sermon preached in Texas by a Protestant.

Bacon had to hold his meetings in open groves or fields for fear of reprisal from the Mexican authorities. What he was doing was against Mexican law.

Sometime in 1832, he received word that the alcalde had forbidden him to continue preaching. This news spread from Gonzales to Nacogdoches. The colonists were incensed. Word was sent to the Mexican official that Sumner Bacon was going to preach any time he chose, and anyone who came to stop him would have to contend with 200 rebellious settlers. The alcalde never made the trip.

Col. Peter Ellis Bean later was given a warrant for Bacon's arrest. The preacher didn't wait to be brought in. Barging into the land agent's office, Bacon introduced himself and cracked a joke about how the two men's names went very well together—Bacon and Bean. This touch of lightness on one hand, coupled with a raw determination on the other—Bacon said he was willing to die before he would stop preaching—made an impression on Bean. He told the Presbyterian to go on with his work; the authorities wouldn't bother him.

Bacon's small supply of Bibles ran out the first year he arrived in Texas. He desperately needed more. In 1833, he wrote the American Bible Society telling them, "There are in the jurisdiction of Nacogdoches, about six hundred American families, and three hundred Spanish, and the households destitute of the Bible are nine to one. Therefore, not less than five hundred Bibles are wanted immediately, towards supplying this jurisdiction."

The Society sent him 700 English Bibles and 900 Testaments. Bacon distributed these throughout Texas, eventually supplying the colonists with over 2,000 Bibles and tracts—at his own expense.

W. B. McDonald described Bacon's travels. "He had a pack horse to carry his books and bearskins to protect them in rainy weather. His chief difficulties were in crossing the waterways.

"The heavens were the roof over his head at night and the prairie grass furnished him forage. Indians, Mexicans, persecuting priests and rigid laws, and bloody assassins, and wild beasts, were all in the hands of his God who sent him to that special field."

SHORTLY before Texas made her bid for freedom, Sumner Bacon learned that a new Presbytery had been formed in Louisiana and that he would be received warmly if he applied there. He had spent almost a decade in Texas preaching and distributing Bibles, but he had never been ordained a minister. The Louisiana group received him as a candidate, licensed him, and ordained him the same day, but set down in their

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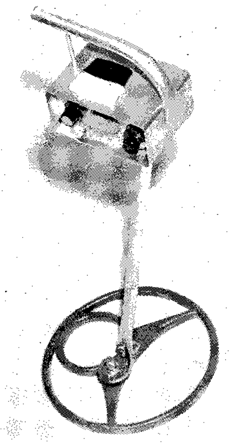

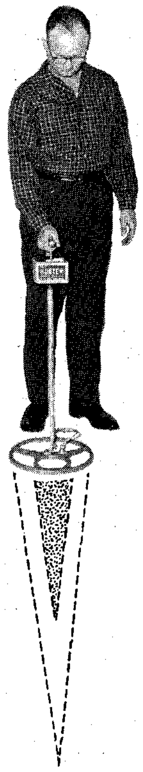

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books that this act was unusual and would not be a precedent for the future.

Bacon next traveled to Tennessee where he met and married Elizabeth McKerral. The newlyweds returned to Texas on horseback. They had no time to set up proper housekeeping, for the Revolution had started. The bridegroom hastened to join General Sam Houston.

Houston used Bacon as a personal messenger, sending him first to New Orleans to purchase gunpowder. He was next dispatched to Tennessee to seek General Dunlap's aid in repelling the expected Mexican invasion.

Sumner Bacon made these trips from his own resources. When the Republic was established, he appealed to Congress for repayment. Bacon wrote that he had "never received one cent by way of compensation . . . he was prompted by love of the country. . . . Petitioner is a poor man and has to support a large family by the work of his hands and is unable to sustain the loss of $561. . . . Believes that period has arrived and asks for compensation. . ."

Sumner Bacon never received any money for his services to the Republic of Texas. He died toward the end of May, 1844, four months after dispatching his petition to Congress. In fact, his only triumph, his only reward for the many years he spent on the frontier was seeing his church take root in Texas soil. Enough Cumberland Presbyterian ministers had followed Bacon's path that the Texas Presbytery was organized four years before his death. Sumner Bacon was elected its first Moderator.

Cariboo's Dromedary Express

(Continued from page 31)

the young man did the only thing left to do and hurled himself off the wagon box to his right. This action catapulted him against the sheer rock wall which lined the right of way on one side. George was knocked unconscious and was thus mercifully spared the screams of his horses as, dragging the heavy wagon down on top of them, they hurtled into the churning water of Fraser Canyon.

"My God! It's happened again," cried one of the camel drivers, halting beside Hilton's prostrate form. "This fellow looks pretty bad. Let's try to get him to a doctor."

Laumeister's freighter forced one of the camels to kneel and together the men placed George Hilton across it. Hurriedly they made their way to Yale. The victim's injuries were extensive, though not fatal, and his broken right leg necessitated the use of crutches for months afterwards. Worse still, Hilton claimed that the loss of his freighting outfit had bankrupted him.

A lawyer, already working upon the numerous lawsuits being filed against Laumeister, took Hilton's case, too. The owner of the Dromedary Express was a fair enough man and paid Hilton's damage suit without argument. But this was just one of many such claims being made against Laumeister.

At last a petition was signed by irate freighters and sent to Governor Douglas in Victoria, capital of the newly formed province. This petition was too strongly worded to be called a request; it really demanded that Laumeister be forced to take his camels off the road entirely and added that the unwanted beasts should be driven out of the country.

Fearing reprisals and realizing that his camels were a total failure, Frank Laumeister resigned from freighting. He gave a few of the detested camels to friends, not for any practical purpose but as curiosities. Others were freed in the desert-like country near Kamloops. For over forty years camels could be spotted feeding in that section of British Columbia. After 1906, apparently no more camels were seen, and it was thought they had gradually fallen prey to predators, such as the huge grizzlies.

The luckless Laumeister, financially unable to meet the mounting number of suits filed against him and knowing he had no sound defense, quietly left the country and returned to the United States. He made his home in San Francisco and, some fourteen years later, it was reported that he fell off a ferry in San Francisco harbor and was drowned.

Who Robbed the Mail Coach?

(Continued from page 25)

Dakotans thinking a couple of road agents had slipped through their fingers.

Col. D. B. Parker
Chief Inspector
P. O. Department
Washington, D. C.

July 7, 1880

Sir:

Inclosed herewith I respectfully return Case No. 26306B, and have to report a singular state of facts in relation thereto.

On the night of June 9th, 1879, the northbound stage, on the Sidney and Deadwood road, when at a point just north of Buffalo Gap was "held up" by two armed men, and the passengers (3) robbed of their money and jewelry, pistols, etc., the treasure box forced open and the two way pouches of mail seized and cut open and rifled of two regd. packages.

Shortly after this there was some horse stealing done by a fellow named "Lame Johnny," whose proper name was never known, and another fellow named Frank Harris. These fellows were at least strongly suspected of being thieves and the fact that Lame Johnny had been associated with one of the gangs who in 1877 had robbed the Deadwood coaches was well known to all of us. But as his associates had been about all killed off, etc. we could never get a particle of proof, and his connection in the theft of these horses, committed a day or two subsequent to this stage robbery, was about all the "sure thing" against him.

Turning up at Camp Robinson, Nebr., however, some days afterwards, with Frank Harris his partner, they were arrested and held in the post guard house, while, as it seems, the "vox populi" considered what would be the best course to pursue towards the pair. Johnny's verdict seems to have been that he was a bad and dangerous man and ought to be brought to Rapid City, Dakota, for trial. And so he was placed on the stage in charge of a deputy sheriff and started.

Johnny, it seems, had a good keen scent of danger and so in quitting Camp Robinson, he took time by the forelock and bade his companions a long and, as he predicted, a "last" farewell. He evidently felt a sort of premonition, as it were, that something was going to happen that would interfere with his longevity. And so it did, at a point near Buffalo Gap that very night—by strangulation. The following tenderly expressed thoughts rudely etched upon a wooden slab erected under that cottonwood tree shows the sacredness and care observed by the living over the spot where he lies. To wit:

"Pilgrim, Pause! You're standing on
The moldering clay of 'Limping John.'
Tread lightly, stranger, on his sod
For if he moves, you're robbed by G—d:"

Harris started over the same route on the next stage, and having heard of Lame Johnny's misfortune, it is alleged that he, too, felt something of a premonition and more especially about the time they were approaching the tree and the grave of Lame Johnny. Harris afterwards stated to me that he felt he was gone, but it seems that he caved in and begged like a pup, *although not one single threatening word was uttered by his captors.* Still Harris told all he knew about the horse stealing and, feeling moral, expressed a most ardent desire to receive treatment at Detroit, Michigan, for any length of time at all. So Harris got through safely and went to jail joyfully.

In the meantime, the whole country was up in arms looking for the men who had "held up" the stage on June 9th, and finally a deputy marshal in Deadwood arrested John McDonald and Fritz Staurck who, upon examination, were held to answer as being the two "Road Agents" who held up the coach on June 9th. They were duly indicted at Rapid City, Dak. at the August term of court and I never worked harder in my life than I did in working up and getting present the witnesses who professed to have a knowledge of the circumstances by which their guilt was made manifest.

They were first tried in the territorial court for highway robbery, and were convicted, and then in the same courtroom, before the same judge, organized as a U. S. Court, they were again tried for robbing the U. S. Mails etc. and again convicted. The evidence was, of course, all purely circumstantial, but they were convicted all the same. The evidence was terribly slim in its connections but it answered, as the public sentiment was and is terribly against road agents. I do not think there was a man in the court room who sincerely believed their guilt as proven, but the jury said "guilty" and that settled it.

Then came the tragic scene. At the close of the term of the court, when the Judge came to sentence Harris, he asked Harris if he had anything to say. Harris (who was convicted of horse stealing) said: "Yes, when your honor has sentenced me, I shall have then something to say." And so he was sent up to Detroit for 8 years. Harris then arose and made a speech to the court, acknowledging that he and Lame Johnny were the ones who and who alone had robbed the stage on June 9th and then he went so far as to tell where so much of the stolen property as came to his share was hidden. And then there was a scene!

The Court sent officers out and they found the property just where Harris said it was. And then there was the devil to pay sure enough!

The Judge suspended sentence upon McDonald and Staurck until next term (January, 1880) and then the shape the case assumed was about this: About one-half the people believed McDonald and Staurck guilty and regarded that they had put up the job with Frank Harris who made that "play" to let them out of their scrape as their convictions could not have let them off with less than a life sentence.

The other half regarded them as innocent men and so the court, being in doubt, ordered a new trial; and then both the District Attorney for the U. S. and for the territory nolled (nol-prossed) the indictment and they were released. And so ended the case. None of the matter taken from the mails was recovered.

Respectfully,
Your obt. servt.,
John B. Furay, P.O. Inspector

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

if you'd print my letter in the hope that some "old-timers" may read it and remember him. He lived in Texas all his life—in San Saba, Robinson, Lorena, Waco, and other towns. He married Addie Eudorah Suggs in 1888. They had eight children. I hope someone will write if they remember Granddad and Grandmother Rogers. It would be a pleasure to hear.—Mrs. J. W. Heddleston, 926 Morey Peak Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78213.

Parmer

Your magazine is so widely read I thought some of your readers might help me find my grandmother, Pearl Parmer. The last we knew of her she was in Monta Vista, Colorado. But her picture along with several other ladies is hanging on the west wall of the Indian Museum at Okmulgee, Oklahoma. I don't know when or where the picture was made. My mother was her step-daughter, Lucy Ellen Parmer, and Grandma had three daughters younger than my mother; one was named Jewel and one was named Blanche, but I don't recall the other one's name. If anyone knows of any of the above named persons, please write to me.—Mrs. Forrest Sampo, R.R. 1, Franklin, Missouri 65250.

McMinn

I want to hear from anyone who knew the McMinn brothers who owned a sheep ranch somewhere in Wyoming or Montana in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Their father's name was John McMinn. He was born in Newton County, Arkansas. John was my great uncle. I think one of the boys' name was Richard McMinn. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew them.—Mrs. G. F. Murphey, Box 167, Rail Road Flat, California 95248.

Hadley

In going through my brother-in-law's notebook I found a list of ten questions about the West. I would be glad to hear from any one who remembers these things. My brother-in-law was Floyd M. Hadley, born May 8, 1884, in Page, Nebraska. The Hadleys had a general store in Page. They sold the store and moved to Michigan between 1892 and 1895.

Do You Remember

1. Sod schoolhouse one mile south of Page, Nebraska?
2. The Christmas when a large red stocking took the place of a Christmas tree?
3. When we pioneers went to Sunday School in the Lyons schoolhouse with its paper siding?
4. When Mr. O'Reor conducted the singing school in this district?
5. When the Pacific Short Line R. R. was built through Page?
6. When Mr. Gardner gave us slate pencils every week?
7. The Kalthumplace mask band at Page's first celebration?
8. The goat that was more often seen on the roof of Hadley's Livery stable than seen on the ground?
9. The sad drowning of the two Woods sisters and Louise Hess?
10. When Mrs. Page taught school at the "Old Sod"?

This is the way they were listed.—Mrs. Cloteal Hadley, 1741 Golfview Road, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.

The Marshal's Missing Horse Herd

(Continued from page 35)

they had ridden horseback over much of the same country in southeastern Utah. Campbell told of buying horses around Moab and Monticello and selling them in Kanab, and looking for gold and a lost mine at Dandy Crossing. The elder Parker told of trailing horse thieves from the La Sal Mountains to Kanab, where he lost the trail.

"What year did you ride to Kanab?" Milton Parker asked.

The stranger hesitated.

"Before 1885 sometime," he said. "As I recall it was in 1883."

The two older men talked for a couple of hours, then Campbell went back to his own camp. For a long time Milton Parker said nothing, just sat staring at the dying fire. Finally he turned to his son.

"That fellow was one of the horse thieves I trailed to Kanab in 1885," he said.

"How can you know for sure?"

"He wouldn't have known of Dandy Crossing, or Hite, in 1883, because Cas Hite didn't move to the ford until late that year. Certainly there was no gold rush at that time. Another thing—he talked about Hanksville. The Hanksville post office wasn't established until 1885. Before that it was known as Graves Valley. Yes, I'm sure of it. That fellow was one of the horse thieves I trailed in 1885."

Milton Parker had found his man, but thirty-five years too late.

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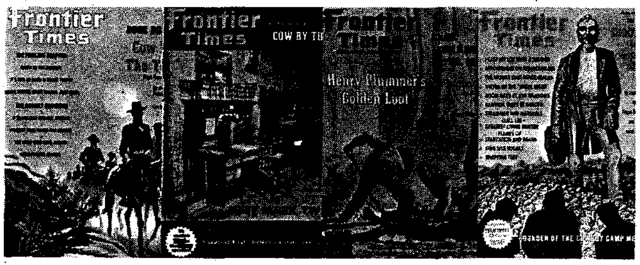

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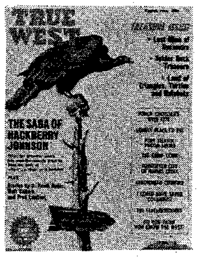

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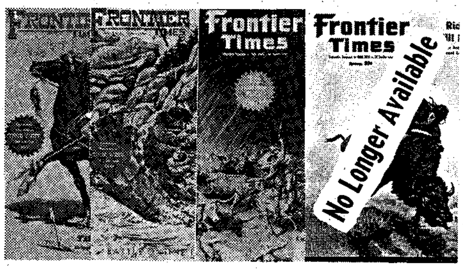

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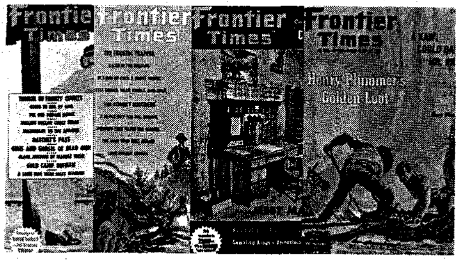

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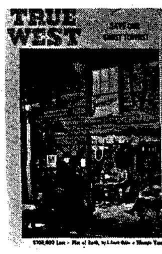
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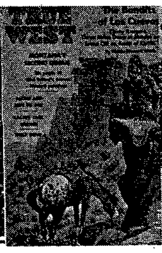
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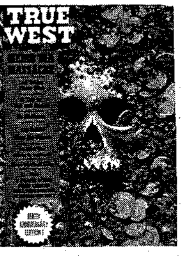
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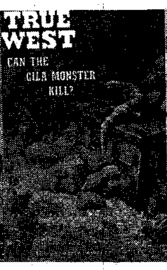
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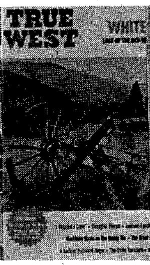
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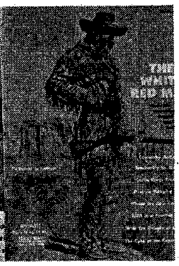
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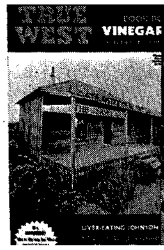
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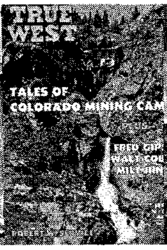
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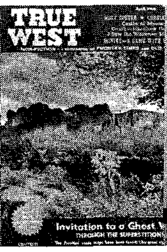
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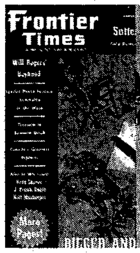
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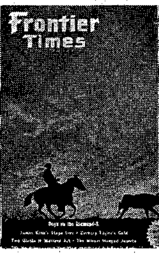
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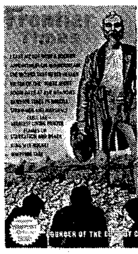
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A Divided Command Doomed the Nez Percés

(Continued from page 40)

and then, after a sharp skirmish with unmounted civilian scouts, downriver beyond the fighting range. Later, when the troops were driven from the village, Joseph and others brought the ponies into camp for loading their possessions.

Although the whites generally believed Joseph took an active part in the fighting, Two Moons tells of meeting him while the battle raged, carrying his infant daughter because the baby's mother, his younger wife, had been wounded. She later recovered, although one of Alokut's wives died from her wounds at the first night camp of the retreat. Joseph told Two Moons he had no gun, so the latter advised him to "skip for his life and save the child." Joseph's main role, according to the Indians, was guardian of the old men, women and children.

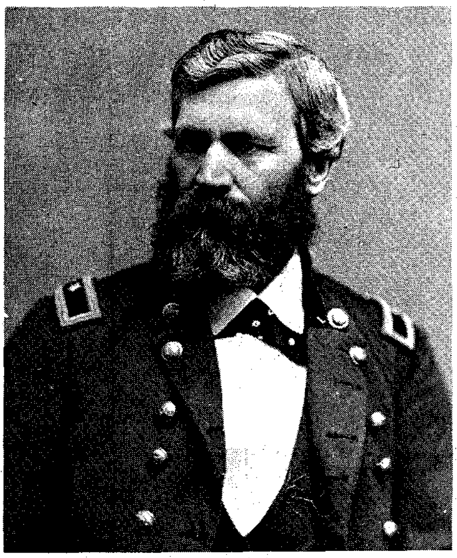
Meanwhile, for five hours, the fortunes of battle desperately shifted from attackers to defenders, with numerous hand-to-hand encounters. So stubborn was the Nez Percé resistance and so galling their firepower that Gibbon, suffering frightful casualties, was forced to retreat across the river and up the hill to the shelter of scrub pines. Here the troops, now on the defensive, entrenched and continued to fight fiercely against concealed Indian marksmen.

As the attackers fled, the Nez Percés reoccupied their shattered village and began hastily pulling down the lodges which the soldiers had been unable to set on fire. Wounded children cried with pain, Yellow Wolf reported, and women mourned their dead. To which Gibbon candidly added, "Few of us will soon forget the wail of mingled grief, rage, and horror which came from the camp four or five hundred yards from us when the Indians returned to it and recognized their slaughtered warriors, women and children."

While the women quickly packed the ponies for a flight to freedom, the men retrieved as many bodies as possible from the field of conflict and buried them. The wounded they strapped on travois hitched to gentle horses. That afternoon the surviving families of the five bands moved southward under the protection of a warrior escort headed by Joseph and old Chief White Bird. A rear guard of some thirty braves, commanded by Alokut, remained behind to keep the troops pinned in their trenches while the main caravan escaped.

As the siege settled down, the soldiers' plight grew desperate. They had run low on ammunition and were without food or water during the hot August day. Worse yet, a roving war-party captured Gibbon's howitzer and 2,000 rounds of cartridges on a packmule. The Indians demolished the field piece, but failed to discover the well-guarded wagontrain of supplies hidden some miles away in the woods.

Intermittent firing continued on both sides throughout the evening and into the night. The Indians could hear the soldiers talking, swearing, crying. Toward dawn they heard a messenger shouting to the troops, trying to locate their whereabouts, and knew this meant reinforcements were coming.



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

General O. O. Howard

Alokut ordered the rear-guard to rejoin their tribespeople. They withdrew at daybreak of August 10 after a two-volley farewell. So ended, in the opinion of the troops, one of the most bitterly contested conflicts in the annals of frontier warfare.

GENERAL HOWARD and his advance patrol of twenty cavalrymen and seventeen Bannock scouts arrived the morning of August 12 to find Colonel Gibbon wounded but cheerful and his men still in shock from the unexpected battle reverses. Burial parties were busy interring the bodies of both comrades and foes. The tally was thirty-one whites slain and thirty-eight wounded; Indian casualties were higher, the soldiers counting eighty-nine dead. Of this number only nineteen were warriors, Lieutenant Albert Forse stated, the remaining seventy being women and children.

Still incredulous, Gibbon asked Howard, "Who could have believed that those Indians would have rallied after such a surprise, and made such a fight?"

On leaving the Big Hole, the Nez Percé survivors hastened across southwestern Montana. Because of forced travel conditions, the wounded on travois suffered extremely and many died along the trail. Others had to hide away until their injuries healed with the aid of nature's own remedies.

Blaming Looking Glass for the recent debacle, the chiefs held a council and deposed him as war chief and caravan leader, and elevated Poker Joe (Lean Elk) to that honored rank. The latter, half-French and half-Nez Percé, and his small band had joined their brethren in the Bitterroot. Mostly they lived away from the Lapwai Reservation, preferring the Montana buffalo range. Thus, according to the Indians, Joseph still played no major role as main leader.

Scouting parties ranged far and wide, raiding any ranches or freighting trains encountered, partly to steal horses so as to prevent Howard's pursuing force from obtaining fresh mounts, partly to get supplies and bandages. Any whites who resisted were promptly slaughtered but not mutilated.

The main caravan swung back into Idaho where White Bird tried to form a mutual assistance pact with their old enemies, the Shoshones. Failing in that, the Nez Percés bypassed the barricaded settlers at Lemhi and headed eastward for Targhee Pass over the Continental Divide and into Yellowstone Park.

En route at the Camas Meadows camp, however, scouts brought word to the chiefs that Howard's column was catching up, being only sixteen or eighteen miles behind. The leaders met in council and planned a surprise raid on the army camp. Its success was assured by the medicine dream the night before of the wounded brave, Black Hair.

After dark about thirty warriors, led by Alokut, Looking Glass, Tuhulhutsut, Espowyes and Teeweeyownah boldly rode back to the soldiers' encampment. Joseph did not participate, declared his nephew, Yellow Wolf, who did.

Although the raiders hoped to drive off all the cavalry horses, the scouts who infiltrated the lines succeeded only in stampeding the pack mules and a few remounts. The Indians' signal shot, prematurely fired, alerted the troops and volunteers. Amid a hail of marauder bullets the troops soon got mounted and gave chase, Bugler Brooks falling with a mortal wound while blowing "Boots and Saddles."

AT DAYBREAK Captain Carr's company recaptured the mule herd but soon lost most of it again to the Nez Percés. A few miles from the army camp among some lava beds, dismounted Indian skirmishers attacked on three sides and checked the pursuing cavalrymen. In the melee Captain Norwood's troopers got cut off and had to engage in a hotly contested fight for several hours before being rescued by Howard's main command.

The raiders withdrew with the mules as spoils and only two of their men wounded. The soldiers did not fare as well, having three killed and six wounded.

Howard had to scour the mining town of Virginia City and its environs, some seventy miles away, for more pack animals, while the Nez Percés marched merrily on into the park. The Camas raid produced another significant aftermath, for the general lost his last chance to come to grips with the fleeing foe.

Shortly before the main band of Indians arrived in the park General W. T. Sherman and his military escort had left the region. He, as General of the Army, was on an inspection tour of the Western posts and had detoured for a sightseeing trip. Wouldn't he have been a prize indeed for the Nez Percés to have captured!

A scouting party, led by Yellow Wolf, did encounter and take as prisoners a group of tourists, among whom was a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. George Cowan of Radersburg, her fourteen-year-old sister, Ida, and brother Frank Carpenter. Several of the men were shot and wounded by revengeful youths, but the women and Frank were kindly treated.

Apparently Joseph grew more and more depressed with each mile of the retreat from his homeland. Next day, with the chief's approval, Poker Joe, the camp leader and guide, contrived the prisoners' escape. Other members of the group, all of whom were men, he also freed, except George Cowan who had been seriously wounded and left for dead. Later, Howard's men rescued him and the entire party was eventually reunited in their homes. Not so fortunate was a group of Helena tourists, two of whom were killed.

The marauders were scouring the countryside for horses and provisions, and pillaged ranches on the Yellowstone River north of the park.

Editor's Note: For a detailed account of the Yellowstone adventure, see page 16.

THE MAIN BODY of Nez Percés hastened on an eastward course from the park down the Stinking Water River through an uninhabited jumble of mountains. New crises arose to plague the harassed bands. With Howard in their rear and Colonel Samuel Sturgis and six troops of the Seventh Cavalry guarding their escape route via the Clarks Fork River, the Indians found themselves caught between the two commands and surrounded as well by other army units.

Once more the chiefs adroitly eluded the military blockades by feigning flight along the Stinking Water, then making a short southerly detour, doubling back to head northward through a narrow chasm which the whites considered too perilous for even a goat to negotiate. Gaining Sturgis' rear by this maneuver the desperate Nez Percés fled down the Clarks Fork Valley to cross the Yellowstone River near present Laurel, Montana.

They were nearing their destination —the territory of the River Crows. There, to the Nez Percés' chagrin, they found their old friends had become allies of the army. Looking Glass' hopes for sanctuary among this tribe were dashed. Bitterly disappointed but undaunted, the chiefs realized that they would have to push on to "the old woman's country," as Queen Victoria's Canada was known to them.

With this intention and Poker Joe (Lean Elk) still driving them on, they hurried northward up Canyon Creek, a dry stream margined by low bluffs. Sturgis, having discovered their ruse, pressed after them; meanwhile, their doom was being sealed by Howard's dispatches sent by couriers to Colonel Nelson A. Miles, commandant at Fort Keogh near present Miles City, advising him to intercept the hostiles.

Sturgis, by grueling forced marches, overtook the Indians on September 13 with 350 weary but hard-riding troopers, and charged the caravan. A rear guard of warriors, directed by Looking Glass, held off the cavalry's advance while the families and herds raced through the

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defile. From the rimrocks Indian sharpshooters poured a devastating fire on the soldiers below. Joseph, the Indians declare, fought in this delaying action with the other warriors. Nez Percés and troopers fiercely contested every mile of retreat until darkness fell.

The exhausted soldiers then gave up the chase and bivouacked at the canyon's mouth where the chill winds of autumn, recent rains and lack of food combined to plague them. Three of their comrades had died and eleven were wounded in the fight. Although Colonel Sturgis officially reported the Indians' casualties as twenty-one dead, surviving Nez Percés vehemently denied this, claiming only three were wounded. Howard's chief of scouts, S. G. Fisher, confirmed the Indians' claim, stating that although his men had diligently searched the canyon, they found no dead warriors.

During the night the hostiles rested briefly, then continued their withdrawal, while young men blocked the passage in their wake with logs and brush. All next day River Crows and Bannocks pursued and harassed the Nez Percés by sniping and forcing them to abandon several hundred worn-out ponies. That satisfied the Army's scouting allies who gave up the pursuit after killing three Nez Percés. Colonel Sturgis' travel-weary troopers pushed the chase to the Musselshell River before he ruefully admitted the foe had hopelessly outdistanced his command. There he waited for Howard to overtake him, and then the united force marched on to the Missouri.

HUSTLED ALONG by Poker Joe the hostiles moved rapidly north across the Musselshell, through fertile Judith Basin and rode on to the Missouri River which they crossed at the Cow Island ford on September 23. Here a steamer had just unloaded fifty tons of supplies at the freight depot, located at the head of fall navigation. A dozen soldiers of the Seventh Infantry and four citizens under Sergeant William Moelchert were guarding the freight.

When he refused to sell the Indians any supplies, which they offered to pay for in gold dust, a party of resentful braves fired on the detail in its stronghold. They skirmished with the guard for eighteen hours during which one Indian and two civilians were wounded.

While the warriors kept the defenders beset, Nez Percé women helped themselves to anything they needed. Afterwards some "bad boys," Yellow Wolf explained, burned the rest of the stores at the landing that night.

Next morning (September 24) the chiefs called a halt in hostilities and by ten a.m. the caravan was marching toward the pass between the Bear Paw Mountains and the Little Rockies. About noon scouts encountered a freight train, killed two of the seven teamsters (the others escaping), and were busily ransacking the wagons when a new military force overtook and assaulted them.

This was Major Guido Ilges' detachment which had left Fort Benton several days earlier to reinforce Sergeant Moelchert's detail upon learning that the hostiles were headed for Cow Island Landing. The major's thirty-six mounted volunteers had ridden overland and Lieutenant E. E. Hardin's regulars had floated downriver in boats. The two groups united at the freight depot after the Nez Percés had departed.

Ilges immediately set out in speedy pursuit. The resulting fight lasted for two hours during which a volunteer was killed and two braves were wounded. The Indians' rear guard "did very excellent shooting without exposing themselves," the major later reported.

Fearing his command was about to be surrounded by a superior enemy force, Ilges retired to Cow Island, and the warriors departed posthaste after their tribespeople.

Sometime during that day, Many Wounds recalled, Looking Glass chided Poker Joe for hurrying all the time, and demanded that he (Looking Glass) be reinstated in his former post as camp leader since he was a ranking chief. To this the other chiefs unwisely acquiesced.

"All right," Poker Joe conceded, "you can take command, Looking Glass, but I think we will be caught and killed by the soldiers before we reach Canada."

Looking Glass' dilatory policy proved fatal. Knowing Howard to be far behind, he slowed the Indians' pace for the next four days, unaware that another contingent was rapidly stealing upon them from an angle. Colonel Miles, hoping to intercept them before they could cross the line, had taken the field with a fresh, well-equipped column of three troops of the Seventh Cavalry, three of the Second Cavalry, six companies of the Fifth Infantry, a wagontrain and thirty Cheyenne scouts, some 380 men in all.

On reaching the northern slope of the Bear Paw Mountains, about thirty or forty miles south of the border—and freedom—Looking Glass ordered a rest camp made at noon on September 29. Grass was plentiful in the sheltered hollow on Snake Creek, and buffalo and other game abounded on the rolling prairie land.

Nez Percé survivors later blamed Chief Looking Glass for this final blunder. Here the five non-treaty bands would be compelled to make their last stand.

AROUND eight o'clock on that cold, windy morning of September 30, the Nez Percés were forewarned of Miles' approach. Scouts had seen buffaloes stampeding, and they interpreted this as an omen that soldiers were coming. But, true to his willful nature, Looking Glass told the people not to hurry their breakfast or packing. There was no cause for alarm. He had no inkling that Miles' Cheyenne scouts had already discovered the village and had ridden back to make their report to the colonel.

Soon another Nez Percé sentinel waved a blanket signaling, "danger close." This caused a "wild stir," Yellow Wolf remembered, as he told how his uncle, Chief Joseph, had to run to the open plain across the creek from the camp, shouting above the tumult, "Horses! Horses! Save the horses!"

Not until this final battle do the Nez Percés, or even Joseph himself, relate his specific part in the fighting.

Some of the warriors had time to seize their weapons and run to hide in the trench-like coulees around the encampment, or in the rifle pits which they had already constructed of rocks and brush for just such an emergency. Another group of maybe a hundred women and children on the far side of the village who had already loaded ponies for the day's travel were able to make their escape, escorted by possibly sixty braves. Still others, including Joseph, got trapped among the horse herd grazing on a slope at some distance northeast of the camp.

As Miles' cavalry and mounted infantry galloped over the low, grassy ridges, troops formed into a line of battle. This charge was "one of the most brilliant and inspiring sights I ever witnessed on any field," the colonel later wrote. "It was the crowning glory of our twelve days' forced marching."

Preceded by Cheyenne and Sioux scouts, the Seventh Cavalry and Fifth Infantry struck at the south and front of the village. Simultaneously, the Second Cavalry swept forward to cut off the pony herd on the plateau behind the camp, while Lieutenant McClernand's G Troop of the Second gave chase to the fleeing band. Some of the warriors dropped back to fight the soldiers so the noncombatants could effect their escape. The two field artillery pieces were brought into position for lobbing shells into the village, and the foot infantry spread out to follow the cavalry charge.

Yellow Wolf described the onslaught as a "rumble like stampeding buffaloes. . . . Hundreds of soldiers were charging in two, wide, circling wings. They were surrounding our camp."

Instead of breaking and running from this massive assault, the warriors coolly opened fire from their rifle pits at a hundred yards. So accurate was their concentrated fire that the Army ranks reeled back to the protection of the bluffs. In that first onset the troopers suffered appalling losses, the gallant Seventh Cavalry's alone amounting to over sixty percent.

Heavy casualties were inflicted on the Nez Percés, too, almost annihilating the leaders that first day, including Tuhulhutsut, Hahtalekin, Pile-of-Clouds, and Joseph's beloved brother Alokut. In the melee Hush-hush-cute tragically shot three of his own men, Yellow Wolf reported, mistaking them in their forward position for Miles' Indian scouts. Poker Joe likewise met his death through an error of his fellow tribesmen.

Before Captain Tyler's troopers had dashed into the herd to scatter and capture most of it, Chief Joseph managed to get his twelve-year-old daughter mounted and off to join the escaping column. He, with about seventy other men, were then cut off from the camp as the cavalrymen came charging among the horses.

"I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers," Joseph recounted later, "and I resolved

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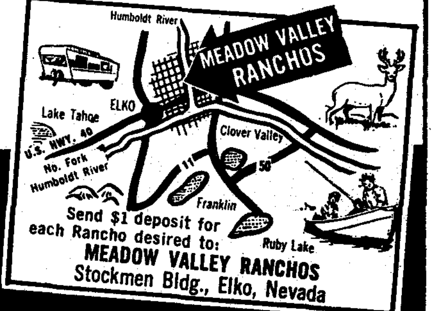

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to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying: 'Here's your gun. Fight!'

"The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soldiers charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Percés and losing three of their men, who fell inside our lines. I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women."

According to surviving warriors, and confirmed by Joseph himself, this was the first major role he had played in battle.

BOTH Indians and soldiers, caught in no man's land, sought cover in gullies and ravines until nightfall when they stole back into their respective lines.

The troops' severe losses deterred Miles from ordering another all-out assault, and in the afternoon the soldiers' onslaught to cut off the Indians' water supply was repulsed by fierce resistance. Around three o'clock Miles laid a siege around the village. At nightfall both sides dug in and all suffered miserably from the freezing wind which swept over the prairie from the north. One Indian woman related how the children "cried with hunger and cold. Old people suffering in silence. Misery everywhere. Cold and dampness all around."

By morning a shrieking wind filled the air and swirling snowflakes mantled the ground, covering the dead bodies of men and horses. As a protection from the storm, as well as the bursting shells from the howitzer, the Indians had dug caves in the cutbanks. One such cave, sheltering a woman and child, received a direct hit, and sealed the noncombatants into a tomb.

Miles grew worried over rumors that Sitting Bull and his Sioux might swoop down from Canada to join the Nez Percés. Besides, the colonel was eager to effect the hostiles' capture before General Howard could arrive to take over command as senior officer. So, displaying a white flag on October 1, Miles opened surrender negotiations with Joseph and some of his aides. The red and white leaders shook hands and sat by the fire in Miles' tent to talk matters over.

Meanwhile, the surviving chiefs had held a council in the village before Joseph left for the peace talk. Opinions were divided on the issue of surrender. As usual, Looking Glass took an arbitrary position. He opposed any capitulation, fearing that sorrow, imprisonment and death would result. White Bird, who had always distrusted the whites, echoed these views, flatly declaring he would never surrender. Joseph was disposed to accept honorable terms.

The chiefs still hoped that the six warriors who had been sent out the night before (September 30) to contact Sitting Bull would return with aid from the Sioux. They could not know that the unfortunate messengers had all been murdered by Assiniboines.

During the negotiations Joseph learned that Miles' term were unconditional. He refused to yield and started to return to his own camp. On some pretext Miles lured the chief back to his tent and held him as a hostage overnight, probably in hopes of forcing an early surrender.

The colonel then made a tactical mistake. He ordered Lieutenant Jerome, Second Cavalry, to "reconnoiter" the Nez Percé encampment. Joseph's friend, Yellow Bull, pulled Jerome from the saddle and made him a prisoner, since the chief had failed to return with the other members of the peace mission. Thus Miles' violation of the truce flag boomeranged—to his discomfiture, no doubt.

Lieutenant Jerome later reported that he was well-treated in his cold, underground shelter by being permitted to keep his sidearms and to communicate with Miles, who had warm food sent him from the officers' mess. Joseph later complained that the colonel had him "hobbled hands and feet" and "put where there were mules."

Next day Miles was compelled to restore mutual confidence by arranging an exchange of prisoners. And once again, amid chilling snow flurries, the fighting raged on.

ON the "third sun of battle," Yellow Wolf recalled, another disaster struck the Nez Percé camp in the morning before Chief Joseph was bartered for Lieutenant Jerome. Looking Glass stood up briefly in his rifle pit to observe a mounted Indian riding toward the village, believing him to be a Sioux courier. A bullet struck Looking Glass in the forehead, killing him instantly. He was the fifth chief to be slain.

With the battle at a stalemate, General Howard and a small advance patrol reached Miles' field headquarters on the cold, snowy evening of October 4. The two commanders discussed plans for effecting a surrender. Next day the general sent his two treaty Nez Percé scouts, Old George and Captain John, into the village to arrange terms for an honorable peace. If they gave up, the non-treaties would be returned to the Lapwai Reserve, the emissaries promised.

Perhaps the knowledge that Howard, their old Nemesis who had chased them all the way from Idaho, had finally overtaken them with reinforcements, helped to influence their capitulation. Besides, the suffering of the wounded survivors and the loss of their comrades saddened the hearts of Joseph, White Bird and other remaining leaders. The chiefs undoubtedly realized, too, that any hope for help from Sitting Bull was now vain.

Despite statements by many writers to the contrary, Joseph did not strike a dramatic pose as he tendered his rifle, nor did he declaim his famous speech of surrender in person to Howard and Miles. The historic facts, as related by the Indians and the general's report to the Secretary of War, are that Joseph and White Bird, the only two surviving head chiefs of the five warring bands, and other headmen, held a final council to discuss the peace terms relayed to them by Howard's Nez Percé scouts. White Bird again refused to yield, but acknowledged Joseph's right, according to tribal custom, to make a unilateral decision.

"What Joseph does is all right; I have nothing to say," he declared.

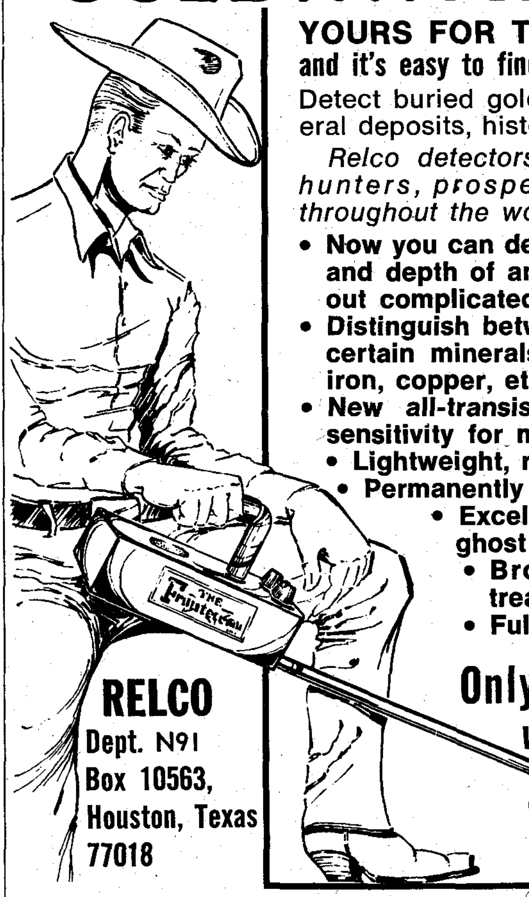
Then Joseph expressed his views to the council in the presence of Old George and Captain John. He said:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead (Alokut). It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

When old Captain John brought Joseph's reply to the army commanders, "his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he delivered the words of his chief," Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, an eye-witness, reported. As Howard's acting aide-de-camp and acting adjutant-general, the Twenty-First Infantry lieutenant copied the message verbatim as Captain John repeated it.

AT mid-afternoon on October 5—a raw, windy, overcast day with a dim sun visible—Joseph rode from the camp, after hostilities ceased, escorted by five warriors on foot. The group slowly climbed the bluffs to a halfway spot between the lines on the snow-covered plateau where Howard, Miles and their staffs awaited the cortege. On reaching the officers, Joseph dismounted and silently offered his rifle to General Howard who smilingly gestured toward Colonel Miles, standing beside him in his famous "bearcoat." The officers shook hands with the chief who smiled sadly in return, then Lieutenant Wood conducted Joseph to a tent where he was fed.

Afterward a thin line of wounded, sick, half-starved Nez Percés straggled into Miles' camp on Eagle Creek. They brought their guns and the lame, bony remnants of their once sleek pony herd. In all, 87 warriors surrendered, of whom half were wounded, plus 184 women and 147 children, a total of 418 out of the original 800 who fled from Idaho. The Indians had twenty-five casualties, but the troops suffered twenty-six mortalities, of which two were officers, and forty-two wounded, including four offi-



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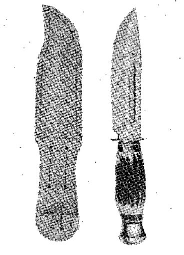

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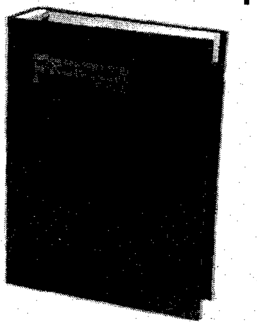

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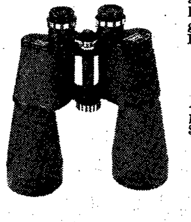

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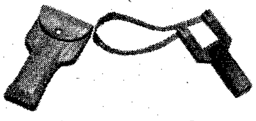

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cers.

That wintry night, while the prisoners were being given the first hot meal they'd had in days, White Bird and all but six men of his band escaped through the sentries' lines to eventually reach Sitting Bull in Canada. Black Eagle estimated that 233 Nez Percés managed to slip away from the battleground, although not all of them survived to join the Sioux.

In summarizing the Nez Percé campaign General W. T. Sherman wrote in his report to President Hayes:

"Thus has terminated one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which there is any record. The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise. They abstained from scalping; let captive women go free; did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual, and fought with almost scientific skill, using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines, and field fortifications. . . . With your approval, these prisoners are now en route by the most economical way to Fort Leavenworth, to be there held as prisoners of war until Spring, when, I trust, the Indian Bureau will provide them homes on the Indian reservations near the Modocs, where, by moderate labor, they can soon be able to support themselves in peace. They should never again be allowed to return to Oregon or to Lapwai."

DESPITE this foe's honorable record and conditional surrender the Federal Government failed miserably to keep Howard's and Miles' promises to the Nez Percés. Instead the Indians were shunted around like cattle from one unhealthy climate to another. First they were shipped by flatboats down the Missouri River from Fort Keogh to Fort Lincoln near present-day Bismarck, North Dakota. Then they were herded into box-cars and sent to the malaria infested river bottom at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Here they were allowed to sicken and die, despite Miles' protests to Washington bureaucrats to honor his battlefield assurances. In July, 1878, the unhappy prisoners were transferred to Indian Territory (today's Oklahoma) where they remained for seven long years while a low birth rate, disease and death decimated their numbers.

But the clouds glowering over them did have a silver lining. Their deplorable plight aroused sympathy in fairminded white Americans in the East. Members of religious groups and other kindly citizens, aided by Miles, worked diligently to have the Government return them to the Northwest, despite the active opposition of some treaty Nez Percés and of settlers in Oregon and Idaho.

Finally, in 1885, an enlightened public sentiment forced the Indian Bureau to sanction the removal of the five warring bands. A few old men, widows and children, numbering in all 118, were permitted to settle on the Lapwai Reservation.

However, Joseph and the remaining 150 of his tribespeople, including surviving warriors and their families, were ordered to live on the Colville Reservation at Nespelem, Washington. It was plain they were still virtually prisoners of war. Although Joseph made several attempts to get his ancestral property—the valley of winding waters in Wallowa—restored to him, he was unsuccessful. The Government feared bloodletting would be resumed because settlers and even some treaty Nez Percés blamed Joseph for the war, even charging him with the murders committed by White Bird's young men! Disillusioned and brokenhearted, the great chief died by his campfire at Nespelem on September 21, 1904, aged sixty-four years.

Probably because Joseph had struggled through diplomacy and arms for thirty-three years for his Wal-lam-wat-kin's tribal liberty, and because he was the only head chief of the original five warring bands to surrender, the whites' legend grew around him as having been the supreme military leader who planned the campaign and masterminded the retreat.

As the Nez Percé evidence clearly shows, though, Looking Glass and Poker Joe served as war chiefs on most of the march. The Indians had no overall campaign plan and they fought a defensive war. Their strategy and tactics on the retreat were worked out in numerous councils of the chiefs to suit the exigencies of time, place and circumstances. Yet Joseph became the symbol of the fighting Nez Percés' skill and courage and through no overt act on his part.

Although not a military genius, Joseph is still outstanding as a Peace Chief, a great diplomat among warriors, as a guardian of his people; distinguished for his Lincoln-type of humanity toward friend and foe, and for his integrity of character. This then *is* the *real* story of Chief Joseph as shown by the perspective of time.

Old Belmont Mountain's Ghosts

(Continued from page 43)

weighed 240 pounds and was valued at $80,000.

Marysville did all right from about 1878 until the early 1900s, when a disastrous fire (1908) almost wiped out the town. In its good days it had a population of at least 1,500 with that many others working at surrounding camps and trading in Marysville. The Matt Dorrity hardware store handled millions of dollars worth of mining supplies, other hardware, and dynamite.

Only two actual killings from gunfights took place that I know of; however, a deputy sheriff named Val DesRosier was shot and killed by some men who were trying to rob a safe in a saloon in 1917.

Thomas Cruse, the illiterate Irish emigrant who discovered the Drumlummon mine at Marysville, sold it to an English syndicate for $1,600,000 in 1884. A story is told of old Tom (not old at that time).

It seems he had been rebuffed and ignored by many people until he struck ore. After he sold out, he met a woman one day who previously would not have spoken to him.

"My, my, Mr. Cruse," she said. "I'm surely glad you made a rich strike. Won't you come up to the house and have a bit of tea?"

"Thank you, ma'am," Tom replied, "but I have tea of me own now."

I LEFT Marysville in May, 1911 and went to northern British Columbia to work as a timekeeper on railroad construction, but I returned in 1915 to marry a Marysville girl. That year the Montana Power Company had brought an electric line from the Holter Dam past Marysville to Deer Lodge, Montana, and this available cheap power had given a shot in the arm to some of the mines. When I returned, the Bald Mountain, the Gloster and the Shannon were being operated.

We got a house in Marysville, and I rode horseback to the Gloster mine four miles each day. I remember my old horse Harry (who once was a noted race horse). When I took off the saddle and turned him loose in the yard he would go to the water hydrant and turn on the water with his nose—but he never learned to turn it off again.

In winter, when I worked at the Shannon mine two and a half miles south of Marysville, I had a light pair of skis that would fit in the wide paths made by the freight sleighs. On more than one occasion I rode down from the mine to Marysville in eight minutes. I had six-inch spikes crossed in the end of my pine ski pole so I could stop if I met a team.

I remember there was one period of about a week when the mercury stood at 22° below zero at Marysville, and about 4° above freezing at the Shannon mine 1,300 feet higher up under the lee of the main range of the Rockies. I was loading buckets on the Shannon tramway when a cable clamp broke loose, and a bucket ran 600 yards down the mountain, smashing through the tram house and breaking off a few 12 by 12 timbers. I got out of the way in time, but was hit on the hip by a piece of ore, and was hospitalized for a week or more.

On another occasion while I worked there, a high wind blew over fourteen tram towers and it took nearly a month to put them back in place. Part of the time it was 30° below zero when we started out to work. What a life!

The glory that was Marysville is gone, but old Belmont Mountain is the same as ever. While the mines were being gouged out of her sides, she saw the people come and go, and hovers over the old townsite like a protecting shadow.

During the winter sports season, the old town absorbs a bit of life from the noise of skiing crowds and the many autos going up and down the gulch. The skiers sweep down the slopes, making almost as good time as I did!

The reason my memory so often dwells on those years I spent in Marysville is because of the girl I found there—my dearest of all who is no longer with me. I like to recall the romance and love which God accorded me in a Montana mining town, and the perfect happiness we enjoyed for so many long years. As I said, I don't know why I ever went there—but I *do* know why I go back.

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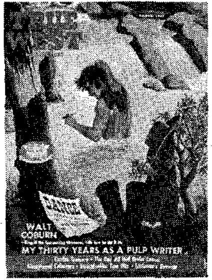

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(MISCELLANEOUS continued on next page)

Miscellaneous

IT IS ESTIMATED the normal human uses about 12% to 15% of the ability of the mind. If you wish to raise your percentage, study and use the FOURTH DIMENSION. Large stamped envelope, Box 213, South Bend, Indiana 46624.

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Movie History

Dear Sirs:

My hobby for many years has been the study of films and their fascinating history. My special interests have been the western and stunt men, followed by serials, two-reelers and family-type films. If any of your readers have any movie material (book, annual, directory, magazine, etc.) which they are planning to destroy, I would greatly appreciate having it.

I am twenty-eight, single, and permanently disabled from rheumatic fever.—Earl Atwell, Route 2, Horse Cave, Kentucky 42749.

Humboldt Road

Dear Editor:

I take about a dozen magazines, none read more thoroughly than those of Western Publications.

The March 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES got close to my heart. As a youngster, the happiest years of my life were spent within six to twenty miles of the area of your story's locale. When I read "The Innocent be Damned" by Genie and Gaylord Alfrey, it took me back to when I was sixteen years old. I read Thankful's book, which she or a relative had published, telling of her capture and Jimmie's and Johnny's murder.

When Thankful's daughter was about sixty years of age, she asked Papa if she and her daughter could stay in an empty hired-hands' cabin at his sawmill. They stayed there for two months during the summer of 1923. She had a copy of the book and I read it.

According to the book, Johnny was killed at Crown Point, which is about one and one-half miles southwest of the old 14 Mile House. While in my last year of grammar school at Forest Ranch School, a couple of the Cummings children, who lived at the 14 Mile House, and I would go to the old Humboldt wagon road near Crown Point to hunt for relics from the wagons. Among many of the pieces of metal parts, we found many oxen half-shoes.

There was lots of lava rock going toward Chico from the 14 Mile House. The old wagon road almost parallels the present road near Crown Point, for almost one mile. The wagon road was used so heavily, ruts are worn in some of the lava rocks four inches deep and eight to ten inches wide. I was up there in May, 1966, after being away for almost thirty-five years. I hunted for more relics but the area has been combed over so much, nothing is left any more.

Your article intrigued me so much, I sent to Denver for a topographical map, and marked areas of interest.—Carl Bennett. 443 Sycamore Avenue, Manteca, California 95336.

Strange Tragedy

Dear Sir:

My mother sent me a clipping from *The Standard-Press*, St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, and I though you'd get a kick out of reading it, too.

"Another old issue of the now *Chicago County Press* of July 17, 1919, preserved by Dennie Magnuson, contains this chilling headline: 'MAN'S BODY FOUND IN TREE . . . Wood choppers in LeSueur County make gruesome discovery in woods. . . . Man hid in hollow tree during Indian outbreak. . . . Unable to get out.'

"The story tells that woodcutters clearing land downed a 'gigantic white oak tree which broke in falling, disclosing the fact that it was hollow for a distance of about fifteen feet, beginning several feet above the ground and the cavity ending in a large opening concealed among the branches of the lower side of the tree, which leaned considerably. Within the hollow tree was found by the horrified choppers the mummified body of a man, not at all decayed, but dried and shriveled by the lapse of time into something rivaling the best Egyptian art.

"'The body was recognized as that of Jean LaRue, a former servant of Mr. Gleek, who owned the land, who had mysteriously disappeared from the farm August 31, 1862. On that day, which was during the Sioux uprising, a boatload of soldiers on their way up the Minnesota River from St. Paul to New Ulm, foolishly discharged their muskets many times as they steamed up the river above Henderson, carrying terror to the hearts of people along the river who were already about to flee from the dreaded Indians.

"Mr. Gleek says that when LaRue heard the firing, he seemed nearly to lose his reason from fear, rushed to the house, seized his rifle and some other belongings, including about $700 in money, and fled into the woods. He must have known of this hollow tree, sought to hide, slipped too far down, and being unable to extricate himself, must have perished there, where his body, preserved in the living oak, failed to decay. His rifle, bullet pouch and powder horn were found by him, and the money, $783.50, was found in his pocket.'

"The story goes on to describe LaRue's faithfully-kept diary with the last date entered, August 29, 1862. 'Can not get out; surely must die. If ever found, send me and all my money to my mother, Madam Suzanne LaRue, near Tarascon, in the Province of Boucher, Du Phone, France."—James Menke, 2408 Moraine Circle, Rancho Cardova, California.

Contrary Bulls

Dear Hoss:

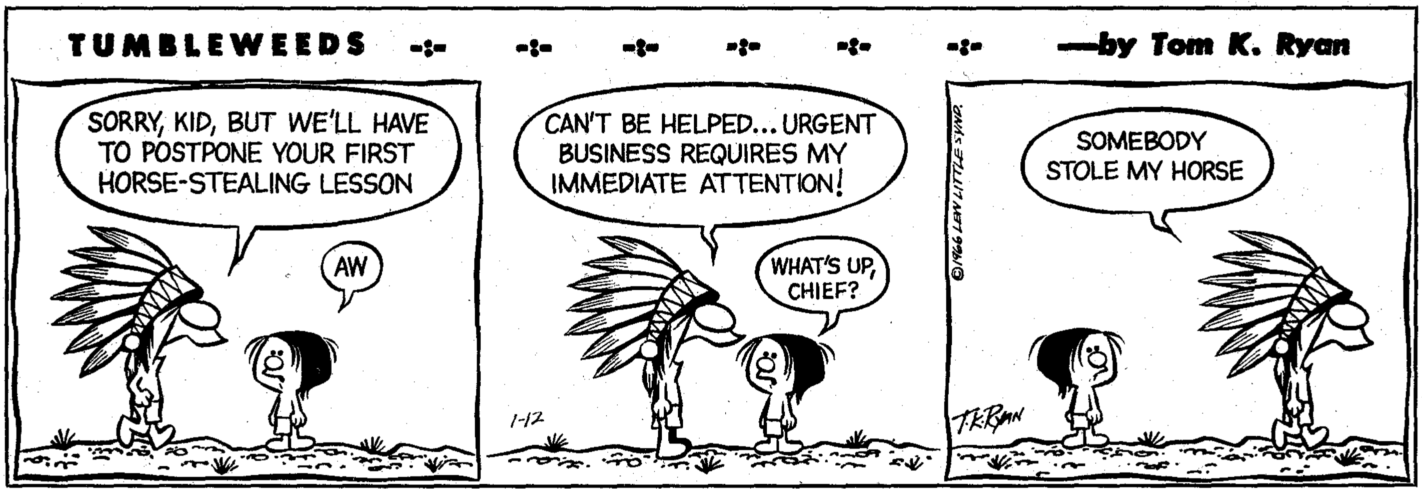
On page 13 down in the lower right hand corner of TRUE WEST, February issue, I see a bull goring a cowboy on his horse.

I don't know where the artist got the idea, but in 1907 I was working for CY Cattle Co. and Robert Cary caught up with me one day and told me to put some bulls back in the mountain pasture; he said to shut the gate—someone had left it open.

When I thought they were all in I discovered I had left one standing alone about a quarter of a mile on a little hill. I was on a big grey horse that had forgot more than I knew about range bulls.

At that time I was fifteen years old. I roped the bull over the rump. Was riding as close as hair grew. We went about fifty yards. The bull turned. So did my horse. I lost my hat, rope, stirrups, bridle reins, but managed to grab the saddle horn. The poor horse would no more than get his balance when the bull would bump him again. The horse finally got the bridle reins from under his front feet and got me safe. Well, don't think I didn't give the bull all the time he wanted from then on.

I was in Wyoming from 1907 to 1912. The country was pretty wide open then.—C. H. Hagins, 1420 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50316.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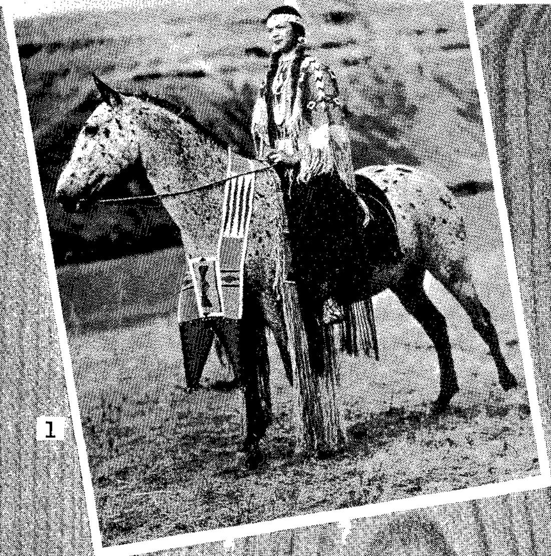
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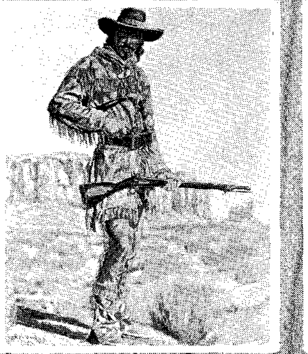
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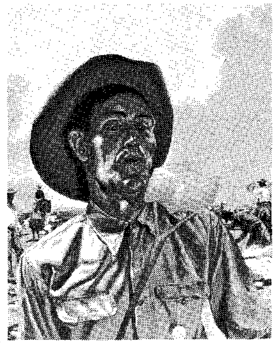
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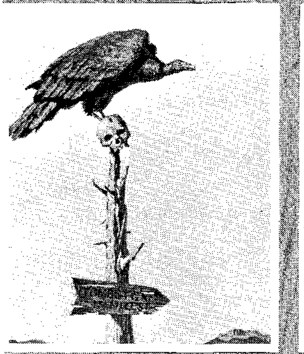
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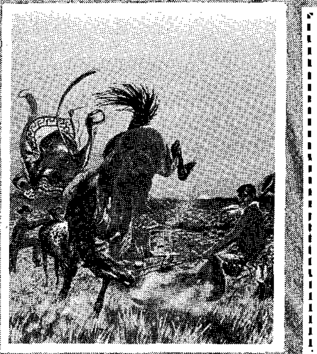
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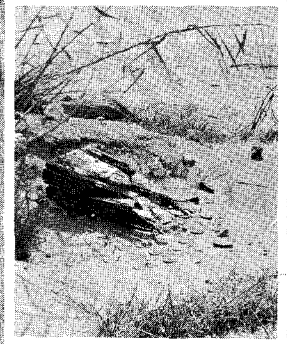
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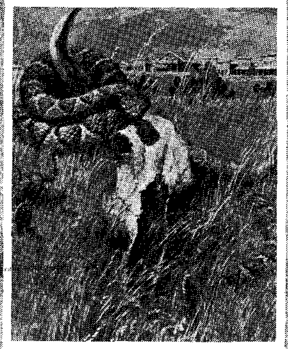
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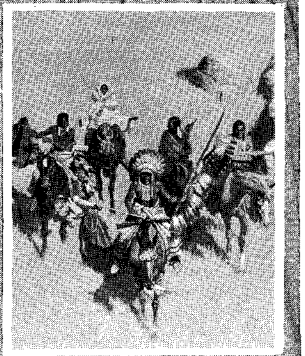
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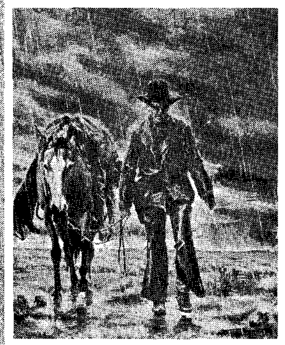
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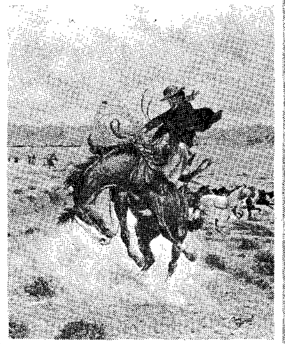
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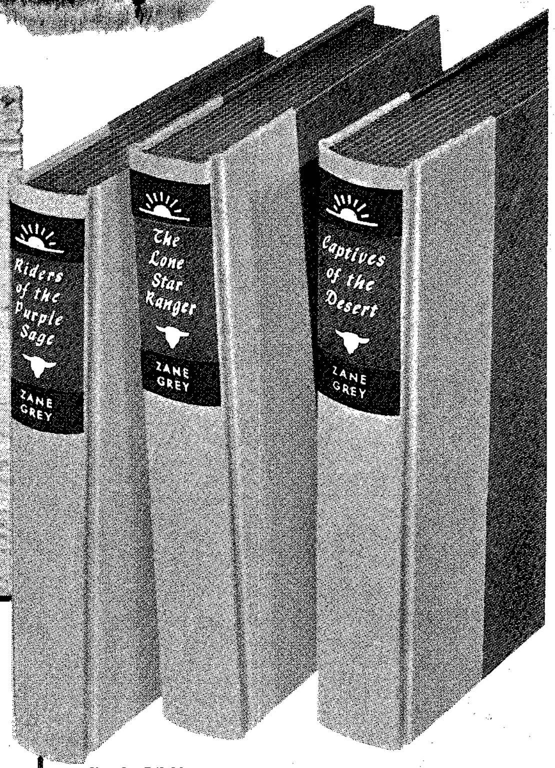

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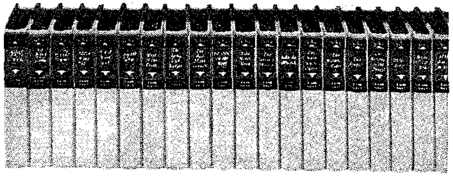

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